FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1896. | VOL. XLVI.—No. 21 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

THE BEAVER.

FACT and fable cluster thick about the beaver and combine to render him one of the most interesting of our wild creatures. From childhood we hear about him as tree feller, mason, house builder and engineer. His industry and perseverance have passed into the proverbs of the land. If civilized man, who derives his knowledge of the beaver's admirable qualities merely from what he has read and heard about him, respects the beaver, not less does the savage, whose life is spent near the animal's home and who is more familiar with his ways than most white men ever can be. By him the beaver is highly regarded and is credited with intelligence of a high order—sometimes even with supernatural powers. The trapper, too, who pits his art and experience against those of the beaver, holds him in great esteem. He knows that in the beaver he has an antagonist that will call forth the highest skill that he possesses.

Mr. Hofer's account of his experience in catching beaver for the National Zoological Park is a suggestive paper. Many of the notes on the beaver's habits, which the writer has here set down, are, we think, wholly new, and some of them are very curious. The action of the animal, which drove away from the water the band of horses that wished to drink at the pond he lived in, is enough to justify the legends of the beaver's wisdom which we used to read as boys.

Along with this interest, great as it is, comes the melancholy reflection of how rapidly the range of all our wild animals is being circumscribed, and how, little by little, the species one after another are taking their places behind iron bars or behind wire screens and are being domesticated or caged. The range of the beaver was once as wide as that of almost any animal on the continent. It extended from ocean to ocean, and from near the limit of timber on the north, south to Mexico; but over how great an area has it been exterminated! It is still found in eastern Canada in small numbers and in occasional places in the Maine forests. There are reported to be a few in the Adirondacks, and a law has just been passed to protect them there; but from New York west to the great plains, almost to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, there are none. Vague rumors of beaver in West Virginia reach us from time to time, but we believe that there is no tangible evidence of their existence there. A few are still found in Texas, but they are very scarce.

In the mountains of the West there are still many beaver, though there are but few in any one place and their numbers are kept down by trapping, so that only the cunningest and the most wary survive. It is not now as it used to be, when sometimes the traveler might sit on a high hill and overlook many square miles of territory, all of it occupied by beaver, which, undisturbed, lived there and when their time came died and knew no fear. Such a territory, once looked over, is long remembered. One such, seen long ago in Colorado, was thus described by a staff correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM:

> "I was well repaid for my scramble up the hill, however, for in the valley at my feet, stretching away to the west for seven or eight miles, and to the north and south for fifteen, lay the largest beaver meadow that I have ever seen. I presume that there were 500 dams in sight, most of them kept in good repair. The water set back by these dams flowed through a thousand little canals and ditches, and the whole from the height looked like a silver net spread over an enormous carpet of emerald velvet. Through my glass I could count hundreds of beaver houses, and could even distinguish the green willow leaves on the branches recently used in repairing the works. Beyond this meadow was a narrow strip of brown prairie, and then the green pine timber began, and with it the foothills of the Snowy Range."

For the knowledge of such a spot—the exclusive knowledge—the old-time trapper would have bartered his all. Here indeed one could have set his traps all through a season, and could have reaped a rich harvest of fur.

Out on the wide plains, where beaver were, it is true, not so good—yet were good enough—the last fur brought in at the close of the season was sometimes taken in a less worthy way than by the trap; for the trapper took unfair advantage of the circumstances of the poor beasts, and when the spring floods rushed down the valley and the high water drowned the beaver out of houses and holes, and they sat miserable and blinking on the bank, the old man, floating down the stream in a canoe, drifted close to the poor beasts, and with a lightly loaded rifle carrying a tiny ball shot them through the head, gathering in one after another until the canoe would hold no more.

The large beaver dam near Obsidian Cliffs in the Yellowstone National Park, which is shown this week, is perhaps as fine an example of the modern beaver dam as can be seen to-day, and its appearance is of course familiar to many of our readers.

Like many of the fur-bearing animals whose pelts bring a good price, the beaver is continually pursued by the trapper, and in many localities this pursuit has brought about a change in the animal's habits. Not often in these later days do we see the great haystack-like houses that the beaver used to build; for now—except where they are protected in the National Park—most beaver have become bank beaver and have their homes in excavations in the banks of the streams in which they live. Often now they do not build dams, recognizing that these structures at once and unmistakably betray their presence in the water.

In several States of the Union laws forbidding the killing of beaver stand on the statute books, but they are seldom regarded or enforced. Yet certainly they ought to be protected, and especially in those regions where once they were abundant and are now extremely few in number.

We hope that the time is not very distant when, in all the large game preserves of this country, there will be colonies of beaver, whose curious habits, unflagging industry and remarkable works will be among the most interesting of the examples of wild animal life that are gathered there.

THE BEARDSLEE TROUT.

IT is a new trout, named by Dr. Jordan in honor of Admiral Beardslee, who discovered it, and another new fish with it, in Lakes Sutherland and Crescent, up in the mountains, sixteen miles back of Port Angeles in Washington. The other fish was named, on Admiral Beardslee's request, the Crescent Lake trout. Dr. Jordan has determined both as new forms. The Crescent Lake trout, or *Salmo crescentis*, is a blueback; the *Salmo beardsleei* a speckled trout. The discovery of these two new forms Piseco is disposed to regard as the climax of his angling career; and as for these twenty years and more he has shared his fishing experiences with the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, he now has written out for them the story of the new fishes, and we shall give the first chapter in our next issue.

From the relation it will be seen that in size, beauty and game qualities the *Salmo beardsleei* is worthy to bear its newly bestowed name, and his brother anglers will heartily congratulate Piseco on his having so happily found a place for himself in the books wherein are enrolled the names of fishes and the discoverers of fishes.

SNAP SHOTS.

The members of the Forestry Commission recently appointed by the National Academy of Science at the request of the Secretary of the Interior are likely to begin their work in the West before very long. It seems probable now that the members of the Commission will leave here about July 1, and will spend the summer and early autumn in the forest regions of the West. They will devote especial attention to the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade and the Coast ranges, and are likely to return East early in November. It is earnestly to be hoped that all the members of the Commission will make this trip. Each one is a specialist in some direction or other, and the absence of any member will take away something from the excellence and completeness of the Commission's work. It is believed that a plan will be formulated by this Commission so plain, practical and wise that it will appeal strongly not only to the authorities in Washington, but also to the common sense of the people at large, whether residents or not of the forested areas under consideration. It is high time that this country made some forward steps toward intelligent, economic forestry, and the prospects for such advances have never been so bright as they seem now to be.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will commence on May 20, in the Aquarium, Battery Park, New York. On the following day, May 21, the second session will be held in the Biological Laboratory, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, by invitation of the New York Commission of Fish, Game and Forests. The steamer John H. Starin is engaged for the members, and will take them to Cold Spring Harbor, where, besides attending to the purposes of the meeting, they will view the State fish hatchery. The meeting promises to be most interesting. Many of the members have signified their intention to contribute papers on live subjects, and others who have not yet been heard from will undoubtedly contribute also. Mr. J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, has promised a paper on the late Judge Emory D. Potter. Mr. H. P. Frothingham, secretary of the New Jersey Fish Commission, will report on the protection of fish and game in New Jersey. Dr. Bashrod W. James, Philadelphia, has prepared a paper on the interstate protection of food fish. Mr. H. Whittaker, of Michigan, has promised a paper, the title of which was not given. Mr. Fred. Mather will contribute a paper on natural food for trout fry. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, superintendent of the New York Aquarium, will read a paper on pond culture of California salmon in France.

It has been decided that the Corbin buffalo shall be located at Van Cortlandt Park and the fence is now being erected about the space which has been allotted to the herd. This inclosure is roughly triangular in shape and lies between the main line and the Yonkers branch of the New York & Putnam Railroad, which bound it on the east and west, and Mosholu avenue on the north. The southern end of the inclosure is only a short distance north of Van Cortlandt Station, and so the northern end of Van Cortlandt Lake is included within the park, and Tibbett's Brook, which feeds that lake, runs through the inclosure. Thus in most respects the location is an ideal one, for food, water and diversified scenery are all present. It is uncertain when the herd will be removed from New Hampshire, but probably not for some little time yet.

It is to be noted of frogging that when one writes of the pursuit it is with a certain apologetic or deprecatory flavor, if not with absolute shamefacedness. The capture of the lowly prey, whether with lure of red flannel or with bullet, is written of as a form of sport not to be classed with a salmon bout or a trophy-winning moose hunt. And yet one might say much in defense of frogging. The bullfrog, though intensely musical, does not come within the protection accorded song birds; and its flesh is a delicacy fit to rank with other game, as the prices which follow the entry of frogs' legs on restaurant bills of fare amply attest. Also the frog hunter has the sanction of recognized authorities, as witness this paragraph from "Woodcraft," in which manual, by the way, Nessmuk more than once recurs to the taking of frogs for fun and food:

> I hope no esthetic devotee of the fly-rod will lay down the book in disgust when I confess to a weakness for frogging. I admit that it is not high-toned sport, and yet I have a good deal of amusement out of it. The persistence with which a large batrachian will snap at a bit of red flannel after being several times hooked on the same lure, and the comical way in which he will scuttle off with a quick succession of short jumps after each release; the cheerful manner in which after each bout he will tune up his deep bass pipe, ready for another greedy snap at an ibis fly or red rag—is rather funny. And his hindlegs, rolled in meal and nicely browned, are preferable to trout or venison.

Mr. Charles H. Ames spoke before the Appalachian Mountain Club, of Boston, last week on the "Preservation of Game," relating the great destruction which has overtaken the wild animals of this continent, and making a strong plea for an awakened public sentiment to protect what is left. As his frequent contributions to our columns have shown, Mr. Ames belongs to that growing class of men who are taking increased interest in restocking and restoring, instead of depleting, the fields and the woods with native and exotic game. This is the class to whom we must look for the saving of our really wild creatures in this country. There will always be game in preserves; but that which is to survive outside of fenced parks and posted tracts will be owed to the public spirit of conservative men, who recognize the situation and have the energy and the tact to undertake the work of conservation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XXII.

Women's Day.

THE full light of morning had chased the shadows from the camp and even possessed the recesses of the tent when the drowsy inmates awoke and crept forth yawning and shivering in the unsunned air until the rekindled fire warmed them.

Then the women folks got the tidiest breakfast the camp had ever known, and when all save Antoine, who sulked on his faded laurels, had eaten it with great relish, Huldah went out and feasted her eyes full of the wonder and beauty of the lake, where it doubled painted shores in the glassy mirror of near waters, its far expanse melting into ethereal hills and further sky, where distant islands hung in the blended azure.

Then while Joseph and Antoine, forlorn bachelors by brevet, kept camp, the reunited couples embarked in the scow for a cruise along the shore of the bay.

The experience gained while voyaging on the canal and the Western lakes put Aunt Jerusha quite at ease on these quiet waters, and with such an example before her Huldah was too proud to show any trepidation and too sensible to affect it.

"Wal, Huldy," said Uncle Lisha, watching her as he steered while Sam wielded the oars, "you be a nat'ral born sailor, an' you never in a boat before, I'll warrant. Why don't you jump 'raound and squak ev' time the boat jiggles?"

"Why, I hain't no time tu, the's so much tu look at," said she, her eyes roving far and near over the unfamiliar landscape. "Hain't them pine trees? We don't hev no sech tu home. An' if there hain't the Hump, for there can't be no other like it—an' hain't that 'Tater Hill? My, what a ways off they be, so blue they don't look much nigher'n the sky. I should hate tu live so far from 'em all the time. Oh, look at that boat, an' hain't that a black man in it? It sartainly is," and she pointed across and up stream to where Jim was paddling out of his marshy harbor.

"Why, yes," said Uncle Lisha, "that's one o' your husband's friends, Huldy. You'd admire tu see what comp'ny he keeps when he's daown here—Injins an' niggers an' I do' know what all."

"Quakers an' lawyers an' shoemakers," Sam supplemented.

"An' you hain't no idee what cadidoes he cuts up," the old man continued, regarding his audience with a solemn countenance, "a-fishin' leetle boys aouten the crik, an' wuss 'n all, what you don't never want tu tell nobody, a-helpin' Quakers steal runaway niggers away f'm the' owners. Yes, sir, he done it an' he da's n't deny it," and Uncle Lisha frowned benignly on the culprit.

"Why, Samwil," Huldah said, in a low voice and beaming affection and admiration upon her husband, while Aunt Jerusha laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Wal, no wonder both on ye's mad an' he 'shamed, but we won't tell on 't if he don't du it ag'in," said Uncle Lisha.

"Sho, Uncle Lisher, what nonsense hev you be'n a s'misin' up?" Sam demanded, with a bold assumption of innocence.

"Good airth an' seas, boy! don't ye s'pose I know brand when the bag 's ontied? Wha'd ye go over tu that Canuck's boat for? Sellin' apples proberbly. Wha'd ye kerry them ducks up tu Bartlett's for? Thought they was starvin' proberbly. What made ye so tickled when ye seen the Canuck boat p'intin' for Canerdy? Turrible glad tu git red on him, wa'n't ye? Oh, you be almighty cunnin', hain't ye?"

Sam's downcast eyes discovered something on the boat's bottom which promised a change of the subject of conversation.

"Why, if there hain't a trollin' line an' hook wi' a piece o' pork rin' an' red rag on 't all rigged for fishin'. It must be Antwine had it, but I don't know when. You put it aout, Huldy, an' mebby you c'n ketch a pickerel."

"Me? My goodness, I couldn't never. I've ketched trauts, but I can't never ketch a pickerel, I know. Wouldn't I feel big tu, though?"

The line was let out, the boat was slowed down to the proper rate of speed as it skirted the channel, and Huldah held the hand line with a grip that showed a determination to be hauled overboard rather than relinquish it. When the boat reached the mouth of the creek her resolution seemed about to be tested, for the line tightened suddenly with a jerk that drew her arms out to their utmost stretch.

"Whoa! whoa! Back up your waggin, Sam," she cried. "I've got ketched on a lawg or the hull bottom of the river."

"You hain't nuther!" shouted Uncle Lisha, at once recognizing the cause of the intermittent strain. "It's a fish, an' an ol' solaker. Pull stiddy, Huldy, stiddy. O, good airth an' seas! If you c'n on'y git him! Keep a tight line on him!"

"I sh'ld think he was a-doin' that," said Huldah, her voice shaking by the beating of her heart, though she presented an outside appearance of coolness. Foot by foot the big pickerel was drawn toward the boat, till the cold gleam of his wicked eyes could be seen, and then by Uncle Lisha's direction he was given line, then hauled in again till the old man could get a grip on his gills and toss him into the boat. Huldah gave a great gasp of relief and was ready to cry for pride, when Sam swung his hat and gave a lusty cheer that was echoed by Jim, who had been watching the struggle and now came paddling over, jerking his head and laughing and offering congratulations while yet 20 rods away.

"I tell ye what, Mr. Lovel, he is a good one!" Jim cried, as he ran his canoe alongside the scow and looked at the fish with a sort of proprietary pride and with almost as much satisfaction as if he had caught it. "Yes, sir, he is a good one, Mr. Lovel. Is it Mis' Lovel 'at ketched him? Well, ma'am, you handled him just as well as ever I see anybody. Yes, sir, you did. Couldn't no man done better—couldn't myself. Naow, if you want tu try it, you might troll aout raound the island. Mighty good place that is for ol' big fellers," and Jim emphasized every item of praise and advice by a jerk of the head, continuing both till the crew of the scow passed out of hearing, and Huldah remarked, still gloating over her captive:

"Wal, Uncle Lisher, Samwil might find wus comp'ny, for he 'pears tu be a real sensible, candid sort of a man."

When they entered the lake Aunt Jerusha was induced by much persuasion to take the line and a chance of distinguishing herself. She held it anxiously and under continual protest of inability to do so at all.

"I can't hold it so 't any fish'll ever bite, I know I can't. If anything gits a holt of it I shall lose it, I know I shall. You'd better take it, Huldy; you've got used to 't! There! There! There's suthin' a nibblin'! No, the' hain't nuther. I knowed the' wouldn't nothin', never! My land! The' is tew! Lisher, Samwil, Huldy! I've got him. He'll git away! He'll pull me in!"

With frequent abortive snatches at it, she frantically hauled in the line, that yielded to her spasmodic efforts with a heavy, sluggish resistance. Uncle Lisha unconsciously lifted the paddle from the water, Sam quit rowing and Huldah withdrew her admiring gaze from the fish at her feet, and the three spectators watched the struggle with intense interest.

"Lisher Paiggs," cried Aunt Jerusha with unusual sharpness, "why don't you take a holt an' help me stid o' settin' there like a scairt fool?"

In ready obedience to this demand, Uncle Lisha underran the line with the paddle and brought it to hand, and then slowly and carefully hauled it in till, reaching down to the surface, he lifted the burdened hook and swung inboard a big clam.

"Wal, ol' woman," said he, collapsing from high expectation to deep disgust, "you hev done it, hain't ye?" With his knife he loosened the vice-like grip of the mussel and was about to toss it overboard.

"Here, don't ye never, Lisher Paiggs," cried Aunt Jerusha, suddenly recovering speech; "you gi' me that. It's jest what I wanted."

"Good airth an' seas, Jerushy, wha'd ye want on't? You can't eat one on 'em no more you could a chunk o' soaked so' luther."

"No more, I don't want tu. You jest clean the meat aout on't an' heave it away an' gi' me the shells. There," she continued when possessed of them, and holding them up she regarded them with unaffected admiration, "them's jest what I be'n a wantin' ever sen I be'n a haousekeepin', for they be the completest thing tu scrape aout a kittle an' tu skim milk an' tu scoop sugar 'at ever was. Mother hed some 'at she fetched f'm Rhode Islan', an' I've allus be'n a wantin' tu git a holt o' some. Naow I've got 'em, an' I'd a great sight druther hev 'em 'an a fish 'at 'll be eat right up. Naow, Lisher, you heave that 'ere fishin' thingumbob int' the water ag'in an' I'll ketch Huldy some clam shells."

Aunt Jerusha did not succeed in fulfilling this benevolent intention, for they were now in deep water, but as they coasted along the gray southern wall of Garden Island she was thrown into a second fever of excitement by a livelier tug at the line. This time it was a pickerel, which, by dint of stout tackle and good fortune, was brought to boat, and in spite of her protested indifference to such a capture, she rejoiced over it exceedingly.

They landed on the island, and with Sam acting as guide explored its interior. The garden-like bloom of its shrubbery no longer verified the island's name, but there were evidences of it in the abundant black clusters of viburnum berries and scarlet haws of wild roses, and there were yet enough blue and white blossoms of asters to make the place pleasant to flower-loving women.

The money diggers' pit in the center of the island was a place of interest to the men, for whom a hole in the ground always has a fascination. Then all went over to the east end, where Aunt Jerusha found some stranded clam shells for Huldah, cleaner and brighter than her own, and all found arrow points of flint on the narrow strip of gravelly beach.

"It does beat all natur' haow the critters made 'em!" said Uncle Lisher, a-pondering over a handsome hornstone arrow-head. "We couldn't, wi' all the tools we got, an' I hearn an ol' feller tell aout West 'at the Injins done it wi' a sort o' bone thingumajig, jest by pushin' on't with the hand, an' he claimed he'd seen 'em at it, but I d' know 'baout it. That 'ere 'd make a toll'able good gun flint, an' I guess I'll keep it. An' naow," he continued, after trying the flint with his knife and pocketing both, "if you've looked at posies an' cur'osities long enough le's go over int' the bay yunder an' g' up tu the haouse where I was yist'day an' git some apples for the women folks. They're dre'df'l clever folks up there."

This plan being approved, the party voyaged across the tranquil bay, and then making a detour to avoid the realm of the warlike old Spaniard, went across the fields to the house.

As they drew near they sniffed a familiarly pleasant and pungent odor of smoke and lye which led them to an outdoor fire where Uncle Lisha's yesterday's acquaintance was boiling soap. Uncle Lisha introduced his companions, who were cordially welcomed by the mistress, without an apology for the man's hat and coat she wore, except to say:

"If you ever made soap you know folks don't want tu dress up much for it, an' you c'n see I hain't."

"I guess you don't want tu," said Aunt Jerusha, sympathetically. "It is turrible messin' clarifyin' the grease, an' the lye 'll take the color aout'n eve'ything it teches."

"An' so onsartain," Huldah added. "You never know whether it's a-goin' tu be soap."

"I know it," cried the housewife. "It is the provokinest! Your lye 'll bear an aig like a cork, an' your grease 'll be all right, an' yit they won't be soap. I wonder what's come of my man. If you men folks could find him mebby it 'ould be more interestin' 'an aour gabbin'. He went tu git some chunks. Soap-b'ilin' 's a good time tu burn up chunks. Gid—Gid-eon! where be ye? I guess he'll come," she said, after listening a moment; and then returning to the subject of soap making, "Some says it's 'cause the wind 's north, but I do' know. Anyways, it does act onaccountable."

"I believe the witches or the Ol' Cat himself gits into 't," Aunt Jerusha declared.

"Same as intu cream sometimes," said Huldah. "Solon Briggs says 'at a piece o' silver money 'll drive the witches aout o' that, an' mebby it 'ould aout of soap."

"Wal, I'm goin' tu see whether it's soap or not," the soapmaker said, tucking her dress between her knees, pulling her hat over her eyes, and blowing the steam away while she dipped a few spoonfuls of the contents of the kettle into an old saucer. This she stirred and cooled with her breath, watching it anxiously, while her feminine guests looked on with almost as much interest as the liquid dribbled in a thin stream from the spoon.

"Mebby they was beech ashes," Uncle Lisha suggested, regarding it and the disappointed and vexed face of the matron.

"No, they was most all ellum," she answered. "Plague on 't, it don't look like nothin'."

"Wal, the' hain't no better ashes than ellum, so it ain't that," said the old man.

"Try a leetle dash o' water in 't," Aunt Jerusha suggested, and when this was done the liquid at once thickened in the saucer and the face of the fair soapmaker relaxed to an expression of supreme satisfaction, which was sympathetically repeated in the countenances of her visitors.

Gideon now appeared with an armful of refractory outcasts from the woodpile and the little girls at his heels. He was introduced in the same breath that the good tidings were communicated to him, and he rejoiced also, while the little girls silently welcomed their doughty old champion with bashful smiles and nibbling finger tips and apron corners, shyly made the acquaintance of his companions.

When the guests were comforted with apples and stayed with flagons, they went over to the ferry harbor and beheld with intense admiration that maritime wonder, the horse boat, arrive and depart. Uncle Lisha recounted once more to Aunt Jerusha's willing ears the events of his life as a soldier, and she was proud to be on the very ground where he began his military career and declared with great satisfaction: "This was 'nough tu pay her for comin'," while Sam and Huldah were so much interested the old man felt himself quite a hero.

Then they strolled back to their own humble craft and coasted along shore toward camp. Long before they saw his figure idly pacing the beach they heard Antoine's sonorous voice doing its best with some words of the "Exile of Erin" which he had picked up somewhere:

"Dar come on de beach a poor eggshell of heron,
De dew on hees chin rub it heavy an' chill."

He was at the landing to receive them and was profuse in his compliments to the anglers when their trophies were shown him.

"Bah gosh, Aunt Jerrushy! Bah t'under, Ma'am Huldy! You bose of it beat Onc' Lashy an' Zhozeff an' Sam for feesh, an' 'mos' me, w'en Ah a'n't try. Prob'ly if Ah'll was go wid you, you ketch lot of it. But you do pooty good, Ah tol' you."

"Yes, they did sartain," said Uncle Lisha. "An' you'd ort tu seen her haul in a clam. He fit like a good feller, but 't wa'n't no use, the ol' woman was tew much many for him an' she muckled him. An' both women's a heap better sailors 'an Jozeff is."

"Zhozeff," said Antoine, with supreme contempt, "Ah'll was jes' soon try for mek feesh walk on de graoun' as for mek Zhozeff be sailor mans. An' all de tam we keep haouse to-day he worry, worry for 'fraid you be draown' on de lake."

The next morning the preparative bustle of departure began, and though no one openly confessed it, each felt a shade of sadness as the place grew bare and desolate where such pleasant hours had been spent.

"It beats all natur' haow a feller gits wonted tu a place where he's hed a good time, an' hates tu leave it," Sam said, as he turned away, "but it's hopesin' we'll come ag'in."

"What's sass for gander 's sass for goose, an' when you come ag'in I'm a-comin' tew," said Huldah decidedly.

"If de whomans was comin', Ah'll a'n't, me," Antoine declared, "it was spile up all de funs for try for live too pooty."

"Wal," Uncle Lisha sighed, "it hain't noways likely 'at I'll ever come ag'in."

"But if ye du, Lisher, I'm a-comin' tew," Aunt Jerusha said, as they departed.

The last ember snapped out in dull explosion and the last thin wisp of smoke dissolved in the colorless air, and amid the silence of desertion the falling leaves began the slow obliteration of a living place of man's transitory sojourn.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.—I.

My Pastor.

IT was Jan. 23, 189–. The weather was dreadful, the cold intense and the gale howled through the woods in which I was camped, breaking off in its gusts the tops of the spruce trees already bending under the weight of the snow. One would hardly have thought of putting a wild animal out of doors.

Lying down in my tent, luxuriously stretched out on a couch made of the flexible branches of the balsam fir, with my feet close to the stove, whence spread a delightful heat through my cotton house, made wind proof by the snow piled up around it, I listened to the gale as it roared past me and I dreamed—of nothing in particular.

Suddenly the door of the tent was quickly pulled open and a mass of ice threw itself toward the stove, whose heat it seemed anxious to monopolize. Soon it began to thaw and as the mask of ice disappeared I managed to make out a light-brown beard, eyes of the same hue and hair of a deeper shade. I watched the metamorphosis in silence, merely sitting up to fill the stove with fuel to increase the heat and hasten the thawing out of the frozen personage before me.

At last, as the snow and ice melted away, I recognized the features of a fellow hunter, of a friend who was and is very dear to me.

"Hello! is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," replied my pastor, for he it was.

"Well, *Monsieur le curé*, have you come to trap along my line? There are still some martens left."

"No, I am attending to my mission."

"Your mission"—I thought he was mad. "Do you think there are any chapels along my line of traps, or have you come to convert me? If so, you have chosen a nice time for it."

He seemed slightly embarrassed and then he smiled and asked me whether I had anything to eat. I told him I had a hare, a partridge and some trout which I would cook for him if he would take some of my whisky first. He took a mouthful and lay down on my bed, where in an instant he was fast asleep.

During my culinary operations and while the partridge was roasting and the water for the tea boiling, I watched my sleeping friend. Abbé N. is a young man, barely 33 years old. Short but sturdy, with brown hair and beard, an open countenance, a frank and decided look.

While he slept I vainly asked myself what motive could have impelled him to come through forty or fifty miles of bush to join me in such weather. The storm had lasted for three days. He must have slept out without shelter or protection against the cold, which was sufficient to freeze a polar bear, but a watch-fire—and I know what watch-fires are like: you freeze on one side and roast on the other. He must have walked for nearly three days, beating a road through the heavily falling snow, a heavy and fatiguing work, which when two or more hunters are together they take turns in doing with their snowshoes, to relieve each other.

He had risked his life—a valuable life—and for what?

A sprain, a broken limb, the loss of his match-box, any of these meant death. He was not the first priest I had seen facing death. I had seen them on the field of battle. I had seen them return from China and Africa all broken up and bearing the glorious scars of martyrdom. But this one seemed above the others. No one saw him; no one would have understood his death; perhaps they would have blamed him or laughed at him and called him mad. I myself had thought so and, as I watched him, I felt ashamed of myself, for I knew him. But why had he come out to me?

Meanwhile the partridge was roasted and I put the trout in the frying pan with some slices of pork, which sizzled cheerfully, while the tea gave out a pleasant aroma. I hesitated some time before awaking my companion, but at last I decided to do so, for he required food more than sleep.

In spite of his fatigue he awoke at once and ate a hearty meal. He then lit his pipe, while I rolled a cigarette and asked him the object of his visit. He would not answer, but turned the conversation to hunting and trapping, of which, like me, he was very fond.

He expressed his regret at being unable to remain with me, but pleaded the necessity of returning at once, as one of his flock was dangerously ill and his services were required at her bedside.

He set out on the following day after breakfast. The wind had fallen, but the snow was soft and at each step our snowshoes sank 6 or 8in. in it. I left him at the end of my line and came back to my tent, overhauling all my traps, which were buried in the snow.

A month later a trapper, whose line was some miles above mine, passed by my tent and brought me a letter from my wife, whom I had left in the settlements. I then found out why my pastor had paid me a visit.

I am one of those who are born to ill luck, and that is doubtless the reason why every year, at pretty nearly the same date, I am always reported to be dead or in danger of death. As a rule, I am killed in summer during the season of navigation. This year, after having reported me drowned near English Point, a little below Natashquan, Dame Rumor, dissatisfied no doubt with her want of success in the warm weather, reported that I had hurt my foot, was without provisions and dying in the woods. My pastor heard of it and alone—for no one would accompany him in the storm—he had set out in the midst of the frightful blizzard and had risked his life to save mine. He had found me all right and had returned, without even hinting at the devotedness and spirit of self-sacrifice which had brought him to my side.

I often think of him when the snow falls and the wind shakes the trees, and ever with a feeling of grateful affection.

H. DE PUYJALOY.

[Written for the FOREST AND STREAM by Count de Puyjalov, and translated from the French by Crawford Lindsay.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us as it last by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

BEAVER CATCHING FOR THE ZOO.

[*Concluded from page 392.*]

NEXT day we cleaned out several dams below the main dam, took some of the support away from the base of that, and had everything in shape for an early start the next day. In the morning we had most of the work to do over again, but it did not take so long. As soon as the main dam was cut, we left one man there, while the other two put out the netting. Where it crossed the old channel we had to put in extra pieces, and had to stake some runways and also put in pieces of netting. We wanted to be sure that none would escape. I cut a channel from the dam as deep as possible, but could not get the water next to the house less than 3ft. deep. Here too was where the cache was located. The main part of it was a little below the house and connected with it. Before we drew the water off it showed above the surface over 3ft. We had to move it out of our way. There was a great mass of it, willows and quaking asp. Some of the aspen sticks were very heavy, weighing at least 100lbs. All through the upper part of the cache were little bunches of willow and aspen twigs similar to those I had seen the small beaver gather; they were wedged in here and there to hold them from floating. That romance about beaver sucking the air out of sticks they wish to sink will do to tell to the marines. We found the parts of the cache under water held together so that no stick could float unless it raised one lower down, until, where possible, the beaver had shoved the ends of the sticks under the banks and edge of the house. Some of the long and large sticks of aspen were placed against the pile, one end projecting above the surface of the water, and some very large but short ones were on top, high and dry. The cache was a very large one and would measure at least two cords. It had to be handled a stick at a time.

When all had been removed to the water level we started in getting the house ready for our hand net. All holes were closed except one next to the water, and part of the house cut away, with stake driven so that there was a runway to the net. A very large beaver had come out in sight when we first went to the house, and tried to drive us off, as it had the horses the day before, but it soon gave it up, going out of sight under water.

Soon after starting to remove the top of the house we had a large beaver. This one showed considerable fight, chewing away at the wires of the netting, and diving at us when it thought it could reach us through the wires. Even after it was in the cage it would growl at us, and dash against the cage until it had hurt its nose so that it was quite bloody. This was the only beaver hurt, but not by our handling; we could not help its bumping itself if it wanted to.

Soon Hague gave a yell and said, "Here's another little one!" When I got a look at it, it proved to be a muskrat. There were two of them. One went through one of the meshes, the other we let go. Several times we got these rats in our nets. I found them in all the large houses; they had independent runways and passages in the walls of the houses. I do not think they assisted at all in the work of construction, but let the beaver do it for them. I think they are careful to keep out of the beaver's way, and as they are small they can easily do so. In the shallow parts of this same pond we saw some muskrat houses, but did not examine them.

It was a long time before we got into the living room of this house. All the material was new and very long, well bound together, and plastered with mud and moss. Soon after getting the hole large enough, I crawled through into the room, and with a long willow drove a small beaver out to our net. This made two so far, and that was all we could find without cutting the house to pieces. I could not discover any more rooms, neither could we attempt to finish the house that day, it was so strongly made; so we searched some of the runways and holes above, up to the open meadow. It was late and our work had been hard; we were at it from early in the morning, were hungry, wet, tired, and a bit discouraged with our poor success. We thought that possibly the other beaver had escaped.

Next morning we went back, and found some animal had gone up the creek over our nets, as they were beat down. We commenced to search all the holes carefully even getting down to look through after cutting holes through from the top.

Jump and Hague were on the opposite side from me. I noticed a bit of discolored water running from one hole and called Hague's attention. He got down, looked up as far as he could, and then ran a willow up, and reported nothing there and the passages short. Jump called out from above that he had found a new dam. We left everything and went above. Sure enough, the beaver had put in a new dam in the night, raising the water so that the creek was bank full above. The dam filled the creek, which here was 5ft. wide.

Our tools, cages and dip net were brought up, and a short piece of netting put in above. We soon had the dam out, and commenced searching out all hiding places, but could find nothing. We were very much disappointed with our want of success, and filled with a growing admiration for the cunning animal we were after. Jump felt sure the beaver must be still in the house; Hague thought they had gone out of the country; I had hopes of finding them, as they had spent part of the night putting in the dam. So we divided our work. One took tools to the house; I with the shovel and a willow hunted out holes on one side, and Hague on the other.

We looked into every possible hiding place until I came to the hole where I had seen the discolored water. The entrance was wide and low. I cut part of it away with the shovel, got down in the mud, so that I could feel around with a short stick and use a long one too. I found the end of one hole—the one Hague said there was nothing in—and could whip around with the stick and hear it strike the ground. Feeling in with a short stick, I found another passage leading off to the right, and running my long willow up that I found it was crooked, bending more to the right; but I could feel something soft at the end, either mud or an animal. I twisted the stick a bit, and then looking at the end found two fine hairs. I called to Hague to bring the net and Jump to bring an axe. Hague could not believe there was anything in the hole until he had felt in with a willow. Then he concluded there was a beaver or muskrat.

By measuring the length of the hole, and getting the end located, I found its end under a bunch of willows. I cut the roots so that I could use the shovel, and commenced to dig, surface water filling the hole as fast as I took out the peat-like soil. Getting down to where I thought the hole ought to be, I commenced to shave off the sides with the shovel, when suddenly all the water disappeared, showing me a bit of fur for an instant. We now had to enlarge the front end, so that we could properly place our net. When all was ready I carefully pushed my shovel in and very slowly a small beaver walked into the net. We waited until it got to the end, then raised it. Hague said, "Halloo, Pete! what do you think of this?" The little fellow sat up just as the first one had done, its little hands closed and held as though it was going to raise them to beg of us not to hurt it—to spare its life. It was not sure which one of the three of

OBSIDIAN CLIFFS AND BEAVER LAKE. YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
From Report United States Fish Commission.

us it ought to beseech. Its eyes looked as though it had been crying.

We told it to keep still; we'd give it a nice cage and a trip to Washington. Jump brought the cage—which he had taken to the house—opened the door, then tipped the net over, and in walked the beaver as slowly as it had come out of its hole. We replaced the net, I pushed again in the hole with the shovel, when out walked another small beaver. Jack joined its mate in the cage.

DAM AND HOUSE BEGUN.

Again the net was placed at the entrance, again I pushed in the shovel, and after a little persuading a very large beaver walked out and into our net. When the net was raised, it sat up like the little ones and walked into the cage, filling it pretty full. We were satisfied with that hole, but looked in to see if there was any more of the family at home. We had them all.

Swinging the cage on a pole by wires, two shouldered it, and the other carrying some of the tools, we started for Yancey's, a mile away. It was quite a load to pack, but we all felt so pleased over our catch that we did not mind it. We put the beaver in the tin-lined box with the first two taken from the house. The beaver seemed glad to see one another again. After smelling of everything they all crawled into a corner until there was only a pile. I thought some of the little ones would be smothered. I gave them hay for a bed, a part of a barrel for a bath tub, and some quaking asp for food. I had noticed that the first beaver captured would not eat anything for three or four days, and even after that only a very little for a few days more. After about ten days they would eat the bark off a large quantity of wood. Of the family the little ones were the first to eat and showed less fear. When their tub was filled with fresh water, one of them would come at once. As I wished them to get as tame as possible, I did not object to anyone's seeing them. Everyone who passed along the road was very much interested, even old trappers.

I now had eight beaver, and as I thought I could pick up a few more not far away, we moved all our implements back to Yancey's and down the creek to the two-house dam. Working up the creek, we broke dam after dam. The weather was getting colder. Ice formed every night and in the morning the dams were a mass of ice. Every stick was covered except where the water ran. Our hands were in very bad condition; we could not get them healed. Cracks, cuts and bruises made them swell during the night, so that when we went to work in the morning it was not very pleasant to take hold of the icy willows, sticks, stumps and stones to remove the dams. There were no houses in the ponds we were draining while we were looking for bank beaver. After cutting ten or fifteen dams and searching out every hole, this time very carefully, after our experience above, we found a hole the end of which we could not reach with a long willow. Cutting in and feeling again, we could not find the end. A second cut was made, when we felt something at the end. Digging down, we soon routed out a beaver. The dip net was in the channel below, at a bend; Hague ran to it. The beaver dove into the water, and partly floating, partly walking, went down with the current and into the net. As soon as it found itself cornered it commenced cutting the wires of the net with its teeth. Getting hold of a wire, it would bite and cut at it until it parted; then seizing another, it would soon cut of each. Some of them were over 20ft. long. Beaver had been there lately. While cutting away a bit of overhanging bank from between two holes, we found another passage, longer than the others, and cutting three holes in this to find the end, Jump started another beaver that came out with a rush, and attempted to get into the old holes, which were blocked with sod. It would lie on the bottom, close under the bank, and within a few feet of Hague, while he was at work getting a good place for the net. I was above, to keep it from getting away. It looked more like a chunk of rotten wood than a beaver. When Hague was ready I poked it with a stick; it turned and went back into the tunnel it had come out of. Jump started it out again. When it came out of one of the holes we had dug to get the direction of the tunnel, it made a jump over a bunch of willows at least 5ft. high, landing in the creek, whence it dove under the bank again. We were so astonished at its jump that at first we thought we had started some other animal out of the hole. We were quite a while getting it into the net, and when we did so the iron frame broke where it had been bent. It was soon in the cage, not showing a bit of fight at any time, although it was the largest beaver we had captured. Jump said it was the largest he had ever seen. We all thought it would weigh 75lbs.; but when put on the scales it only showed a little over 47lbs. I believe the largest beaver on record weighed 63lbs. I am not sure but that was weighed like we did our big one at first sight—by guess. When we packed it to the house, we were sure it weighed 75lbs., if not a little more. If we'd carried it a mile, I'm afraid it would have been 80lbs. Scales spoil and shrink many big things; 10lb. trout become 3 or 4lb., and 75lb. beavers become 47-pounders, and 1,000lbs. of iron shrink proportionally.

The big beaver made our tenth and last. We had worked out all the houses and holes that we could very

PINE TREE CUT DOWN BY BEAVER, WASHINGTON ZOO.

well get at. We were in a very dilapidated condition—boats leaked so that we were wet through; we had enough for one year. So taking a good dose of Uncle John's "Kentucky High Step," we drank success to the beaver.

I went out again another year with another crew and captured more beaver; found they all had different dispositions, and learned more about their ways and habits; but I think you have enough this time. E. HOFER.

WILD PIGEONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the American wild pigeon becomes every year more and more a *rara avis*, and as its ultimate extinction seems certainly assured, it becomes each season a matter of greater interest to the readers of your esteemed paper to hear something of the whereabouts and habits of this most interesting bird. When I came to this country from

BEAVER WORKING AT DAM BUILDING.
Photo by E. Hofer.

that. We were afraid we were going to lose it. Even when we shook the net it would not let go. Getting the cage as soon as possible, we turned down the net by the open door; but it would not go in until we turned it toward the water, with the cage at the edge of the creek. Then, thinking it was going to escape, it went in with a rush, and was at last safely confined. We examined the net, and found it cut so badly that we had to get another piece of netting to put inside. This one fought more than any of the others, but did not dive at us as much as the one spoken of above.

Next day, after cutting many dams, and at last the last one, we found several long passages, with nests at the end

an office only a few doors from your own beautiful headquarters seven years ago, I plunged into "the forest primeval" and gulped down huge drafts of the balsamic air of freedom with an enthusiasm that took me into nearly every section of this most picturesque and delightful country.

Almost immediately I discovered that the wild pigeon, which lived in my memory as a cherished remembrance only, lived here in reality and could be obtained in such numbers as to make their pursuit satisfactory sport. I have shot a fair number of strings every season, and during the summers of '93 and '94 two half-breed market hunters brought many hundreds of dozens into this city. The birds breed in the tallest timber in the foothills of both mountain chains, and come down to the Sound to eat salt mud and feed upon the grain fields of the farmers.

They fly in small flocks, say thirteen to thirty-five, often in pairs or in bands of seven or eight, are very wary and suspicious of human approach.

They may sometimes be surprised in the early morning while feeding upon the elderberries or while busy around a sheltered water hole, but the usual method pursued by the few who systematically hunt them is to lie in concealment around a favorite haunt and pot them while sitting.

They begin to come down into the valleys and about salt water in late May or early June, and their first appearance is the signal for the onslaught by the pitiless pot-hunter.

At this season the birds are nesting, as shown by the fact that a large percentage of those killed have their ovaries filled with immature eggs, and so the process of extermination, which is bad enough at any season, is rendered tenfold more effective by this early shooting.

I am unable to state whether the pigeons here are a survival of the innumerable hordes which swept over my early boyhood home in the valleys of the Appalachians, or whether or not they ever were here in greater numbers. Judging, however, from the absence of reference to them by the old inhabitants whom I have interviewed, and from the fact that the kind and quantity of food which sustained such countless millions of their species in New York and Pennsylvania is not here for their use, I am led to the conclusion that they were never much more numerous upon this portion of the Pacific coast than they are at present.

That they cannot long survive the destructive methods of the market hunter is only too apparent in their rapidly diminishing numbers.

May 9.—The slaughter of the pigeons has commenced. Out of nine which were brought into town to-day and examined by me, five were hens and were laying. The killing will go on from this time until the next rainy season. The pigeon is afforded no protection by law, and it would not make much difference here anyway, as there is no attempt made to enforce the laws we have.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

TACOMA, Wash., May 8.

[Are these birds really the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) or are they the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*)? The latter is a common West coast species, while the passenger pigeon is a bird of eastern North America, occurring only as a straggler in Nevada and Washington. The two birds are not very like, one belonging to the genus *Columba*, having the tail much shorter than the wing, and composed of broad, obtuse feathers—as in the domestic pigeon—the passenger having a long tail equal to wings of narrow and pointed feathers. The difference between the shape of the two tails is that between the common ground dove and the domestic pigeon. The band-tailed pigeon is purplish red in color, with white half collar, white belly and a black bar across the tail. The passenger is slaty blue, with some small black spots above, changing to reddish on neck and below. If the passenger pigeon really occurs in Washington and in such numbers as stated by our correspondent, the fact is very interesting and ought to be established beyond question.]

NATIONAL ZOÖLOGICAL PARK NOTES.

IT will be remembered that last February we mentioned the case of a female Virginia deer in the National Zoölogical Park at Washington, whose leg had been broken in two places by a vicious male of the same species. The leg was set as well as possible by Head Keeper Blackburne, and when we saw her last February the doe was doing well. She is still further improved, and except for a little lameness, which she shows when running, her condition seems very nearly perfect. It is hoped that she will produce twins this month, as usual. The especial factor in the recovery of this female was her amiable disposition. She is as tame and gentle as could be, and it is this gentleness which has pulled her through.

When we visited the park last winter there were two large buffalo bulls, kept in an inclosure on top of the hill. Each of these bulls had at different times in the past been the master of the herd, and each had been defeated and had given way to a stronger and younger one. So they lived together in this small inclosure apart from the other buffalo, and got along very well together. The younger one seemed quite willing to keep out of the way of the old one until March 28 last. A nod from the old bull was the usual signal for the younger one to step aside; but this day he refused to do so, and returning the nod stood fast. The older bull tried to drive him, and their heads went together with a tremendous thump. Keeper Blackburne, who was not far away, saw in a moment that the younger bull was the most active and the stronger of the two, and that the old bull was no match for him, and the old bull realized the fact almost at once, and turned and ran. The younger one, however, kept after him, and, whenever he chose, drove him against the fence with terrific force, knocking the old one down eight different times, and ripping him at will when he was down.

Every effort was made to stop the fight, but for some time it was impossible to drive the young bull away. Finally, however, he left the old one for dead, and made proud by his victory went to fighting with the other buffalo through the fence. Keeper Blackburne then managed to get the old bull on his feet and pushed him into the house, where he died half an hour later. Three of his ribs were broken, one lung was punctured, and his body was a mass of rips and bruises from his shoulders to his hips on both sides. The other bull showed no marks of the fight whatever.

The large black-maned lion which was in the Park died not long ago from a rupture of a blood vessel.

Black Foxes.

THE Chignecto, N. B., *Post* records that last autumn Edward Sonier, of College Bridge, bought of an Indian two young foxes, a male and female. He had them cared for during the winter and the pair became perfectly domesticated. Two weeks ago the vixen presented her owner with four young cubs, all perfectly black.

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PHILADELPHIA ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE twenty-fourth annual report of the board of directors of the Zoölogical Society, Philadelphia, was read at the annual meeting of the members and loan holders of the Society, April 23. The report of the board of directors shows a slight increase in the number of visitors for the year 1895-96 over the previous year, but the increase is only 3,000 for the year. The increase in the receipts from admissions is over $1,200. As usual, Sunday is the day when most visitors come to the Gardens, and Saturday is the next, while Tuesday and Monday are the lightest days.

The report of the superintendent shows that during the year there were accessions to the collections to the amount of 92 mammals, 181 birds and 710 reptiles and amphibians. Among the important specimens received are a male and female ostrich, an ant-eater, a pair of polar bears, two examples of the East Indian snake-eating cobra, a species which grows to the length of 12ft. or more and is the largest terrestrial venomous serpent. A number of interesting East Indian birds were purchased in August last, among them a pair of argus pheasants which are probably the first that have ever reached this country alive. Unhappily these two died soon after their purchase.

Probably the most interesting specimens obtained during the year by the Philadelphia Gardens are the three mountain sheep, two of them brought East from Dakota by Mr. Howard Eaton, and the third deposited, along with two prong-horned antelope, by Mr. Alfred Harrison, of Philadelphia. The male mountain sheep (*Ovis cervina*) is 4 years old, and the two ewes are yearlings. The male was captured near Red Rock Lake, Idaho, while one of the females comes from the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri River. With the sheep brought on by Mr. Eaton were received six trumpeter swans, a species which is very rare in collections.

It will be interesting to watch the antelope which are now in the Gardens. It has been for many years a common saying that it is impossible to keep the prong-horned antelope alive east of the Missouri River, and we are inclined to think that past experience has justified this statement. We heartily wish Mr. Brown better success with his antelope than others have had, and trust also that he may now have a foundation for a herd of mountain sheep. As Mr. Brown is a mighty hunter, he will unquestionably guard these last-named animals as the apple of his eye.

CONFIDING QUAIL.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After an interval of nearly a year I again claim a portion of your valuable space to chronicle an incident which, I think, seldom occurs. But do not attribute my long silence to any waning of interest in "our paper," or in the sports of the field. Far from it; but the fact of the matter is, nothing has happened worthy of mention, and a mere recital of the many pleasant hunts which I enjoy would prove monotonous, especially when the subject is so delightfully handled in almost every issue by pens far readier than mine. But this is digression; the incident above referred to is that a pair of valley quail have built their nest (or rather apology for a nest) in a luxuriant heliotrope bush which climbs in rich profusion over the porch surrounding our house.

This morning, as the gardener was watering the flowers, he was startled by hearing a quail flush noisily out of the heliotrope, and upon examination he found a nest full of eggs. In a short time the hen returned and immediately took possession of her home; and she may rest assured that she will not be again disturbed.

Our house is situated on a hill, surrounded by orchards of orange, olive and lemon trees, and although quail have been unusually numerous this spring and have been seen running all around the house, I did not imagine that they were so charmed with the beautiful view which can be had from the hill that any of them would locate here permanently. Or, maybe this particular pair are wise in their day and generation, and do not care to expose themselves and their tender brood to the ravages of the hosts of their enemies on the mountain side—the coyotes, wildcats, foxes, weasles, skunks, snakes and other "varmints" which prey upon them, their eggs and their young.

Fortunately for the quail, but, alas, unfortunately for me, I have no dog at present whose ambition might impel him to demand a closer acquaintance with the interesting family than would result in their good. My last dog joined the great majority of his kind last summer, and he was the fourteenth that I've lost; but that is another story and a very melancholy one. However, I see danger ahead in the form of several lynx-eyed and semi-wild felines that have taken up their abode beneath the house, and occasionally make the night hideous with their serenades. But dire vengeance will be wreaked upon them if they interfere, and as this enterprising quail has thus far escaped, I have great hopes of her ultimate success.

The fact of her nesting where she has is rendered all the more surprising from the fact that the nest is not more than 10ft. from where the horses are tied when the carriage is brought to the house, and that the gardener is daily passing back and forth and working in the very flower bed where she has her nest.

I shall watch with great interest the progress she makes and shall report the result—favorable or otherwise—and that it may be the former is the prayer of

CULPEPPER.

Starlings in the City.

NEW YORK, May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sunday, May 17, as I was returning from riding, I started from the lawn of one of the places in Audubon Park, between 156th and 157th streets, west of Eleventh avenue, New York city, a bird quite different from anything we are accustomed to see here. The bird was black, with a white bill and a short tail, and was less in size than a robin. In short, it was an European starling, unless I am very much mistaken. On the following morning, not far from the same spot, two birds like the one seen the day before flew up from the lawn and disappeared, flying north. I have no doubt that a family or a little colony of starlings have made their home somewhere in the neighborhood, and I shall endeavor to investigate the matter further. GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN THE ROCKIES.

(Concluded from page 395.)

Oct. 3.—Everything covered with snow. The day beautiful and clear and warm. After decorating my face under and around the eyes with pot black in order to prevent snow blindness, Van, Doc and I struck out in search of game, but with little result. I wore old rubber boots and slipped all over the mountains. We descended one place which had a sheer drop of perhaps 35ft., Van first, and struck bottom in a snowdrift. I followed and Doc brought up the rear. When in midair he turned over and came in head on. We had to dig him out. Then we climbed a mountain side almost perpendicular and nearly played us both out, as the boots wouldn't take hold. After reaching the summit we rested for a few minutes and then worked up a draw, where we found fresh sign. We tracked it for probably half a mile, when Van suddenly stopped and says, "Captain, we don't want them." Of course I wanted to know why, as I was anxious to kill the fellow who could make such a tremendous impression in the snow as the one we had been following. Van says, "No, it's a cow." Then calling to me he says, "See where those tracks go between the trees? Well, a bull couldn't get through there; he would have gone to the right or left." It was now getting on toward 4 o'clock and he says, "Boys, can you walk five miles further? If so, I can promise you all the elk you care to see." "How far are we from camp?" "About ten miles." "And the extra five will make fifteen to camp. No, thanks, not for me. I'll take another day." So we started for camp and struck a windfall that was a "lulu." Doc had fallen behind, and in trying to do the squirrel act as Van did it slipped and sprained an ankle. We called a halt and waited for him to come up. This little rest for fifteen minutes quite refreshed me, so that I felt ready to renew the tramp. Doc was badly used up and suffered much before reaching camp, though too plucky to give in. Reached there about 8 P. M. and stowed away a quantity of hot food. It is surprising how quickly fatigue leaves one in this country.

Friday, Oct. 4.—Van and I rode west by south over the mountains in search of sheep or bear sign. Saw both, but were two or three days old. Climbed a very high peak, which I have christened Painter's Peak. This peak is one of several used by the Indians as signal stations. On top they have built, by piling stones one on top of the other, a circular place large enough to admit one man, and about 4ft. high. They are built in such a way that they look exactly as one would suppose the mountain peak would appear. These stations command the entire range.

The country here seems to be eruptive rock formation, and both sides of the mountain seamed with dykes, looking for all the world like huge troughs for carrying off the water. At this point in the cañon there is a stream that flows in two directions, one flowing northeast and the other southwest. There is much mineral float here, and I hope in the near future to return, prepared to thoroughly test it.

On our return to camp we saw a bunch of twelve blacktail deer within a mile of camp, but did not molest them.

Saturday, Oct. 5, was the banner day for me. I shall never forget it. Van, Doc and I started on our horses, determined to bring in at least one fine head. We had scarcely gone more than three miles from camp when Van got in one shot, however, before he reached the timber, but only succeeded in wounding him slightly. We followed him for perhaps a mile and a half through windfalls, and eventually gave him up. Mounting our horses, we rode on through windfalls until you couldn't rest. About noon we came out into an open park, dismounted and listened, as we had shortly before heard a bull whistle; soon found fresh sign, followed it for half an hour, and had the satisfaction of hearing him break and run 100yds. ahead. We retraced our steps to Doc and the horses, mounted, and rode on through more timber and windfalls for half an hour, when once more we came out into open fields, as Pop calls them. Here we found more fresh sign and soon Van says, "Look ahead, see the elk." Van started to the right and I followed one which turned to the left as fast as I could run. My first shot had already wounded him, so that he wasn't making much better time than I was. He made for a narrow strip of timber ahead, passed through it, crossing another open space about 50yds. wide to heavy timber. Before reaching it he slowed up, giving me time to get through the first piece of timber, gather some breath and get my tongue, which was hanging out, back into its proper place. Before entering the woods he paused a moment and looked back. This pause was a fatal one for him. Quickly raising my rifle, I fired and broke his neck. The head was very symmetrical, but with only eleven points.

Doc and Van came up, and we followed on into the timber and got into a band of perhaps 200. They winded us and scattered. Here we made a running trail of five miles, horses going at full speed and Van hanging out of saddle, his face within 2ft. of the ground, picking out the trail of one immense bull. This was the most beautiful bit of trailing I have ever seen done in all my life. The trail led along the edge of a cañon for fully five miles. Van would yell, "Keep right to the crack in my coat, boys; we've got to head them off and turn 'em back, must have that bull, sure." We finally turned them into the timber, then began a zigzagging that almost gave me the blind staggers. Finally Van sighted one big bull and says, "Captain, slide off and look ahead; see that bull standing there? Now I want you to shoot him in the ham, and when he turns give it to him in the shoulder (he was standing with head directly from us). It's your only chance, as the timber is thick, and two jumps will take him out of sight." No sooner said than done, and down he went. "He's all right," says Van. "Now let's turn our attention to another big fellow on the right." Scarcely had we turned around when I heard No. 1 going through the timber like a locomotive. Van wouldn't believe it, but on going up to the spot where he had fallen, sure enough he wasn't there. "Now we've got to do some tall rustling or we won't get another shot, as that old bull will get them all on the go." He had scarcely finished speaking when we heard a whistle on our right, soon another, which we had no difficulty in locating. Sammy, these whistles remind me of the factory whistles blowing for 12 o'clock.

Carefully picking our way through the timber, we came out into a park; crossing it and into another strip of timber, we paused to hear the whistle again so that we could locate him exactly, as it was now a case of skill against instinct. Soon the old fellow gave that unearthly yell sounding more like the bray of a jackass than anything I can recall. Van says, "Do you see him? Look straight ahead, but don't move, wait until he whistles, then run, following my steps exactly." Almost instantly his head went up and the whistle begun. "Run, and stop when I do, and as I do; he's facing us and is liable to git a move on any minit."

THE CAMP ON COLD CREEK.
Photo by J. R. Palster.

Van sighted a bull elk feeding on top of the mountain on our right. We immediately made for the timber and rode toward him, bearing off to the right in order to get to the windward. When within 200yds. of where we supposed he should be, dismounted and climbed toward the top; on reaching it we looked ahead and within 50yds. of us stood a bunch of cows and calves; fortunately only one calf saw us. Quietly backing down until out of sight, we ran to the left and up the slope. By this time they had become startled and were making off toward the timber. There seemed to be only one bull worth shooting, and he was surrounded by the cows and calves in such a way that to shoot him was almost impossible.

Step by step we crept on him, often having to pause with one foot in the air, and keep the position until he challenged again, when we would run perhaps 10yds., but it was all as noiseless as possible to go. When we got to within 100yds. of him he suddenly wheeled around and walked off around the timber. This was what we wanted; as he walked from us we ran toward the opening, on reaching it halted, while he described a circle, unconscious that we were waiting for him to turn so that it would give us a broadside shot. As he did so Van says, "Now, Captain, take your time and do it right." We both fired simultaneously. I never felt so mean in my life as I did after the shot was fired. It was painful to

watch him stagger around and try to get toward us, his strength failing all the time. Then he would make a sweep with those immense antlers and the dead limbs and small trees would be broken like reeds. He finally went down. We soon had his throat cut and began to skin out the head, while Van went for Doc and the horses. He found Doc up a tree, where he had gone either from fright or to get his bearings; he claims the latter, so we let it go at that. By the time they returned I had the scalp off, and it didn't take long to saw the skull apart. Van tied the scalp on his horse while I mounted Booky, and the horns were, after some trouble, taken aboard with me. They rested on the pommel of the saddle and were ugly things to handle. I had a circus, I can assure you. My broncho seriously objected to carrying those horns, and every time he glanced back he had a bucking fit immediately at both ends. Oh, I tell you it was fun. Sammy, you would have enjoyed it.

We had scarcely gone 100yds. when Van suddenly slipped off his horse and fired, knocking down a fine bull, telling Doc to go get him; but he rushed in on him too quickly, and the bull, in his last efforts, gained his feet and the edge of the timber and ran and rolled down a precipice and was lost. Van went in to look for Doc, and while they were in the timber a fine, large, six-point bull walked out to within 25yds. of where I sat, on Booky. He advanced with head and mane erect. The horse had his head down grazing and did not see him. This bull stood there for perhaps a minute and only turned to leave when the horse raised his head. He would stop every few yards and look back, wondering possibly what that monstrosity was. What would I not have given for my camera to-day.

When the march to camp was resumed the sun had set and we had fifteen miles to go in order to make camp, part of the way over windfalls that would make your hair curl in daylight. We didn't even have a moon until about 9 o'clock. I had enough before we had gone a half mile and on several occasions felt like throwing the horns away. Sometimes we would pass between trees too narrow to admit the horns, they would catch and pull me back on Booky's rump; that was a signal for his heels to shoot upward and he would land me on his neck, then to get me off that part of his anatomy he would walk on his hind feet for several yards; it would have the desired effect. Oh, it was a pleasant ride. My position at times was ludicrous in the extreme, yet in spite of it all I had to laugh. Once when he objected, and I was in the air, I thought of these lines from Hudibras, and I fairly yelled with laughter:

> After many strains and heaves,
> He got up to the saddle eaves,
> From whence he vaulted into th' seat
> With so much vigor, strength and heat,
> That he almost tumbled over
> With his own weight, but did recover
> By laying hold of tail and mane,
> Which oft he used instead of rein.

Doc and Van thought I had gone crazy. We now halted, and Doc took one horn and I the other. This was a great improvement.

I repeat I shall never forget this ride. Talk about hurdle and steeple races, they are not in it with the ride over these windfalls, loaded as we were. With any other man than Van Dyke, and with other horses than his, I could not have been tempted to have made the return to camp that night. We reach it about 10 o'clock, not very tired, but all-fired hungry. It seems to me that is our chronic state always.

I am now ready to say to you that Ed. E. Van Dyke is without exception the best guide, hunter and rifle shot on game I have ever seen. I have hunted with some clever men, but none are his equal. He can tell you almost every time where his bullet has struck the game fired at. Aside from his hunting qualities, he is a most excellent guide; careful both with men and pack, never taking any risks with either, trustworthy and honest, knows every acre of ground from Montana to Colorado. I don't believe his equal lives in Montana.

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Still delightful weather. The Judge is getting restless again and wants Van to take him to Cooke to-morrow, so we shall in all probability break camp and move back into our first Bear Camp. I shall hope to have a letter from you when he returns. With kind regards to all the boys, I am with best wishes,

WABASH.

CANOE LAKE CAMP, Wyo., October 7.—We broke camp bright and early this morning and took the trail back over the divide toward High Camp or Bear Valley. Poor old Roany looks like some horned monstrosity, with his load of horns, and has to be led in order to keep him clear of trees, etc. There is one thing about hunting with Van Dyke; he gives you an opportunity to see all there is to be seen, as he never takes you the same route twice, hence our ride to-day is entirely new and as usual very beautiful and rugged. We traveled for miles along the ragged edge of the divide, which in places was scarcely wide enough for a horse to walk, down mountain sides so steep that one could scarcely realize his ability to make it in safety. But then we are on Van's horses, and I believe they can go anywhere a goat can. When it becomes too slippery to walk they simply put all four feet together and slide. So far we have had but one accident, and that was going up an almost perpendicular wall to-day. Coally's pack was a very wide one, and in making a sharp turn the pack struck a projecting rock and upset her. She rolled 150yds. down the mountain and landed against a clump of pine trees. When we got down to her she wasn't much the worse for the roll, and with a little help was on her feet, with only a few skinned places on head and limbs to show for it. This accident delayed us some little time, as the pack had to be gotten together and carried up the divide and repacked. The sun was now setting in a sea of gold and we had to move on rapidly, as darkness would soon settle down. The descent on the other side of the divide was in snow, knee deep, while on the side we went up there wasn't a particle. Camped in the valley at 7 P. M. Supper was soon cooked and dispatched. We were not long in hunting our beds. This has been a hard day's work.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Van says this is Indian summer. The days all seem alike, yet how different. The beauties of the surrounding country are so varied and beautiful that it is like an ever-changing panorama. Van and Doc got into a large band of elk, and shot three, principally for meat, as we needed it. The Judge and I went out for something, wasn't particular what old thing we ran against; mine was a porcupine, which I declined to disturb, and the Judge's was a brown bear, and they were both disturbed—that is, the Judge and the bear. He says that for quite a while it was an open question with him whether or not he could keep the sand on top. He eventually quieted down, and the noise of the creek did him a good turn, as the bear couldn't hear him approaching. He had been looking for bears all day (when he wasn't looking for camp) and ran on to him, feeding along the creek, shot him three times and missed him once for luck. We heard the shots and thought he was lost, as it was getting late. Induced Lee to mount his broncho and go in search of him. He had scarcely gone fifteen minutes when we heard a shouting and out came the Judge a-straddle the broncho, which at any other time he wouldn't have touched with a 40ft. pole, and yelling, "I've got him, I've got him, and he's as big as this horse." I went back with him, and found a nice small bear which would weigh about 250lbs., but with a beautiful pelt. Now, you can imagine the condition of his mind when he shot him. Toasts to "The Judge."

Wednesday, Oct. 9.—Snowed for about an hour this morning and then cleared. The sun smiling and as beautiful as ever came peeping out from behind the gray rifts, and all nature seems glad again.

Lee, our packer, left this morning, and I assure you we were jolly glad of it. I believe he could do more swearing to the square inch than any man I ever heard. He kept me covered with goose flesh half the time.

All the elk which we didn't use for meat was snaked down to different parts of the valley and draws, and used as bear bait. Had lots of fun with Daddy; he steered the train with guy ropes; he says, "Cap, that's the darndest pullin' I ever got; why, I didn't make mor'n six jumps down the side of that mountain, and the only way I stopped her was by taking a half-hitch around a pine tree that I ran ag'in'."

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Clear and warm. Visited the bear pen and baits, but no sign. Rest of the day we loafed around camp, played cards and smoked, and swapped lies. Ben amused himself with making "b'ar grease."

Friday, Oct. 11.—Same style day as we have been having. Van and Ben start for Cooke City. Ben is going home happy. And we are happy because he's happy, though we do not grudge him the trip.

Saturday, Oct. 12.—Just the same kind of a day, only it is my birthday. Visited the bear baits, but Pop drew the lucky straw and a bear as well. Came into camp on a trot. "Say, Cap, I wish you and Doc had gone with me, you'd have seen sport." It proved to be a very fair-sized grizzly. Van returned from Cooke with supplies.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—Thermometer seems hot and feverish this morning, so we all went to the creek and took a cold plunge. Broke camp *en route* for Red Lodge. Trail lay along the beautiful and picturesque Crandall Creek. Camped at night on the creek in a little piece of timber. It is the stillest night I ever remember; not a sound of any kind. It is Camp Silence.

> "All is gentle; naught
> Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
> Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit."

Monday, Oct. 14.—Clear and warm. Had trouble in packing the horns, and didn't get away until noon. Still on Crandall. Just before reaching the cañon we pass by a mountain of white marble. Some specimens lying along the trail show it to be of good quality. Here is another exquisitely beautiful and charming cañon. The walls for quite a distance are perpendicular. On one side the mountains rise several thousand feet high. I could not resist the temptation to photograph the scene, a copy of which I inclose.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Feels like a May day. Broke camp about 11 A. M. and went down Van Dyke's Stairway, a series of steps of rock, some of them 5ft. high. A frightful place for horses to attempt, but Van says, "That's only play for them animals." After witnessing their descent of this place I am willing to swear that they can go anywhere. On reaching the valley we follow the hillside above the creek, and soon pass the spot where Crandall and his chum we killed by the Indians. Crandall was, I believe, a friend of Bill Hamilton and Liver-Eating Johnson. Two more interesting pioneers are not be found in Montana. The ride through the valley was indeed a charming one. Here and there remains of the buffalo. I got off the horse and picked up a few teeth as mementos.

Going out of the valley northeast we cross Clark's Fork and move on toward Table Mountain. Electric Peak and Old Bear Tooth loom up in great style. Cross one corner of Table Mountain and camp in Devil's Gut. This is an interesting place, being a narrow valley inclosed by high and precipitous mountains. Along this end of the valley are remains of some kind of pens built of fallen trees and high enough to hide in comfortably. Van says, "They were built by the Sheep Eaters years and years ago to kill game from." The Indians would conceal themselves while the game was driven from the other end of the valley; at this end it wasn't over 100yds. wide, so that the slaughter must have been great. Four men could hide conveniently in each pen and there were perhaps 100 of these "shooting boxes" scattered around.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—Crawled out this morning about 6 o'clock and heard a noise down the cañon, which I believed to be a deer or elk. Without waiting to dress I slipped into my moccasins, grabbed my rifle and went to investigate, and ran on to a small grizzly.

He was standing rear end on, so fired and struck him. He immediately turned and made for me; second shot caught him back of shoulder as he turned, down he went, but was up instantly and coming like a locomotive; third shot missed him completely, and in throwing out shell it stuck. By the time I got in a new one he was within 25yds. of me. Sammy, I was so cold when I fired the third shot my teeth were chattering, but when that cussed shell stuck the perspiration broke out all over me and I was as hot as a furnace. I must have been having one of the Kid's "fever and ager fits." The nearest tree was 100yds. away and up hill. In an instant I thought of everything, home, friends and country, and wished for more home and less country. Then by some hook or crook the old shell dropped out and a new one went in. Dropping on one knee I blazed away and caught him full in the breast; he went down, never to get up. Talk about your Turkish baths! The whole thing happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but in that time I lived about ten years.

Broke camp at noon and started northeast toward the Sheridan trail.

The section of country has enough fine granite to supply the world. It is equal if not superior to the finest Westerly granite. Many beautiful little lakes are nestled here among the mountains and are fed by the eternal snows and glaciers. Camped on the Little Rocky in front of Heffener's Glacier.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Weather perfect. This is our last camp. It has been several days since we pitched our tent. That is one of the advantages of a sleeping bag.

The ride over the divide was interesting. On the very top we found a bog which in places had scarcely any bottom. The trail led along Line Cañon. In one place there is a very narrow trail along a bluff. There is scarcely room for a horse to pass along; below there is a sheer 500ft. fall. Some years ago a noted hunter by the name of Legg came over this trail with his saddle and one pack horse. The pack was in the lead; suddenly he stopped and began to snort. Legg looked up and there, not 50ft. in front of him, stood a big bull elk, disputing the right of way. The elk advanced, the pack horse tried to turn, lost his footing and went down over the mountain. Legg quickly slipped off back of his horse and drew his rifle, took careful aim and fired; the elk followed the pack horse, with a bullet in his brain. We reached the A. O. trail about 3 o'clock, and it was dark when we got down it. We reached Red Lodge, cold, tired and hungry, at 9 o'clock. Van and I rode in ahead to hunt grub, but alas, there was a wedding in town and the restaurants were all closed. At Delmonico's the Chinaman said "No sabe," which translated meant no supper. We then rode through the town on a dead run looking for food, and every fellow at home grabbed his gun, thinking the town was being "held up." We finally got into a store and bought all the cheese, cakes and crackers the merchant had, and struck out for the hotel. I don't think five men ever enjoyed a lunch as we five enjoyed that one.

Friday, Oct. 18.—Cold and windy, looks like snow. Packed up and left for home at 3 P. M. Stayed over night in Billings. Was entertained very pleasantly at the Billings Club, thanks to Mr. J. D. Losecamp. It was through his kindness we had the pleasure of seeing photographs of Bill Hamilton and Liver-Eating Johnson, perhaps the only photos in existence of these two men. You remember, some time ago, of reading an article on Bill Hamilton in FOREST AND STREAM, contributed by that able correspondent, E. Hough. There is great character in Bill's face.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—Left Billings at 9 A. M. Glad again to get into the Northern Pacific dining car. Mr. Austin, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt. of the Northern Pacific road, had arranged two or three days' duck shooting for us at Perham. On arriving there, much to our disgust, the lakes were frozen over and the flight had come and gone, and but few remained. Still I thank him very much, as he did all it was possible for a brother sportsman to do to give us a good time. Expect to arrive in town on the 24th, at 4 o'clock, provided we don't run up against Ben's friend in Chicago.

WABASH.

SPRING NOTES FROM THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

ABOUT the middle of April, the snow was 4½ft. deep on a level over much of the Park. In some parts of the timber it was less, and again more. Now it has all disappeared about the Mammoth Hot Springs, but there is still plenty of it after passing through the Golden Gate.

The first robin was heard here on the 10th of April, and bluebirds are to be seen at any time in the hot country where they winter. Swans, geese and ducks were all here early in April, and many of them have now passed on to their more Northern summer home.

Things in the Park seem to be getting on well, and the season is opening early. It is believed that the roads will be completely open by June 1—something that had never happened before, previous to last year.

Game is very plentiful, and has wintered well. Elk, deer and sheep are especially numerous. Late in April, Scout Morrison saw sixteen sheep on the north side of the Yellowstone River, not far from the mouth of Hell Roaring Creek. A week later eight were seen on the same side of the river, but a long distance from Hell Roaring Creek, and the same day the same person saw five more on the south side of the river. Elk have been seen in great numbers all over the Park, and they are abundant close to the post.

Many white-tail deer are now to be seen near here, while a few years ago this species was very seldom met with in the Park. Deer are now abundant and tame.

Little is heard about the buffalo. People here who ought to be well posted claim that there are not ten head in the Park to-day.

New York Game Law.

GOVERNOR MORTON has signed the Sanger bills, which are now laws, forbidding the use of jack lights for deer hunting at all times except from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15 inclusive, and forbidding deer hounding except from Oct. 1 to 15 inclusive. Hounding is forbidden at all times in counties of St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan (except in towns of Highland, Cumberland, Tusten, Cochecton and Bethel). On Long Island deer may be hunted on each Wednesday in November, by hounding or otherwise.

The open season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits throughout the State (except Long Island) has been made from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15 inclusive. Ferrets forbidden except in Wayne, Onondaga and Oswego counties.

That Old Maryland Terrapin Statute.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read your editorial on "Salmon, Ducks and Terrapin," which reminds me of a conversation I had with a gentleman who, in company with others, had been eating terrapin with President Cleveland. If my recollection is not very much at fault, he told me that one of the gentlemen produced a certified copy of an old Maryland statute which prohibited owners of slaves feeding them more than a certain number of times a week on terrapin. I should like to see the act in print. EUGENE SNYDER.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Jack Hunter's line of reasoning may be all right, but if I had set out to defend the practice I don't imagine that telling how easy it is to kill deer that way would be one of the theories advanced, even if the tale of easy shooting was of a thirty-five years old event. It is no harder to kill a deer now by jack hunting than it was thirty-five years ago, considering the number of deer there are left. The glare of a jack light is just as stupefying, and one can approach just as close to a deer as he could in the old days, and with just as crude materials as in the past one can kill a deer.

If Jack Hunter considers shooting deer at a time when the sights of his rifle cannot be seen, at a range so close as to make a miss almost impossible, yet an instant kill almost improbable, a sport for a real man, it looks as if somebody's mind "must be badly distorted," if I may use his own phrase.

One of the most potent arguments that work against still-hunting is that it takes a hunter to get a deer that way. Few deer are killed in the Adirondacks by hunters these days. They are killed by men to whom the head is a great deal and the flow of blood more. They do not enjoy waiting on the runways. It is not for the pleasure of watching nature that they are there. The sigh of branches and the splash of muskrats at night means nothing to the average jack hunter. He is strictly a meat and skin hunter, and the trip that fails to give him a deer head is a failure absolutely. These men are not sportsmen and they have not the skill of hunters.

I would rejoice to see deer hunting absolutely forbidden in the Adirondacks for a term of years, but stop the jack hunter and his partner, the hounder, and the deer will increase. There is a wholesome fear of the law among the woodsmen, and although I agree with Jack Hunter that the game laws could be better enforced, a non-hounding, non-jacking law, as well observed as the close season is now, would give sport a-plenty for sportsmen, till the Adirondack forests are gone.

Jack Hunter need not trouble himself to hide me behind an alias. I have no use for any such subterfuge, although I fully appreciate his kindness and thank him for it.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

THE country in this vicinity is a region of high hills and deep ravines. It is thickly wooded and well watered. Nearly every farm has its bush of sugar maples with one or more small streams meandering through it. Thickly associated with the maple is the beech, while here and there a birch, a basswood or an elm may be seen, the whole frequently interspersed with clumps of evergreens consisting of spruce or hemlock, presenting in the autumnal months veritable islands of green amid a sea of color.

The ravines are almost invariably margined with a thick growth of evergreens, while the lowlands, cradled in among the hills, are blanketed with cedar and tamarack and with a fair sprinkling of ash. It is pre-eminently the home of the ruffed grouse. The beech uplands, the scrubby hillsides, the evergreen thickets and water-worn ravines, with their trickling streams, combine to form a suitable haunt for this wary bird.

If perchance you should meet with her in the more open wood, or even outside its margin, at the least sign of alarm she is off with a rush and a whir, winging her way to the densest cover. Should you seek her here, you will find her ever ready and alert. It is only the quickest shot and he who has educated the eye and finger to work together at an instant's warning that can hope to bag her now.

On the morning of Oct. 5 my friend C. and myself drove some three miles into the country to what is known as the Lewis place, where we had heard there were one or more broods of grouse still undisturbed. Our conveyance was a not over roomy top buggy, and with Dan curled up on a blanket in the back end, which inconvenience he cheerfully submitted to, no doubt in anticipation of the good time coming, and with Trim between our knees in front, whose philosophy, from youthful inexperience, did not quite equal Dan's—constantly endeavoring to get along faster by climbing upon the dash—and with the rest of the impedimenta tucked in here and there, it was well loaded, and so the single horse that hauled us up the long hills seemed to think, for we were over an hour in reaching our destination. We took possession of an unused barn, and having cared for the horse, we donned our hunting outfits and set forth toward the wood, some 200yds. distant.

A small creek wound about one corner of the wood, and both sides of it were thickly grown with alders, covering perhaps an acre of ground. We ran the dogs through this first, as it is suitable ground for woodcock; in fact I had killed woodcock here in previous years, but they found no birds, nor did I see any borings. We then entered the wood proper, which here is on low ground and consists almost entirely of evergreens.

C. kept just within the margin, while I held a parallel course, but deeper in the wood. We had not gone over 100yds. when C. fired at a bird which flushed from a tree in a dense spruce thicket. She passed back of me, going high above the trees. I fired both barrels, taking some pains, but without apparent effect. We decided not to turn back for her, as she seemed bent on taking a long flight. We continued our course around the margin and heard, close after one another, three or four birds take flight, but did not catch the glint of a feather. Our experience now made us certain that these birds had been well hetcheled, and if we got any of them it would have to be by careful work and hard shooting.

Our course now took us to higher ground. Here C. made a couple of shots at birds that rose wild and instantly lost themselves to sight among the light brown leaves of the scrubby beeches. I heard a bird flush at some distance to my left, instantly followed by the cry of "mark bird," and facing at ready the only opening out of the dense evergreen thicket where I was, caught a snap shot as she passed, but to no purpose. Her course led across the wood to the alder patch where we first began our hunt. Here Dan made a point and at the word "up bird" sprang forward, only to retrieve a dead bird. C. flushed a bird in the timber further to the right, making a snap shot, but missing, which he is inclined to think was the last one I fired at. If this is true, then the dead bird must be the one flushed at the beginning of the hunt. We knew the bird was hit, for C. feathered her well when she started.

We now hunted C.'s bird, which led us a long chase, quite to the opposite side of the wood. Here she rose without offering a shot, and making a somewhat erratic flight found cover in some underbrush growing in the highway, which here ran alongside of the wood. We had given up finding her, and were fairly caught napping; for we were in the road when she raised from its side, and spreading her tail almost in our faces, pitched over the fence back of the brush, and went skimming the ground over a hill to another wood, some 200yds. away. We now felt that our reputation was at stake, and doggedly continued the pursuit.

I had gone but a short distance into this wood when C. from the outside called to me to bear to the right till I reached a maple which he pointed out. This would give me a commanding position of some thick cover in his front, since there was an open space both to the right and left of this point. I had barely reached the place pointed out when two birds rose together not 20ft. distant, taking the opening to the right. Of course I fired the first barrel at the head bird, and at the shot a confused mass of feathers showed over the end of the gun, whirling downward, and was replaced the next instant by the other bird, which fell a little further on to the second barrel, the gun scarcely varying at all in its line of direction for both shots.

While closing the breech after reloading, another bird shot almost vertically upward from the center of the clump. I fired a snap shot into the moving boughs that marked her course, missed, and as she broke cover close to my right and almost over me I turned my back upon her and faced the same opening the other birds had taken, down which this one now fairly hummed. I aimed carefully, but waited a little too long, she being well away when I fired. Two or three little puffs of feathers started out at the shot, but I could see no decrease in her speed.

The cover contained no more birds, and the two dead being retrieved, we hunted the course of the last one quite across the wood without meeting with a sign of her. C. then bore to the left, but I, not satisfied, quartered the ground back again, outside the wood among some small, scattered evergreen bunches I had noticed. Here Dan pointed, and at the word "up bird" drove her out. She rose with difficulty and was easily cut down with the first barrel. I now hunted a course parallel with C.'s and soon heard the report of his gun at my left. On coming up with him he said he had flushed a single bird and making a long shot had brought her to bag. We accounted this the bird that had given us such a long chase.

In an adjoining wood we succeeded in routing two more birds; one of them I hit hard as she rose, but did not bag her. We chased them for some time, C. making a couple of ineffectual shots, and then we lost them altogether. We now returned by another route to the wood we first hunted. Two or three birds yet remained here. After traveling for some time, C. in making his way through a thick slash drove out two birds, one of which, going back of us, gave him a snap shot, and the other, taking an opposite course, passed in front of me. I feathered but did not stop her. A little later she was pointed by Trim, and making a vain effort to take wing, an exciting race occurred between them, the pup running full tilt against a stump, but finally retrieving her without injuring her in the least. In this line Trim is an adept, and handles a bird as daintily as a lady does her fan.

It was now a little past noon, and leaving the wood we crossed the field to the barn where we had put out the horse. Here we left our dead birds, and having fed the horse we set out to our next hunting ground. From lack of suitable drinking water we had not yet lunched. A little run in the first wood we entered supplied us with this want, and here we ate our lunch and rested a bit. This wood was without underbrush, but in passing through it we flushed an old bird which rose far in advance of us, and making a flight to its outermost limit sought cover under a small clump of evergreens which overhung the bank of a little ravine. Here Trim nosed her out, affording C. a fairly good shot. He cut her well with both barrels, but she held on, crossing an open lot and finally settling in a scrubby growth of young beeches. Here Dan routed her; I fired and missed as she dodged around a thicket, but the next instant C. sent her to ground with a thud.

We expected to find a half dozen birds in this wood, as it was excellent cover, and in fact the birds had been seen there, but we met with only two. These we flushed twice without getting shots, there being such a thick canopy of leaves to the underbrush. Finally I made a snap shot, missing, but the bird left the close cover and made a long flight through the more open timber, circling into a remote corner of the wood where there were a few bunches of alders and an occasional evergreen. The highway bordered this corner of the wood, and here C., making a little detour, located. I advanced from the wooded side, Dan quartering in front of me. He soon lined her course, pointing where she struck the ground and moving his nose a trifle one way and another, and not finding her down, slowly led on. A little further and he seemed all at fault, running the cover over again and again, and showing no little anxiety at the turn the affair had taken. C. and I were facing each other a few yards apart and discussing the possible whereabouts of the bird, when suddenly from above and a little back of me came the peculiar drum-like whir which a grouse makes when she plunges outward and downward from a tree top. Turning instantly at the sound and dropping the muzzle a little below the line of flight, I cracked away and down she went, turning over and over in the air, striking the ground with great force and rebounding like a ball.

We now turned our steps to the last wood we were to hunt, stopping en route at a neighboring house to indulge in a glass of cold well water. A few minutes walk, and we were again working good cover for birds. A little further ranging of the dogs, and whir! whir! four times, and not a feather exposed to sight, and even the course they took in doubt.

However, we laid out a probable course and proceeded to hunt it out. One bird showed in front of C., offering an easy chance, but she got clean away. As he replaced the empty shells I heard the breech close with a vicious snap, while he muttered, "I can't hit a barn to-day." I offered no sympathy, for I have been there myself, and realized fully that it would not be appreciated. This bird we failed to put up a second time, so turning to the right we worked a parallel course back again, but flushed no birds; bearing again to the right, we hunted another parallel strip.

This time a bird rose to me, but a long shot in advance. I missed with the first barrel, but quickly followed with the second as she buried herself among the leaves well up in the branches of a beech. "Did you down her?" came from C. at my left. "I guess not," was the doleful reply. But Dan soon showed himself with a large bird stone dead. C. had seen her fall and thought I was unaware of the result, hence his question.

For the third time we turned back, and while crossing low ground a bird rose to C. who knocked her down before she had gone 15ft., leaving a cloud of feathers in the air. Trim was just reaching for her when she straightened up and again took flight. We now quartered her course with both dogs for 100yds. or more, when Trim, bearing to the left, pointed, and at the word retrieved a dead bird. Twice had this occurred during the day. It shows that the shot kills many a bird that does not find its way into the game bag.

Crossing to a part of the wood as yet untouched by us, we found it margined with evergreens, affording excellent cover. Dan at once showed sign and shortly pointed, but the bird flushed from a small evergreen on the opposite side of a thicket from me. C. made an ineffectual shot at her as she passed him. I now followed the margin, keeping in the open outside, while C. remained in the timber, the dogs beating up the cover between us. Again the bird rose, and attempting to run the gauntlet of C.'s fire a second time, got in the way of the shot and was brought to bag. Further on and a shot came to me, the bird bursting out of the cover, and turning offered a straightaway shot and was quickly sent to grass. This concluded the day's hunt. Three birds yet remained, but they had found safe hiding places, and the afternoon being well spent we were satisfied to leave them. The bag on examination showed twelve grouse, six killed during each half day.

AMBULATOR.

A MORNING'S FROGGING.

WAL and I had just finished a score up in the gallery when the former remarked:

"Art, I want to get out in the open air and try this new Winchester on something alive. What is there, and where is it?"

"How would frogs go?" I answered.

"Frogs? Shoot them with a rifle? Why, what a snap," replied he. "I know where there are plenty; up at the Nursery. Any quantity of them in the pond hole and along the river. I have seen them many a time while fishing; but say, are you fooling? It's kind of baby sport to shoot at such stupid things with a rifle when we have been priding ourselves on being cracks here in the gallery."

"Well," I remarked, "we'll go out some morning and try, and if you don't have some sport and rid yourself of the idea that they are easy game, I'll pay for the shells. You can hit them easy enough, but the rub is to see them before they get tired of waiting for you."

Consequently the other morning I mounted the bike as the sun was slowly climbing above the horizon, stopped for Wal, and together we wheeled out into the country.

"Have you everything?" asked W., who is a very careful and thoughtful companion for a rattle-brain like myself.

"Yes, everything."

"How many cartridges will we need, do you suppose?"

Cartridges! I had come away without mine! I had everything else, even to rags for cleaning the rifle, but cartridges, nary a one had I.

"Well, I brought along two boxes," was W.'s assuring remark; to which I added, "And I will use one of them."

Storing the wheels and rifle cases in the woodshed of W.'s accommodating brother, we walked through the wet grass toward the pond hole and, arriving at the edge, began a careful search for our game. Presently W. remarked:

"I think I see one, or is it a stick. I'll be hanged if I can tell."

"It's a frog all right, let him have a taste."

W. brought the little Winchester to shoulder, there was a spiteful crack, a commotion in the water and Mr. Frog turned belly up. Reaching out with the rod, to which was lashed a large fish hook, we soon had him ashore.

"Hit him in the head, W.," I remarked. "Hold a little low at such short range, or you may overshoot with the open sights."

Keeping along the bank, W. soon spied another brown head and big, bulging eyes, the owner of which was soon deposited alongside the first victim.

"There are two, W.," I whispered. "Take the one on the right and we'll both let drive together. Two sharp reports rang out and two more plump pairs of muscular limbs were added to the bag.

"Well, this is rather a novelty, isn't it?" said W. "It takes more than one would think to get a glimpse of those chaps; but say, don't the .22s bore them though? But say, there's a big one," and before he finished speaking the ball hit the water and the green fellow lay stiff. As he laid him on the bank W. remarked in surprise, "Where in the dickens did I hit that fellow? There is no mark on him."

"Didn't hit him at all. You shot over, but near enough to stun him, so we will just carve his backbone, or he will jump the claim and clear."

"I think that is a more scientific way of killing them anyway," was W.'s rejoinder: it leaves no mark; reminds one of barking squirrels."

"It is well enough, but take my word and hit them," I replied, "or you won't always put them to sleep as you did this one."

Going around the bank a couple of times more resulted in a few small frogs, and W. suggested that we go down to the river. Down we went and soon came back with a half dozen good ones, and then set to work to deprive them of their trousers.

"How do you like it?" I asked W.

"Great stuff. Didn't believe there was so much fun. This is only a starter. We will come out here some day when we can spend plenty of time and get a good mess." To which I readily acquiesced.

So back home we went, washed up, had breakfast and then went down to the office and told frog stories to the boys.

Now, by a good many of our noble moose hunters and grouse hunters this short morning's experience will be scornfully looked at and then passed with a mental thought or two, probably not to the credit of the writer; still, if those same brother sportsmen could have a taste of the crisp, brown hind quarters—which, after being carefully cleaned, were placed in salted ice water for four or five hours, then rolled in meal and fricasseed—I am inclined to think they would smile a goodly smile, and borrow, hire or buy a light .22 rifle, and when the close season is on their especial game go to some pond, bordered with water lilies and green scum, look carefully along shore and find no little pleasure in using their skill in sending the tiny ball true to its mark. Frogging is good sport in any way, but the rifle beats the stiff rod and flaming flannel, and a good mess obtained in this manner requires a good eye and some hunting instinct; for a frog is not as stupid as he may look, and often one will be heard to jump from concealment where he has been solemnly watching the approaching hunter.

We lay aside the deer and moose rifles with some regret at the end of the open season, and then argue as to the proper caliber, work ourselves in a frenzy and call one another sarcastic names through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. But there is only one gun for the frog, a light .22 rifle. There is no room for argument about that, and a lover of the arm can certainly get a bit of sport in its use after this "game." ART.

The Decrease of the Wildfowl.

To secure the protection of game, nothing is more imperatively needed than a uniform measure which will afford reasonable immunity to wildfowl that make their home in the United States during the autumn, winter and spring. The assertion that any alarming decrease in the number of wildfowl that frequent our waters is in process of accomplishment has been often denied. This negation is based on the fact that localities where they were formerly abundant have, after years of apparent desertion, witnessed their return in large numbers. This is a false assumption, as wildfowl, other conditions being equal, always congregate where food is the more available. Their absence is due to the lack of it. If they return, it is at the expense of some other locality, where the aquatic plants and crustacea upon which they feed are, for the time being, scarce. An illustration of this is found on some of the bays of the south side of Long Island, where broad-bill ducks were more plentiful during the autumn of 1893 than had been known for thirty years previous. This was owing to such an ample supply of food that no amount of shooting could drive the ducks away. In the autumn of 1894 the same fowl were exceptionally absent from those waters. They came, but did not stay. The nutriment which was in great plenty during the previous autumn was no longer there to tempt them. Some years ago, when the wild celery beds of the Susquehanna River were covered with sand, brought down by unusual freshets in that stream, canvasback ducks almost totally deserted the locality. Those that formerly tarried there during the season resorted to other waters, where they found suitable food, and where they had not been seen for many years previous. With the recuperation of the wild celery beds in the Susquehanna the canvasback ducks returned to the flats in the usual numbers. This shifting habit of wildfowl creates a false impression as to their numerical increase. That they are rapidly on the decrease is apparent to those who understand the dangers which environ them.—*Gaston Fay in Atlantic Monthly.*

An Oregon White Deer.

THE citizens of Crook county are much put out on account of the slaying of a white deer which has been roaming over that section for a number of years, and which was looked upon as a sort of mascot, and which no one would harm, until a short time since one Poindexter wantonly shot it. This white deer was no myth, for its snowy hide is now in pickle in a taxidermist's shop in this city, and Game Protector McGuire is preparing, at the request of the people of Crook county, to make big trouble for Poindexter, who killed the animal about Feb. 1, during the season when it is not lawful to shoot deer of any color. There have been many stories about this celebrated white deer, one of which was that Barnum had offered $10,000 for the animal alone, and it is now said that Poindexter shot the deer to get $200 for its skin. The people of Crook county generally are much enraged at the wanton slaughter of the deer, and collectively aver that they would not have had it killed for thousands of dollars. Many hunters have had opportunities to shoot the deer, but none of them would harm it. There is no question about the skin of the white deer being in this city, for Mr. McGuire has seen it, and has all the information necessary to convict Poindexter.—*Morning Oregonian.*

The Kootenai Lake Country.

THE following is from a private letter written by that well-known sportsman Mr. Thos. Johnson:

"WINNIPEG, May 5.—I have just returned from a trip to the Kootenai Lakes, situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and in the center of the great gold fields just discovered. This country was interesting to me from a sportsman's standpoint. The Kootenai River just teems with trout, and the surrounding mountains abound with goat, sheep, deer and the different species of bears. It was quite interesting when getting off the boat at a point named Trail Creek, seven miles from my destination (a camp named Rossland), to have pointed out to me the peak of a snow-capped mountain 2,500ft. high, and told that Rossland was 'over that hill.' Unfortunately the stage upset going up the mountain heights and one of our party had his arm broken. If any of your friends contemplate an outing this summer and the country alluded to has any attraction, if you will put them in communication with me I will be pleased to give them any information they desire."

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has now game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Where Mathematics Failed.

THE story told by a New Haven correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* of the locating of a meteor by Prof. H. A. Newton, of Yale, from data obtained from a chance photograph of the meteor's flight, recalls to the Hartford *Courant* "another story recently related hereabouts by a Yale graduate. This young man, when a student, occupied a room in Divinity Hall. One night he undertook with a toy rifle to hit one of the lights on the campus. His aim was poor and the ball passed through the window of an eminent and venerable professor of science (not Prof. Newton) and embedded itself in the wall. This was the opportunity for the professor and for science. He, too, set to work and 'computed the curve,' and with the exact skill of infallible figures he traced the ball right back to the room of an innocent colleague, who didn't even know the rifle had been fired. The unfledged minister flatly denied all knowledge of the affair. But men, even ministers, have been known to make denials in self-defense and the professor had the proof with him. There was the bullet, there were the marks of its course and there was the computation worked out. It looked as if a pulpit career was to be nipped in the bud. But the guilty student heard what was going on. He called on the professor, confessed the offense, pointed out that the man of science was 200ft. out in his computation, and advised that the matter be dropped right where it was. And that was done."

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

"I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."

WHEN the bright sun gladdens the cold earth with its warm rays and the robin sings among the reeds and rushes, where meander tinkling brooks in silvery glitter, the ardent angler is fully aroused, and in memory the dash and gleam of a tinted trout form a picture of radiance he would then love to dearly realize.

In this retrospective mood he seeks his cherished and valued fly-book as a soothing solace, and as he turns its feathery laden leaves, which glitter with the colors of a rainbow, he clearly reads the exciting battles with his rod and reel as he sought his trophies among the spangled beauties of the translucent waters of the great Northwest or elsewhere. Here he sees fly after fly that had done noble service, and that had brought him many a victim in red and gold, and is therefore in deep and pleasurable emotion over the inspiriting reminiscence. Anon he revels over a golden pheasant, in lovely architecture, that had allured many a weighty princeling of the stream, then a Parmachenee-belle is revealed that looks like a veteran in the strife and that in its dainty beauty, so like a primrose yellow, had proved more attractive in its seductive mission than the artful smiles of an enchanting circe. Once more the reminiscent angler is in the realms of bliss as he toys with a somber Montreal, ever an unfailing lure, and that had to its credit the capture of several ponderous patriarchs of the fleckered family, while the same rapturous affirmation could be made of the tempting guile of his favorite hackles which have a royal record in the raiding of many hapless victims who have had emblazoned on their gleaming armor the colors of a sunset sky.

As he thus lovingly renews familiarity with the enticing book, so generous in skillfully wrought artifices, the praises of which should be sung in mellifluent verse, the visions of purling streams and storm-tossed seas of the great Northern lakes come to him as old friends, with the same impressive beauty, the same absorbing fascination, the same golden spoils. He is now in full fellowship with the gentle craft and counts every passing hour till the joyful time comes when he can but too gladly sever the toilsome chains of business and hie himself to the sylvan and ragged shores that are musical with rippling waters and caroling birds, and where, under skies of golden tints and snowy fleeces, he can once more enjoy an angler's rhapsody in enticing the ever gameful trout of the radiant dyes to the artistic fly, and again hear

"The chirp of the cricket in the grass,
The snap of the grasshoppers as they pass,
The anthems of song birds in the hedge,
The whistle of snipe across the sedge,
And all the entrancing symphonies
Of breeze and wave, of birds and bees,
All paintings of nature's matchless art,
All music of nature that thrills the heart."

The days at last come when the summer's glow is upon forest and field and stream, when the roses have budded and bloomed and reddened, when azure skies and gentle winds softly sing and sigh. Then the dreaming hours of the patient angler promise happy realization, for in mountain stream and shadowy pool the shapely trout of ravishing tints is eagerly seeking the unsuspecting prey and as eagerly snapping at the treacherous line. Ah! but those are welcome days, days of incomparable felicity, days for strolls along grassy margins of rippling waters, where the "lilies are green with gold," and where the violet seeks its darkest blue and its purest white,

"And when night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleams."

Idyllic reveries are now losing their charms, as we are about to enter upon the pleasant pastime that will give us many eventful and exciting incidents which we hope to faithfully recite. We are to embark for the picturesque North Shore of Lake Superior, under the shadows of whose towering mountains and lonely crags we will find delicious repose and drink deep of the refreshing and exhilarating atmosphere, while the lake and its numberless streams are sure to yield us many a scarlet-finned *fontinalis*.

The meridian of an early June day, which was then indulging in a tropic breeze, found us idling along the banks of the "Soo" Canal, awaiting our Mackinac, with its contents for camp comfort, which was then being locked through the great entrance gates. At last after much patient anxiety it was seen approaching, and when it reached us we cheerfully stepped aboard, happy as any ardent rodster could well be when he feels the coveted quarry so near at hand. Our boatmen in charge were the same we have had for the past three years, being the intrepid Kenosh and his wideawake son Jo. Let us here remark as a simple act of justice to these faithful half-breeds that they are the best men that ever sailed a boat or made camp life serenely enjoyable and comfortable. Nothing seemed too arduous for them, no distance too great for a toilsome row, no weather too unpropitious for an advance. They are evidently rare exceptions, and the sportsmen who secure them for an outing have indeed drawn a valuable prize.

We were in good luck at the start, for just a rod or two ahead was a slow-going steamer with a large tow, and our men, ever on the *qui vive* for just such an opportunity, quickly had the oars in position, and with a few minutes' rapid and vigorous rowing were astern of her last boat, and then a line was kindly tossed us for a tie by one of the crew, who had been watching our earnest efforts to overtake them. It meant fifteen good miles up the lake, and luxuriant ease in the meantime. The half-breeds were in good humor at this unlooked-for stroke of fortune, for a light head wind confronted us, and if sailing would have greatly delayed us.

Gros Cap was our first stopping place, for it was too late in the day to reach Grindstone Point, which we had mapped out for our initial camp. We would only have a two or three-mile sail over to the little island when we parted from the steamer, but that was a mere nothing to the gain which would evidently accrue to us.

Steamer after steamer, vomiting forth huge clouds of black smoke, passed us *en route;* a few sailing craft were slowly beating up the lake, while some small rowboats were lazily moving along the shore as if the heat were too intense for a hard pull by the overtaxed oarsmen.

"What charming weather," says Ned, as he took in the situation. "Not a scud in the west nor a thunderhead in the east, and a sky as unflecked as a flawless gem."

"My bones are aching severely," suddenly spoke up Kenosh, "and they tell me that we will soon have a storm, and that with plenty of rain and maybe thunder and lightning."

"Nonsense," replied Ned. "Nothing in the elements foretell it."

"You wait a while and see. My bones are a good—what you call 'em?"

"Barometer," I said.

"Yes; that's it."

Ned laughed at the prediction, and told him that all signs failed during dry weather; and a very long spell we had truly had of it.

I had much faith in the half-breed's prognostications about the weather, for during the time we were partaking of lunch, which was a couple of hours after our start, the golden glow of the water, the purple o'er the distant hills and the blue of the sky were undergoing an apparent and unpleasant change. Presently the breeze increased and leaden clouds began to peep o'er the rim of the horizon, and soon the sea ran in ridges and the forests began to moan in an unmistakable manner. This condition continued for a brief time, and then the elements, as if ashamed of their timidity, became emboldened, and the sea in consequence rose up in majesty, with the "white horses" crowning every curving wave. The sky responded, and dropping her wardrobe of blue took up her mourning garb, while the wandering winds made sonorous music among the leaves and grasses.

"What you think of my bones now," said Kenosh, with a significant smile wreathing his face, when a huge white-cap sprayed us with its snowy beads.

"Your bones are giving us the introductory oratorio of a grand storm, and I think if we reach that little island without a rainstorm we will have much cause for congratulation," replies Ned.

We were now all impressed with the gathering storm. Clouds fringed ominously with the deepest jet drifted heavily yet swiftly over the undulating hills, while the wind whistled and shrieked to the sullen roar and battle of the billows. On plowed the steamer with much stress and strain, though her headway was perceptibly checked by the furious onslaught of the heavy waves that struck her with terrific violence. It was evident that we would have a rough ride to our harbor and doubtless receive a wet jacket from either the rising ridges or the much threatened downpour.

Two miles more of a tow and we could part company with the big barge and sail for our destination. It seemed a long distance just then, for every moment the wind was rising in her chromatic scale and we indeed thought the pitch for our untuned ears sufficiently high. At last we cast off and then up go our sails and away we speed o'er the rolling seas with a beam wind that makes the cords rattle and the canvas hum. It was a good three-mile sail, and if we could hit the little island without resorting to a tack all would be well. It, however, proved a decided failure, for long before we were under cover of the shore it was apparent that we would be a half mile below it, and then it would be either a hard row or a distressing tack, which doubtless would insure us the long threatened rain ere we reached our harbor. The shore once reached, in went the oars and vigorously worked the half-breeds. The fierce wind now moaned sobbingly through the swaying trees and the racing waves washed the shore with stubborn and steady spitefulness, while ever and anon beamy threads of lightning played along the dark horizon, veining it with long arrowy flashes of orange and silver.

"When loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush."

Soon a long and loud roar of appalling thunder came from the fierce rack of clouds o'erhead which looked like "huge witches astride eagle-shaped monsters," and then the raindrops pattered on the lake and strove exceedingly hard to beat down the foam-crowned peaks the seas were lifting up in royal grandeur.

At this uncomfortable state of affairs the men dropped their oars, and while the boat drifted out among the billows they nicely covered the provisions with some available oilcloths, while we slipped into our big rubber coats.

The packages being well secured from the heavy rain, the boatmen again sprang to their blades and soon had the big Mackinac tumbling over the snowy ridges and then shortly into the little island, where all hands wen-

willingly to work in unloading the boat and securing the entire outfit and erecting the two tents and flies. It was rapid work, and in less than fifteen minutes everything was under cover. The boat now had to be secured from the battering waves, and soon we had it high up the rocky shore snug and tight, but dripping with the steadily falling rain. My assistance in this matter caused me a very severe wound on my right shin, by slipping on some smooth and sharp-edged rocks, which took two good months to completely heal, and which has left a scarred imprint larger than a silver dollar, which I am positive will remain with me while life lasts as a visible reminder of that particular trouting trip.

We quickly sought our tent after the boat had been made safe from the violence of the vicious waters, and there remained until the rain was over, which ceased in a short time. The wind also began to fall, but the waves thundered on, and the spray rose up in slender columns around the exposed sides of the diminutive island.

A stream of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm now poured forth from the resinous forest, refreshing everything o'er which it passed and soothing the rugged rock-browns of the shore with a gentle touch and gesture wholly divine.

Kenosh and his son came to us at this favored condition of the elements and requested the loan of a rod and landing net, stating they were positive they could catch from the craggy bluffs of the north wall of the island a nice mess of trout for our supper. As the rocks were too wet and slippery for a "pale face's" feet and the bushes too heavily beaded with moisture, we thought it prudent just then to do our angling by proxy, and so putting a rod in good condition we turned it and the net over to the half-breeds, who immediately started off and began breasting their way through the moist bushes that surrounded us and over a treacherous and flinty surface that none but a moccasined savage or half-breed could then safely traverse.

After the absence of a full hour they returned, dripping wet, with two handsome trophies, one being a 2-pounder and the other a fraction or two less. Kenosh said that the largest one, which he had coaxed to the surface with a brown hackle, rose three times before he impaled it. The waves which were beating so fiercely against the shore confused the trout in his grabbing greed, but on its last and fatal rise the fly was very slowly drawn and happily secured the victim on the snowy crest of a surging swell.

They were surpassing lovely in their gold and vermilion dyed robes, and as the checkered rays of a stray sunbeam fell upon them, we fully realized why the poet declared them the

> "Most beautiful in shape and hue
> Of all that swims the waters blue,
> Fairer than the plumes of the bird,
> Or fur of the wild forest herd."

It now being time for the preparation of the evening meal, the axe was immediately brought into service, and then the chips began to fly, the smoke to upward curl, and the blaze to snap and sparkle, and the slaughtered beauties to send forth a savory fragrance indicative that they were to be the crowning dish of the approaching feast.

Our first meal in camp was a royal success and tempting enough for the most fastidious appetite, but as ours were inclined to be ravenous, no rich sauces were required to sharpen them, for as that hackneyed quotation asserts, "Good digestion wait on appetite, health on both."

That evening the sun set in a rich bank of rosy clouds tinged and streaked with lines of burning crimson. The night with dying twilight softly came, the stars brilliantly spangled the skies, and then cooling winds came from the sea that made the fire a cheerful companion. But what of the approaching morn? Will it bring us the delightful south wind with its fragrance of flowers, or will the north wind come with its arctic breath and tossing seas? We, however, will wait for realities and with hopeful hearts seek our restful beds and let the gentle waves as they beat against our rocky ramparts sing us to sleep and sweet forgetfulness.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

PASADENA, Cal.—"Look out!" Zee! zip! zee! "Stop him!" Zip! "Clap on your thumb-brake!" Z-z-e-e-e-e! "Look out!" Zip! z-e-e! "Gone, by thunder!" and a very hot and red-faced man, his hands and arms trembling with exertion and excitement, swung a much-strained rod into the air with its swinging 4ft. of line—all that was left of 600ft. of tarpon line, at 1 cent a foot.

"Now, what was that, a cyclone?" asked the fisherman of the Santa Catalina boatman, who, with a suspicion of a smile, had been giving instructions to the novice.

"That's a tuna, sir," he replied, handing over a fresh line for the reel.

"Well," said the New Yorker, a well-known patron of sport, "I have fished in every water under the sun, I was going to say, but I have never had so much bottled lightning on a line before. That reel gave one scream and threw up its hands. Never mind, I'll have one of these fish if it takes all summer."

The line was soon reeled on, this time a 20oz. bass rod, used something like the tarpon rod, and putting out about 100ft. the oarsman renewed his oars and pulled up the abrupt shores of the beautiful island, a huge jumble of mountains rising out of the water; twenty miles off Los Angeles county, on the edge of the warm Japanese current, a region where big fish congregate in summer, coming up in great bands from Magdalena Bay and other localities in Lower California, where they winter in warmer waters.

The fisherman was taking his first trial, and with two rods out was watching the strange panorama of mountains and cliffs as they moved along.

"So Cabrillo discovered this island 350 years ago, did he?"

Zee-e-e-e—ze-e-e! came an answer from the reel, as 50ft. of the delicate fifteen-strand line was torn off in successive jerks.

The fisherman had the rod in a second and clapped on the extra leather brake, thus stopping the tremendous rush of the fish, that threatened to repeat the maneuver of ten minutes previous. This stopped to a degree, and 10, 20ft. came in on the reel, and the fisherman was congratulating himself that it was not so dangerous a fish after all, when the oarsman shouted, "Look out! he's coming in for a rush."

And so he was. No sooner were the words uttered than the fish turned, and *zee-e-e-e—ze-e-e*, screamed the reel. The fisherman, unused to such tactics, was not quick enough, and the handle, revolving so fast that it was invisible, struck him on the hand, tearing off the flesh.

"Stop him, sir; stop him!" cried the oarsman, as yard after yard of line flew out, threatening to overrun.

Again the big leather brake was brought into play, and this time the fish rounded to so that the reel could be used. Then came the fine play of the desperate game. It tried all the tricks known to fishdom; dived deeply into the blue water and pounded on the line, hammering with its head in regular blows, then dashed away to the wild accompaniment of the click, click. Checked, it darted to the surface, glistening in the sun a moment and displaying all the splendors of the rainbow; then dived deeper and deeper, to sulk 150ft. in the heart of the blue channel, bearing against the line with all the power of a big salmon; lifting, rushing, pulling, bearing down, turning quickly—all the tricks known to fish and played before it was finally reeled within reach of the boat; and then, mad with fright and rage, it dashed away with a splendid effort, the *zeee—zee-ee* of the steel click rising like the wail of a lost soul.

But it is the last rush and it is well that it is so, as the fisherman, in the twenty minutes' struggle, is shaking like a leaf. Up the fish comes, looking now like a great blaze of silver against the deep blue. One more turn and the magnificent fish sweeps alongside, the sun playing over it in a thousand tints; then the gaff lifts it struggling, quivering, into the air and the fisherman drops the rod, and breathing hard, gazes with admiration at his first Santa Catalina sea bass.

"Magnificent!" he exclaims. "How much will he weigh?"

"Thirty pounds," replied the boatman, and 31lbs. was its weight later on.

Another smelt is hooked on and the little boat goes gliding over the waves. Soon some large fish are seen following them. They have a golden hue and seem to slide down the waves. "Yellow-tails!" said the oarsman, looking over the shoulder of the fisherman at the fish not 10ft. away; then the water seemed to take on a golden glow and great fish divided, as the boat passed, and fairly filled the water.

"A school of yellow-tails," again said the oarsman; "lood out for the rods."

There were hundreds, apparently thousands, of fish from 15 to 50lbs. that actually colored the surface.

"Look out for the rods," repeated the oarsman, and at the moment the reel sounded the alarm. Bravo! what a rush!

The New Yorker had gotten the hang of it and the light rod was bending, the lighter line singing musically through the water. Every rush was met, and the gamy fish turned this way and that. It plunged deep into the ocean, then rose like a flash of light, dashed along the surface to plunge again like an arrow and sulk, and sulk, and sulk.

"Great sport!" exclaimed the sportsman after the tenth rush, "the greatest I've ever had;" adding, "it's a pity to kill so game a fighter."

In it came, making great rushes to and fro as the fisherman turned it, finally succumbing to the gaff; 28lbs. of as game a fish as ever swam.

These two fish were types of the principal game fishes of Santa Catalina Island, Southern California. The sea bass (*Cynoscion*) is an ally of the weakfish of the East, and runs from 20 to 60lbs.; it is a rich golden bronze in color. The yellow-tail (*Seriola dorsalis*) runs from 3 to 4½ft. and from 15 to 60lbs.; the average being 20lbs. In general appearance it looks something like the bluefish, the upper portion being a rich, iridescent blue, while the fins and tail are yellow, giving the fish a beautiful appearance in the water. The fish is caught with light rods and tackle, the oarsmen or fishermen being noted for their skill and endurance, and it may be truly said that a new sport is born.

A St. Augustine Drum.

A ST. AUGUSTINE correspondent sends us this report of drum fishing, from the *Herald* of that city:

Messrs. Taylor, of the Casino, and Frank Dodd, Gardner and Bowers, went drum fishing yesterday, assisted by three wards of the nation whose duty it was to prepare bait and bring the fish home, but the gentlemen named did the fishing, and deserve all the credit for the big catch, which consisted of six drum, of which Mr. Taylor caught three. These three, after being dusted off, and having their scales combed down, their wounds hidden from view, and otherwise made to look as pretty as possible for the inspection of the ladies, were placed on exhibition at the Alcazar, with their weights marked on card board stuck in their mouths, and looked so much like they were telling the truth that nobody had the heart to doubt the figures, which were 82½, 52½ and 36. Mr. Taylor thinks that the drum must have shrunk fully 18 per cent., which statement is entitled to consideration anyhow, and no one can disprove it. But it isn't the fish that were caught, that are entitled to extended notice, so much as the one that wasn't caught, which was one of the most accommodating and versatile drums on record. All of the gentlemen agree that it was the largest one they ever saw, and although it was brought to the surface several times it could not be landed, because its body was impenetrable to the gaff hook, and even a set of grappling irons which were brought into use were of no avail. This was on account, it is said, of a thick growth of oysters which had attached themselves to the body of the fish. From the size of the oysters, it was judged that they had been growing on the fish for at least eighty or ninety years. Another peculiarity of his drum was that it would, when brought to the surface of the water, stand erect on its tail, flap its fins and drum for a minute at a time, much to the delight of the audience and apparently to itself. There is not another case on record where a drum fish ever gave utterance to its unusual sounds while out of the water, and the gentlemen say that there was a peculiar musical harmony about it, not unlike the effects of the kettledrum in the grand climaxes of the works of some of the famous composers. Another peculiar thing about this fish was that after giving a performance of nearly three-quarters of an hour, it got tired and slid off with hook, line, gaff hook, grappling irons and all. It is really a pity that it was not caught.

ANGLING NOTES.

"My Guide had a Strike."

I HAVE just read an angler's letter to a contemporary journal, in which he says: "We had been out but ten minutes when my guide had a strike. Then we were all excitement until we landed our first salmon."

I do not know as it is the acme of sport, but it comes pretty near it, to pay a guide $3 (or such a matter) a day and board, with extras for bait, boat, dogs, etc., and have him catch the fish or kill the deer, as the case may be; but there are a few men in this wide world who do not enjoy second-hand bliss any more than they enjoy a second-hand shirt, and the man that I am most intimately acquainted with of all the inhabitants of the globe is one of them. Perhaps it is a mere matter of taste—and matters of taste should not be introduced in this column—but anyone who objects can, with this advance notice, skip what I will write. After all, the frankness of the writer whom I have quoted excites my warmest admiration, for instead of saying "me and Betsy," he says, "we landed our first salmon," after admitting that it was the guide who had the strike. There are men who would have used the first person singular in that sentence and let it go out to a receptive public without any notice of copartnership, as required by law.

A few years ago a friend of mine, a well-known New York angler, was fishing at a resort on Lake Champlain, and one evening he told me that he was tired of waiting on his boatman, and the next day he would insist that the boatman should leave his rod on shore. He did so, and for one day this boatman waited on the man who paid him for his services and that night he threw up his job, for he would not row unless he could fish. I once had the same experience in West Virginia. On the other hand, when I was fishing at Parmachenee Lake in Maine I one day handed my rod to my guide to cast for a while, as my right shoulder was lame from a fall following a dislocation, and I had to urge him to cast while I rested; but John Danforth had the best trained guides to be found in all my experience, as they had to serve an apprenticeship under his personal supervision before they obtained a diploma to guide the visitors to Camp Caribou.

I must except one man in this general round-up, John Cogswell, peace to his ashes! who served me as guide and friend in Wyoming and Utah nearly thirty years ago, but he, perhaps, was more friend than guide, which made him so unlike the average guide of this day. There are guides, however, who do not expect to get a per diem job of rowing and then do most of the fishing for the men who employ them, but they are the exception if I may judge from my own experience of fishing resorts.

Naturally a guide will understand his home waters far better than the visiting angler, and if he is one of the kind who wishes to have the best fishing for himself he will be quite apt to get it.

Such a guide once anchored his boat very carefully and prepared to fish, when the angler quietly told him he would change places in the boat with him, and he did. The boat was anchored over a wall of rocks running at right angles to the length of the boat, and the bow offered good fishing and the stern did not, but the angler would not have known of the situation had he not been warned by a previous victim of the guide's enterprise and love of fishing where the most and biggest fish were to be found. It is always safe to change places with the guide if he develops a fondness for getting his hook first into the water and the last out, and has no time to pass the bait bucket. Fortunately all guides are not of this pattern, and the others are devoted to the interest of those who employ them, and if they fish their fishing is an incident and not the principal feature of the day's outing. It is funny, but one rarely sees the guide's score in print, or if it is printed I must have overlooked it, and that is what made the words I have quoted at the head of this note seem so queer to me when I read them.

Special Fish and Game Protectors.

One amendment to the game law of New York is chapter 284 of the laws of 1896, approved April 17. I am specific about this, for I happen to have business in Albany, where they know something about game laws, new and old, and it was stated in one of the departments that this amendment had not become a law, but I found in the office of the Secretary of State that it had become a law under the title I have given. This amendment provides that the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission may, in its discretion and at pleasure, appoint or remove a person recommended by a majority of the supervisors of any county, or by any incorporated game club for the protection of fish and game as special protector and forester, who shall possess the same powers that are enforced upon the State protectors and foresters. Such special protectors and foresters shall receive no compensation from the State. They shall make similar reports to those required from the State protectors and foresters.

Before the passage of this amendment, special protectors and foresters could be appointed only on the recommendation of a board of supervisors at their annual session.

Acting under the new law, the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at their last meeting appointed John Commerford, of Bisby Lake, and James H. Miller, of Honnedaga Lake, special protectors and foresters, upon the recommendation of the Adirondack League Club. John Callahan, of Hamilton county; George A. Monk, of Rossie; Fred Apple, of Cedars; Chauncy Shaven, of Turnwood, were appointed special protectors and foresters upon the recommendation of the Black Lake and Alder Lake clubs.

Squat Net.

A correspondent asks what a "squat" net is, and says he cannot find it in the Century Dictionary. I do not know as a squat net can be found in any dictionary, for I never have looked for one in a dictionary; but they can be found a-plenty along the Hudson River and elsewhere, and many of the State game protectors could produce a number of them if they have not been destroyed. The net is a square, nearly flat net, supported by sticks arched from opposite corners and crossing over the center of the net. A rope is fastened at one end to the sticks or the place where they cross and the other end is fastened to a lifting pole. It is operated by lowering the net into water and lifting it again. The man or boy sits on the shore end of the pole as the fulcrum, his hands grasping the pole in front of him is the power, and the net is the weight, all

of which would make it appear that it would be fully as appropriate to call it a lever net, if the operator did not "squat" on the shore end of the lifting pole.

Steelhead Trout.

Commissioner Brice, of the United States Fisheries Commission, has assigned 75,000 eggs of the steelhead trout to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York. The eggs came from the Fort Gaston station in California, and 50,000 were sent to the Caledonia station and 25,000 to the Cold Spring Harbor station on Long Island, and all have been hatched successfully considering that one lot of eggs *en route* encountered the hot spell. The fry from the Caledonia station will be planted in Lake George, and the fry from Cold Spring Harbor will be planted in streams on Long Island flowing into the sea. They are the first of this species to be planted in New York. At one time the rainbow trout was declared to be the young of the steelhead salmon, as it was first called, but later on investigations proved the two fish to be separate species, and the steelhead was declared to be a trout and not a salmon.

The steelhead trout is a large game fish growing to 30lbs. in weight, and is a better breeder in confinement than the red-throat trout, also called the black-spotted trout of the Rocky Mountains. This too is the only trout on this continent, according to Jordan, that is entitled to be called salmon trout, and even the name salmon trout has given way to steelhead.

The lake trout, a fish which inhabits deep, cold lakes, and is never by any chance anadromous, is still called salmon trout in New York State, in spite of resolutions of the Fish Commission and repeated protests.

Hewitt Pond.

A few days ago the telegraph informed a large number of the daily papers that Hewitt Pond in the Adirondacks had been sold, with the land surrounding it, to private parties, who would erect a lodge on its shore, and the implication was that the pond would be closed to the public. At once a number of anglers who have fished Hewitt Pond for years were in a flutter. My first knowledge of the alleged sale was in a telegram, asking me if it was true, but I knew nothing about it except what the newspapers said.

I have looked into the matter to this extent: Hewitt Pond is partly on lots 108 and 109, in township 26, Essex county, and partly on lot 1, in township 30, of the same county. Lot 1 and lot 109 belong to the State, and they are within the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, and the State could not sell the tract if it wished to. I understand that the shore of the pond on lot 108 belongs to ex-Senator Collins and ex-Clerk of the Assembly De Freest, of Troy, and they would not sell it, and if they did it would not close the pond to the public. The pond is not far from Aidee Lain, and since I was a boy it has been open to those who wished to fish it.

"An Angler's Basket."

It seems but a few weeks ago that the English angling papers announced the death of T. E. Pritt, angling editor of an English newspaper and perhaps best known on this side of the ocean through his books upon the grayling and artificial trout flies. I can remember well the impression it made upon me when I opened Mr. Pritt's book, "Yorkshire Trout Flies," in a book store in Boston, and saw the colored reproductions of what he believed to be the correct flies for trout fishing. I thought they might do for England, for Mr. Pritt was an authority on the subject, but they would not do for America. To-day I have in my fly-books many of the flies portrayed in the volume I would not buy because I thought it useless to me.

At Mr. Pritt's death he left the MS. of a book called "An Angler's Basket," and Rev. C. P. Roberts, M. A., president of the Northern Anglers' Association, has kindly undertaken to see the work through the press in the interest of Mrs. Pritt. The names of subscribers will be printed in the subscription copies of the volume. The price of the book will be six English shillings, and orders sent to Abel Heywood & Son, 56 and 58 Oldham street, Manchester, England, will be credited to Mrs. Pritt.

Maine Trout and Salmon in New York.

At the New York Sportsmen's Exposition I fear that I unconsciously hurt Miss Fly Rod's feelings by referring to the condition of the large trout and landlocked salmon in the tanks of the Maine exhibit, but it was true that some of the fish had developed fungus, and some had been bruised by jumping from the tanks onto the floor of the garden, and it would have been difficult in my opinion to obtain an absolute clean bill of health for them from one familiar with fish in perfect condition. Miss Fly Rod was entitled to great credit, however, for bringing the fish to New York in as good condition as she did, for it is not an easy matter to transport such large trout and salmon, and the season was not favorable, for the fish had not recovered their form since the breeding season.

A few days ago I saw the same lot of fish at the New York Aquarium, and Miss Fly Rod would have been pleased to see them as I did. The bruises of the acrobatic salmon were nearly healed, and the fungus was nearly gone from the big trout that was the worst of the lot in this respect, and all were in good health and taking on flesh rapidly. Fortunately the fungus had not eaten through the skin of the fish when they came into the hands of Dr. Bean, the director of the Aquarium, and he placed them in salt-water tanks with the result that I have stated. The water was nearly the full strength of sea water in its saline qualities.

An English fishculturist has stated that he kept a trout (*fario*) in salt water for twenty-one days without injury to the fish. I think there is a trout in the New York Aquarium that has been in salt water for a year, but I may have confused the time with that of a trout I saw at the Central Station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington, which was kept in salt water for more than a year. Why the English gentleman should consider it remarkable that a fresh-water trout would live for twenty-one days in salt water, and note it in his book, I cannot say; but our common brook trout run down into salt water when they have the opportunity and remain until they are coated with silver. The sea trout of Canada are only the *fontinalis* that have made a journey to the sea, and put off their sea livery of silver and resume their spots when they have returned to fresh water. The trout at the Central Station and the one at the aquarium, however, have not put on the silver of the usual sea-run fish. This is because the surroundings of the fish in the tanks are so like a brook that there is no change in coloring the fish, which quickly adapts its external coloring to its surroundings. This is an indication that a brook trout at sea does not remain at the bottom, or if it does, that the bottom is of white sand.

Years ago in this journal I told of trout in fresh water that never tasted salt water putting on the silvery mantle over the spots. The trout ran down from a mountain stream into a lake where the bottom was of white and glistening sand, and there they turned as silvery as a sea-run fish, and remained so until they returned to the brook and discarded the silver for their normal coloring.

The trout in that stream do the same thing to-day, and the natives living there still swear that they are two kinds of trout totally different.

Dr. Bean will have an opportunity at the aquarium to show how many different colors trout may assume at will by changing the colors of their environment.

A. N. CHENEY.

NEWS OF BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, May 16.—A friend writing me from Bangor under date of May 11 says that the fishing at the Bangor Pool during the past week has been very fair. About a dozen large salmon have been taken during that time and the indications point to a continuation of the sport. Several anglers from other cities have been fishing there recently, one of the most prominent being Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn. This gentleman may truthfully be called an expert on the Bangor salmon fishing, having fished there each spring for many years. He passed through Boston on his way home a day or two ago and called on me during his short stay at the Hub. With J. M. Johnson and W. A. Briscoe, of Norwich, he has been fishing the pool during the last ten days, and the party captured eleven fish. Mr. Mitchell landed five, weighing respectively 7, 10, 21, 22, 22½lbs.; Mr. Johnson three, weighing 11, 19, 21lbs., and Mr. Briscoe three, weighing 18, 21, 24lbs. There were eighteen fish in all taken during their stay at the pool, and the eleven taken by the Norwich party speaks well for their skill and perseverance. Although fairly successful in this year's fishing, Mr. Mitchell thinks the fishing at Bangor is gradually growing poorer, and without a determined effort is soon made to limit the seining down the river the pool will soon cease to be an attraction for anglers. Time and again during the last few years I have heard of intentions to protect the Penobscot salmon, but these intentions have borne but little fruit as yet, and I fear will not until it is too late. I hear that F. C. Ayer, of Bangor, has done no fishing at the pool whatever this season, although in past years he has devoted many days to the sport and has always been very successful. Mr. Ayer will go to the upper waters of the Restigouche later on, accompanied by his son. Mr. Mitchell will leave about June 1 for the Restigouche, to fish the Grog Island pools. He will stay there during June and probably a part of July, and will be joined by Mr. Ayer at some time during his stay.

A feature of the fishing at Rangeley since the ice went out, according to a letter received by a Boston man from a friend who is at the lakes, is the fact that the salmon have been rising freely, while the trout have been very backward. Mr. C. H. Edson has received a message from his friend Henry Hobart, who, with his daughter, is at the lakes, saying that they have taken four salmon, two of 7½lbs. each, one of 8½lbs., and one of 8lbs. The news caused Mr. Edson to decide that he wanted a part of that kind of sport himself, so he will leave to join Mr. Hobart on Saturday. The Tuttle party, consisting of R. A. Tuttle, W. N. Boylston and C. F. Hutchins, of Boston, and E. H. Sampson, of New York, with two or three other friends, leave for the Rangeleys in a special car on Saturday morning. They go to their old headquarters, the Lake Point Cottage, at the outlet of Rangeley Lake. Last year Mr. Boylston made a phenomenal score in one day's fishing—a regular record breaker—and he has every hope of duplicating it on this trip.

On Friday evening, W. L. Emery and G. R. Whitcher, of Brockton, Mass., started on their sixth annual spring trip to Moosehead Lake. They go first to Greenville, at the foot of the lake, and taking one of the small steamers, which they have chartered, will cruise around the lake ten days, fishing all the best places. They have two guides engaged and will live on the boat, and, according to Mr. Emery's statement, it is the best fun on earth.

Dr. J. C. French, of Boston, has just returned (a perfect picture of health) from a winter's shooting trip to Texas and Arkansas. He has had great sport with the wild turkeys, and killed one immense gobbler of 32lbs. weight. He thinks these birds about the smartest specimens of wild game he has ever hunted, and has so much admiration for their ability that he suggests placing them on the American dollar instead of the eagle, which he thinks stupid as compared with his favorite. The Doctor is now planning his summer campaign of sport, and leaves Boston in a few days for Moosehead. From there he will go to the Katahdin Iron Works, then to Lake Edward, and the Grand Discharge at Lake St. John in Canada.

The Boston Athletic Association have purchased a half dozen canoes and will place them on the Charles River at Riverside for the benefit of members who wish to use the paddle. In addition to the club purchase several individual members have ordered separately, and it now looks as though the B. A. A. colors will be a common sight on the Charles this summer.

There is a regular thinning out of Boston anglers going on now, and every man who can possibly get away from the iron grip of business has either left for the lakes or is planning to go very soon. J. B. Carpenter is one of the fortunate ones who has a fair future before him. He leaves on Sunday for the Schoodic Lakes, intending to return after ten days only to prepare for going away again, with the idea of devoting the entire summer to fishing and its attendant pleasures. Waldron Bates is another Boston man who will try hard to enjoy himself with rod and reel during the next few weeks. Bar Harbor will claim him first, and while there he will have the pleasure of trying the Mount Desert streams and ponds, which, by the way, have a good reputation for trout. He expects to run up to the Bangor salmon pool quite frequently, and between the two places ought to find fishing enough.

Business or other causes may for a time compel a man who enjoys fishing to abandon his annual trips, but as soon as these causes are removed his mind reverts to the old scenes and he seizes the first opportunity to brush up his tackle and get away to the old waters. An example of this kind has just come under my observation in the person of T. D. Blake, of the Blake Pump Co., of Boston, who left a few days ago for Grand Lake in Maine. He used to go there a great deal years ago, but has not been for seven years. It is needless to say that he entered into this trip with the keenest enjoyment, and I trust his success will be so great that he will feel well repaid for the seven long years of inaction which he has undergone.

The Bangor and Aroostook country is reaping a fair harvest of sportsmen now, and there are many inquiries as to the best fishing waters of that region and the best way of reaching them. One of the largest parties I have heard of that is bound for northeastern Maine will leave on Sunday night and consists of B. and F. T. Fuller and Frank Crane, of Boston; Dr. A. K. P. Harvey, of Somersworth, N. H.; Samuel Shaw, of Brockton, Mass., and two or three other gentlemen. They will enter the woods at Stacyville on the B & A. R R., then to east branch of the Penobscot, and up that stream twenty miles to their camps. Every man will have his own canoe and guide, making each individual independent of his companions. They will be away about two weeks and are well enough equipped to achieve great results.

A letter from Harry M. Pierce, under date of May 12, states that the ice went out of Big King Lake on the 9th inst. This is the chief lake on the King & Bartlett preserve, and Mr. Pierce prophesied clear water on May 10, as mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM two or three weeks ago. He adds to his letter that the fly-fishing on the day after the ice went out was the best he ever saw. Three 1½lb. trout at a cast were quite common, and he honestly thinks he could have filled his boat had he so desired. Harry is no trout hog, however, and all except enough for the needs of the table were placed back with care. I know a number of Boston men (myself included) who would have given much to have been with him on that occasion.

E. S. Thayer, of Salem, Mass., returned a few days ago from Newfound Lake, N. H., where he has been fishing for landlocked salmon. He landed three, and lost some others through not being strongly hooked. Mr. Thayer thinks he was a little too early, and will go up again next week to try again. Samuel and N. S. Wax, of Boston, who were at Newfound at the time of Mr. Thayer's visit, landed a 6lb. trout and a 5lb. salmon. Mr. Samuel Wax had one crushing disappointment which he cannot speak of without strong expressions of disgust. He hooked a very large salmon (estimated weight all the way from 12 to 60lbs.) and had him right at the side of the boat ready for the guide to lift in, when the ungrateful monster lazily flopped over on his side, the hook let go, and away he sailed, well tired out, I opine, but still in the swim.

HACKLE.

Boston, May 18.—The first party of the season to the camps of the Duck Lake Club, at the Schoodics, is off, and a happy party it is. In the party are some of the most prominent members of the boot and shoe manufacturing trade, as well as merchants, and one member of the gun and fishing tackle trade. The party is composed of Herbert L. Harding, Geo. W. Wheeler, E. C. Johnson, C. W. Shaw, H. R. Brown, Edward Read, W. B. Lambert and H. O. Underwood. A party of eight would at first seem unwieldy, but it must be remembered that the club has three fine camps at the Schoodics: one at Duck Lake, one at Pleasant Lake, and one at Grand Lake. Mr. Lyman Underwood is already at the camps, having been there for some days superintending the getting ready. The camps are all within a radius of about 12 miles, and each is provided with all arrangements for sport and comfort, and the party can easily be divided. All the members of the club speak in the highest terms of what they enjoy there. The fishing is as good as reasonable men can ask for, while the camps are fitted for comfort with big open fireplaces. The club has a membership of 24, a full quota, with several on the waiting list. One gentleman, who went there for the first time a year ago, is now an enthusiast, and has been counting much on his trip this year. Landlocked salmon are small there compared with Sebago, but they are gamy and fine eating. The lakers are mentioned as remarkably clean-built and good fighters, compared with the same fish in other lakes.

The first party of fishermen to the home of the Inglewood Club, in New Brunswick, will leave Boston on the 27th of May via steamer to St. John, and thence by teams to Inglewood.

Mr. Eugene G. Partridge hopes to get a few days of Rangeley fishing about the first of June. Later he will go to his camps on Anabessecook Lake, Winthrop, Me. His friend, Mr. B. G. Ackerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., early fled to the Rangeleys this year, with a party of friends and his son, C. C. Ackerman. In the party are also C. E. Saffron and J. B. Watkins. A year ago Mr. Ackerman had concluded to give the Rangeleys the "cold shoulder" forever. But the resolution has lasted him a year. So it is with many. The Brackett and Clark party is off for the Rangeleys, going on the 16th. Mr. F. C. White, of Brockton, is in the party this year. Undoubtedly the Upper Dam will be the headquarters of the party, where Messrs. Brackett and Clark have fished for so many years. The Ackerman party is also quartered there.

E. H. Wakefield, Jr., is off for Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H., again. Mr. John E. Devlin is with him this time. They started Friday. This time Mr. Wakefield feels sure of a salmon, and a big one. All the spring the fish in that lake have refused to bite; indeed they have not been seen. But a report on Thursday said that they were "breaking in good shape all over the pond." Mr. C. S. Stearns, of Boston, fished Pleasant Pond, Scytheville, N. H., two days, April 30 and May 1, faithfully, with not a salmon to his creel. This pond was opened to fishing last year for the first time since restocking, and some very fine salmon were taken. But this year there has been little success reported thus far. On the pond the day Mr. Stearns fished there were about eighty boats, with only one trout ¾lb. weight taken. The pond is very easy of access from Concord and other cities, and the danger is that it will be excessively fished.

Mr. Chas. L. Bly and Mrs. Bly left Saturday for their first fishing trip to Round Mountain Lake this season. They are to be absent a week or more. The Mohawk Club will start for Round Mountain Lake on the 21st, in-

stead of the 28th, as first intended. The ice left that lake sooner than expected, and the members of the club fear that the fishing may be ahead of them if they are not on the wing. The party is a representative one, including some of the first business and professional men of Bradford and Haverhill. In the party are C. W. Arnold, D. F. Dudley, G. E. Emerson, H. I. Pinkham, D. T. Kennedy, C. H. Davis, A. P. Jaques, R. E. Traiser, Jacob Moses and P. B. Heintz. Most of the gentlemen visit Round Mountain Lake for the first time, and it is expected that they will bring away good impressions and all the fish reasonable sportsmen desire.

The Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad was opened to the public on the 15th from Rumford Falls to Bemis. Fishermen can now leave Boston at 9 A. M. and arrive at Bemis at about 7 o'clock in the evening of the same day. Another train is to be run, leaving Portland at 8:30, which will arrive at Bemis at about P. M. Parlor cars are to be attached to both trains. Sportsmen with whom I have talked, though sorry that the Rangeleys are thus opened to broad gauge railroad and parlor cars, say that they are willing to make the best of it and go through from Boston in one day with all comfort New York can be left at night and Mooselucmaguntic Lake reached the next evening, with sleeping and parlor cars all the way. So the world moves. Stages and buckboards for many miles, with two and three days time to the Rangeleys, are within the early recollections of all of us.

Salmon are being taken at Rangeley Lake in a very satisfactory manner. Mr. C. P. Stevens writes me that up to dark Monday seven landlocked salmon had been taken. Their united weight was 42lbs., and ranged as follows: One of 8½lbs., by Ed. Lowell; one of 5½lbs., one of 2½lbs. and one of 7½lbs., by C. P. Stevens; one of 8½lbs., one of 6½lbs. and one of 3lbs., by E. Wyman. This is a most remarkable opening of landlocked salmon at Rangeley Lake; for those most gamy fish have heretofore been far between, though the lake has been stocked for a number of years.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney is off for his home camps, at Mosquito Brook, Molechunkamunk Lake. He makes his beautiful camps his summer home, with his family. Mr. Whitney has visited his camps almost every season for very many years. He was one of the pioneer fishermen to the Richardson Lake. He has also spent whole winters there with his family, including servants and tutors for his children. A great lover of fish and game, he has never taken either out of season.

Mr. Augustus Phinney has gone to the Upper Dam for a couple of weeks' fishing. SPECIAL.

OPENING OF THE CANADIAN ANGLING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Canadian angling season has been well and duly opened. As anticipated in my last it is even earlier than usual, notwithstanding the late lingering of winter in the lap of spring. The ice, which left most of the smaller lakes hereabouts ten days and more ago, left Lake Edward on the 11th inst. and Lake St. John on the 12th. On the latter mentioned lake it had been broken, especially around the shore, for nearly a week previous to its departure, and there was clear water in and near the mouths of all the rivers. In the bay at the mouth of the Metabetchouan the French-Canadian fishermen of the place have been catching ouananiche with bait for some days past, and by this time there is undoubtedly good sport to be had off the Roberval shore. Mr. Frank Ross, who controls the fishing in the mouth of the Ouiatchouan, is about to open the fly-fishing season there with a party of friends from England. There ought to be good sport there by the 20th inst. I am still of the opinion that June 8 or 10 will be early enough to find good fly-fishing in the Grande Décharge for ouananiche; but by the 18th or 20th inst. the trout in the inland lakes, if not in the streams, should be rising to surface lures. Further south, in the immediate vicinity of the city, one or two fair strings of fish have already been taken out of lakes St. Charles and Beauport by fly-fishers, and bait proved killing as early as Saturday last in the Stadacona Lakes, where the catch of J. E. Livernois on that date included a 5lb. *fontinalis*.

The water, which has been unusually high this spring all over the north country, is now falling rapidly, as there has been virtually no rain at all since the disappearance of the snow. It is sincerely to be hoped that we may be spared a repetition of the uncomfortable spell of wet weather that greeted American anglers in Canada last year throughout the best of the spring fishing season in the last part of May and beginning of June.

In about a week or ten days a party of well-known anglers is expected here on its way to the Nomantum Club House, on Lac des Commissaires. The party includes G. E. Hart, superintendent of the Waterbury Watch Co., and I. L. Atwood, of Waterbury, Conn., and W. Durand, the manufacturing jeweler, of Newark, N. J. Mr. C. E. Turner, of Waterbury, who accompanied the party last year, will be missed both in Quebec and at the club house this season, for he is "chained to business," and writes me that he is doing the most of his fishing just now in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Yesterday I just missed seeing Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, who passed through on his way to the Metabetchouan Club's preserve, on Lake Kiskisink. Messrs. F. N. Benham, of the Bridgeport National Bank, and J. P. Warner are already at the club house, as also are Mr. P. Page, of Summit, N. J., and Maj. Bailey and Messrs. Buckingham and Parsons, of Washington. To-morrow the party will be reinforced by a baker's dozen of Meriden (Conn.), anglers, headed by Mr. Francis Stevenson, who are to leave Quebec by a special train on the Lake St. John R'y.

Among others who have passed through Quebec on their way to their fishing grounds within the past few days are Dr. Beardsley, of Brooklyn, Mr. C. W. Alling, of Newark, N. J., and Messrs. J. W. Cromwell and E. W. Caggishall, of New York.

Mr. E. C. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Co., is here on his way to his salmon river, the Romaine.

E. D. T. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 15.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

NEW FISH FOR THE PACIFIC.

A Review of the History and Results of the Attempts to Acclimatize Fish and Other Water Animals in the Pacific States.

BY HUGH M. SMITH, M. D.

From the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.

FEW subjects connected with the utilization of our natural resources present greater interest than the possibilities for the successful transfer of useful animals from one section of the country to another and their acclimatization in new regions. The benefits that may accrue to a community or section through the introduction of new resources are various, and there are few parts of the country in which valuable non-indigenous animals are not now found.

In the case of water animals the benefits of successful acclimatization are doubtless proportionally greater than with any other class, owing to the little attention they require after introduction, their extraordinary fertility as compared with land animals, and the slight labor and expense incident to their utilization. At the same time, it is apparent that the difficulties in the way of introduction of fish, molluska, etc., are greater than with other animals; the drawbacks in the mere transportation are often very serious, especially when long journeys are to be made; while the uncertainties attending the deposition of the animals, the determination of the general results, and the gauging of the economic effects are much greater.

Among other influences militating against the successful introduction of fishes and other aquatic animals into new areas, in addition to those incident to their transportation, are the following: (1) Unsuitable water temperature; (2) unsuitable food; (3) unfavorable topographical condition of the bottom; (4) absence of suitable rivers for anadromous fish; (5) enemies and fatalities acting on a relatively small number of individuals.

The results attending the experimental introduction of aquatic food animals into the waters of the Pacific States must be regarded among the foremost achievements in fisheulture. The striking illustrations here presented of the influence of man over the supply of free swimming anadromous fishes, to say nothing of his ability to affect the abundance of non-migratory species, are of great economic and scientific interest.

Aside from the direct economic results which have followed the introduction of East coast fishes into the waters of the Pacific States, a very important basis has been furnished for judging of the general effects of artificial methods in regions where the object of fishcultural operations has been to maintain and increase the abundance of native species. Attention was first drawn to this phase of the subject in an article contributed by the writer to the issue of *Science* for Aug. 18, 1893, in which the following paragraph appears:

> Of scarcely less consequence than the actual results of shad introduction on the west coast is the important bearing which the success of the experiment must have in determining the outcome of artificial propagation in regions in which it is not possible to distinguish with satisfactory accuracy the natural from the artificial conditions. If these far-reaching, and no doubt permanent, results attend the planting, on few occasions, of small numbers of fry in waters to which the fish are not indigenous, is it not permissible to assume that much more striking consequences must follow the planting of enormous quantities of fry, year after year, in native waters? There is no reasonable doubt that the perpetuation of the extensive shad fisheries in most of the rivers of the Atlantic coast has been accomplished entirely by artificial propagation. On no other supposition can the maintenance and increase of the supply be accounted for.

The zealous efforts of the fish commissioners of California to increase the quantity and variety of food and game fishes of the State deserve special recognition. For more than twenty-five years the energies of the commission have been almost constantly directed to the acclimatization of desirable fishes inhabiting the waters of the Eastern States. Their remarkable success when acting on their own behalf and in conjunction with the New York Fish Commission and the United States Fish Commission entitles them to the great credit and praise which they have received both from the inhabitants of California and from the people of other States and foreign countries. The other States of this section have also exhibited great interest in the improvement of their fish supply through the acclimatization of Eastern species.

Mention should be made of the efficient services rendered to fishculture by Mr. Livingston Stone in successfully taking fishes across the continent at a time when fish transportation was an undeveloped art and when the difficulties encountered would have discouraged one less enthusiastically interested and less competently informed on the general subject. To Mr. Stone more than to any other person is the direct credit due for the introduction of most of those fishes which have since attained economic prominence.

In this report I have considered all those species not already indigenous which have been introduced, or the introduction of which has been attempted, in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Nevada. Idaho has been included in the discussions because all its water courses are practically tributaries of the Columbia River, and fish planted in that stream might find their way into the State, while plants in the open waters of Idaho might produce results in Oregon and Washington. The proximity to California of the Nevada lakes and rivers in which new fishes have been planted, and the similarity of the fishery interests of the contiguous parts of the two States, have appeared to warrant the inclusion of Nevada in the list. In the case of a few species having special interest, reference to their acclimatization in Utah has been made.

An interesting chapter might be prepared treating of the experimental introduction of native Western fishes into new waters of the region; as, for instance, the acclimatization of the chinook salmon and rainbow trout in landlocked Nevada waters and the successful transplanting of the Sacramento perch (*Archoplites interruptus*) in Nevada; but this subject is foreign to the scope of the present paper.

It is intended in this paper to recount the history of the introduction of each aquatic species; to record the general results of the experiments; to state what is known of the habits of the animals in their new environment, and to give an account of the economic importance attained and of the fisheries prosecuted.

The following fish and other aquatic animals receive special mention and will be considered in the order given:

(1) The bullhead or horned pout.
(2) The white catfish.
(3) The spotted catfish.
(4) The carp.
(5) The tench.
(6) The goldfish.
(7) The Hawaiian awa.
(8) The shad.
(9) The common whitefish.
(10) The Atlantic salmon.
(11) The landlocked salmon.
(12) The Von Behr or European brown trout.
(13) The Loch Leven trout.
(14) The lake trout or Mackinaw trout.
(15) The brook trout.
(16) The muskellonge.
(17) The pike or pickerel.
(18) The eel.
(19) The crappy or black bass.
(20) The strawberry bass or white bass.
(21) The rock bass.
(22) The Warmouth bass.
(23) The blue-gill or blue bream.
(24) The green sunfish.
(25) The large-mouth black bass.
(26) The small-mouth black bass.
(27) The yellow perch or ringed perch.
(28) The wall-eyed pike or pike perch.
(29) The striped bass or rockfish.
(30) The white bass.
(31) The tautog.
(32) The American lobster.
(33) The Eastern oyster.
(34) The soft clam.

The Catfish.

At least three species of catfish—the white catfish (*Ameiurus catus*), the yellow catfish or bullhead (*Ameiurus nebulosus*), and the spotted catfish (*Ictalurus punctatus*)—inhabiting parts of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, have been transferred to the Pacific States. Catfish were taken to California in 1874 by Mr. Livingston Stone,* of the United States Fish Commission, and subsequently one or two species were introduced into Oregon and Washington. Mr. Stone's assortment of Eastern catfish consisted of fifty-six large Schuylkill catfish (*Ameiurus catus*) from the Raritan River, New Jersey, and seventy hornpouts or bullheads (*A. nebulosus*) from Lake Champlain, Vermont. The large white catfish were deposited in the San Joaquin River, near Stockton, Cal., and the bullheads were placed in ponds and sloughs near Sutterville, Sacramento county, Cal.; both plants were made on June 12, 1874.

The spotted catfish is probably the best of the tribe, and is the principal one distributed by the United States Fish Commission. In food value it is regarded by Jordan and Evermann as not inferior to the black bass. Several plants have in recent years been made in the Pacific States. In 1892 the following adult and yearling catfish were deposited in Washington waters in response to requests: Seventy-five in Clear Lake, Skagit county; 125 in a private pond near Vancouver; 50 in Deer Lake, in Stevens county. In 1893, 100 were placed in the Boise River, Idaho, a tributary of the Snake River. Ten were put in the Balsa Chico River, California, in 1895. Plants of yearlings were made in Lake Cuyamaca and Feather River, California, in 1891, each water receiving 250 fish.

The results attending the introduction of catfish in California were immediate and marked. As early as 1875 the State Commissioners reported on the matter as follows:

> The Schuylkill catfish and the Mississippi catfish, placed in the San Joaquin River, have grown rapidly and spawned, but several of the large fish and many of the young ones have been caught by the fishermen near the San Joaquin Bridge, and have been returned to the river. The fishermen at that point are much interested in their successful cultivation, and seem desirous that they should be preserved. By another year they will be so numerous that they may be caught with safety and shipped to market, as it would be impossible to exhaust the river by ordinary fishing. The hornpouts, a species of small catfish from Lake Champlain, which were placed in the lakes near Sacramento, have increased so abundantly that nearly 1,000 have been caught and transported to the various lakes and sloughs in the Sacramento Valley.

In their report for 1876–77, the Fish Commissioners stated:

> The seventy-four Schuylkill catfish imported in 1874, and placed in lakes near Sacramento, have increased to a vast extent. They already furnish an important addition to the fish food supply of the city of Sacramento and vicinity. From the increase we have distributed 8,400 to appropriate waters in the counties of Napa, Monterey, Los Angeles, Fresno, Tulare, Santa Cruz, Shasta, Solano, Alameda, San Diego, Yolo, Santa Barbara, and Siskiyou.

In 1878–79 the California Commissioners distributed 39,000 Schuylkill catfish to public waters in twenty-two counties, and reported as follows about the fish:

> These have increased to millions and furnish an immense supply of food. They have become so numerous that they are as regularly on sale in the city markets as the most abundant native fish, and are sold at about the same prices. They thrive in our rivers and lakes, and in the still-water sloughs of our plains, as well as in the brackish sloughs in our tule lands. They appear to be equally at home in lakes on the mountains and in artificial reservoirs in the valleys. Many farmers who have natural ponds on their farms, or who have surplus waters from windmills and have made artificial ponds, have stocked them with this excellent fish. The produce of the few fish of this species, imported in 1874, now annually furnishes a large and valuable supply of fish food to people in the interior of the State. The value of all the fish of this species now caught annually and consumed as food would more than equal the annual appropriation made by the State and placed at the disposal of the Fish Commissioners. This variety of catfish has valuable characteristics which admirably fit it for wide distribution and for self-preservation in the struggle for existence.

The report of the California Fish Commission for 1880 shows that over 24,000 catfish were distributed in the State waters, and that the fish had become so numerous and widely scattered that further attention from the Commission was hardly demanded.

In considering the question of the economic value of the catfish and of the effects of its introduction on the native fishes, the Fish Commissioners make the following comment in their reports for 1883–84 and 1885–86:

> It has been stated by fishermen that they would destroy all the native fish. It is our opinion that it was a timely act on the part of the former State Commissioners to plant them just when they did, as our native fish were giving out. * * * They are coming more into favor with our citizens every year. The prejudice that existed at the time of their introduction is fast dying out, and the majority of our people claim that they are a better food fish than the carp. Whether such be the fact is a matter of taste. The idea that they would destroy our native fish is a fallacy, as in the last two years statistics tend to show that such is not the fact.
>
> Catfish are coming more into favor with citizens as food, and by a large class of consumers are preferred to carp. The planting of these fish was regretted by many and approved by more.

Catfish have been successfully introduced into the Columbia River and its tributary, the Willamette, but the full history of the planting is not recorded.

The history of the introduction of catfish into the waters of Nevada is very interesting. It appears that in 1877 Mr. H. G. Parker, the State Fish Commissioner, obtained from the Sacramento River, California, a large number of "Schuylkill" catfish (*Ameiurus catus*), which were deposited in Washoe Lake, the Truckee, Carson and Humboldt rivers, and several sloughs, 25,000 yearlings being placed in the Humboldt alone. In all these waters the catfish rapidly became acclimatized. In the report of the Nevada Commissioner for 1881 and 1882 it is stated that 2,000 catfish were distributed in various waters in those years, and that the results had been marked in all the waters stocked, thousands of pounds of catfish bein

* See Report California Fish Commission, 1875-76, pp. 5, 6, 22, 30,

taken from Washoe Lake with hook and line in 1882. From the reports for 1883–84 and 1889–90 the following extracts are taken, which refer to the value of the catfish in waters where better fish cannot flourish, and to the economic importance which the fish have attained in Nevada.

From nearly every plant of catfish I have reports several times a year, and in every instance I have been complimented on the introduction of this very prolific and superior food-fish. Its hardy nature so well fits it for our saline and muddy waters that in localities where the trout can not flourish this fish is sure to thrive and multiply far beyond any of our transplants. In Washoe Lake, Carson and Humboldt rivers they are now found in such great numbers that anglers never abandon the pleasure until well-filled baskets and sacks mark the day's sport. For two years the Carson and Virginia markets have been to a great degree supplied with these fish from Washoe Lake. They find a ready sale at the highest prices. Thousands of pounds have been taken annually for the last eight or ten years, every family living near these waters supplying their table for about seven months of the year, while the markets of Carson and Virginia cities, although receiving large consignments, find such large sale that their stock is exhausted long before the most desirable salt-water fish find a purchaser. Add to this the fact of the number engaged in fishing for the market, and it will be seen that an industry has been developed not only giving employment to quite a number of men and boys, but furnishing a food fish of a most desirable and salable quality, and this through the workings of the Nevada Fish Commission. (Report for 1889–90.)

It is not possible to assign to each species of catfish its present distribution in the Pacific States. There is nothing in the habits of the two kinds known to have become acclimatized that would prevent both inhabiting the same waters, although the yellow catfish or bullhead (*A. nebulosus*) is probably more likely to be found in warm, muddy ponds, sloughs and ditches than is the other species, which on the East coast is commonly known as the channel catfish, in allusion to its habit of frequenting the deeper, colder and clearer parts of the rivers.

In California the catfish have a more general distribution than any other fish. The State Commissioners in 1880 asserted that there is no county in which these fish were not found; the wide distribution which the fish had given themselves had been supplemented by the efforts of the Commissioners, who from 1877 to 1879 planted them in thirty counties.

In California catfish are most numerous in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where the conditions are very favorable for their multiplication. They are found in most of the tributaries of those streams and in the sloughs connected therewith. They have ascended the Sacramento River as far as Kenneth, a station seventeen miles above Redding, and the San Joaquin to Tulare Lake. In 1886 Mr. William Utter, writing from Campo Seco, Calaveras county, reported that there were millions of catfish in the Mokelumne River, which joins the Sacramento River a short distance below Sacramento. Catfish are also found in several of the coast rivers of California.

In a "List of the Fishes Inhabiting Clear Lake, California," by Jordan and Gilbert, printed in the Fish Commission Bulletin for 1894, the bullhead (*A. nebulosus*) is recorded as very abundant, and the white catfish (*A. catus*) is reported as occasionally taken with the other species. In Lake Cuyamaca, near San Diego, catfish are reported as abundant, and some weighing 1¼lbs. have been taken with lines.

Catfish are generally distributed in the Lower Columbia River and in the Willamette and other tributaries. The limits of their range in the Columbia basin have not been determined. They are very abundant in the sloughs connected with the Willamette River below Portland. Mr. F. C. Reed, of Astoria, states that the catfish of the Columbia basin is the bullhead, and that the catfish proper (that is, the fork-tailed form) does not occur.

Food of Catfish.

The catfish have the reputation among the California fishermen of being large consumers of fry and eggs of salmon, sturgeon, shad and other fishes. This accords with their known habits in other waters. Mr. Alexander's examination, however, of the contents of several hundred stomachs of catfish in California and Oregon yielded only negative results as to the presence of young fish and ova.

Writing of the bullhead in Clear Lake, California, Jordan and Gilbert say that it is extremely abundant and is destructive to the spawn of other species. The scarcity of the valuable Sacramento perch in that lake, which they attribute to the carp, here as in the Sacramento River, may be partly due to the more numerous catfish, which feed almost exclusively on animal matter.

By some persons the catfish are held responsible for the scarcity of Sacramento perch in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Mr. Babcock writes that he is informed by reliable men living above Colusa that up to 1880 perch were very common there and catfish were seldom taken, but since that time the catfish have increased beyond all belief and the perch have almost disappeared. The supposed influence of the catfish on the abundance of the perch arises from the spawn-eating propensities of the catfish.

Mr. A. Paladini, an extensive and long-established dealer of San Francisco, believes that catfish are especially injurious to salmon in the Sacramento River, where he thinks they destroy large quantities of ova and fry. This matter is sufficiently important to warrant careful attention. It would seem that the centers of abundance of catfish are probably remote from the spawning grounds of salmon.

In California and Oregon catfish inhabit to a great extent waters in which few other fish could or do exist. In the lagoons and sloughs connected with the San Joaquin, Sacramento and Willamette rivers but few fish besides catfish are taken with the fyke nets and set lines. When fishing is done in the main streams, a number of varieties are caught with catfish, among which are split-tails (*Pogonichthys macrolepidotus*), hardheads (*Ptychocheilus oregonensis*) and carp (*Cyprinus carpio*), and, in the Columbia basin, young sturgeon (*Acipenser transmontanus*).

Few enemies and no diseases disturb the catfish in Pacific waters, according to Mr. Alexander. No fish are known to prey on them except the striped bass, and even that species must do so very rarely. In some instances the ingestion of catfish by striped bass results in the death of the latter, the formidable spines piercing the stomach and entering the abdominal walls of the bass.

As much of the largest part of the catfish yield of California is consigned to San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, figures showing the receipts in those cities will give a fair idea of the quantity caught. Mr. Alexander's inquiries at Sacramento and Stockton and the writer's examination of the books of the San Francisco dealers showed that in 1893 the shipments to those places were as follows:

	Pounds.
San Francisco	43,975
Sacramento	59,025
Stockton	86,000
Total	189,000

The quantity of catfish sent from the principal shipping centers on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, as determined by Mr. Alexander, were as follows, the difference between these and the foregoing figures amounting to about 33,000lbs., representing the aggregate of a number of minor shipments of which no record could be obtained:

	Pounds.
Red Bluffs, Fremont and Knight's Landing	40,000
Courtland	13,550
Isleton	12,000
Rio Vista	2,290
Bouldin Island	23,000
Jersey Landing	15,000
Total	105,840

The catch by persons who make something of a business of fishing for catfish was not under 150,000lbs. in 1893, and fully 50,000lbs. additional would not more than cover the catch by farmers, boys and fishermen in other branches, most of which is consumed locally.

The gross value to the fishermen of the catfish caught for market was $6,358, and the total value of the fish to the State in the year named may be estimated at $8,500, making a very moderate allowance for the catfish used for home consumption.

The quantity of catfish taken for sale in the Columbia basin in 1893 was about 90,000lbs., with a value to the fishermen of $2,800. Comparatively large numbers were also consumed by lumbermen, farmers and others who fished for their own use. The receipts of catfish in Portland in 1893 amounted to 75,000lbs.

The contention of the California Fish Commissioners in several of their reports already cited, that the value of all the catfish caught annually and consumed as food would more than equal the annual appropriation made by the State in the interests of the fisheries and fishculture, has probably been verified in a number of years. In 1893, when the fishery is known to have been less extensive than formerly, the appropriations exceeded the value of the catch by only $1,500.

RHODE ISLAND FISHING.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game there was a large attendance and the prospects are very bright and encouraging for the coming year. The following officers were elected: President, Thomas W. Penny; Vice-Presidents, A. L. Andrews, Providence; John T. Fiske, Pascoag; W. S. Ballou, Woonsocket; C. Fred Crawford, Central Falls; A. S. Saugy, Providence, and A. D. Roberts, Woonsocket; Secretary, M. J. Flaherty, Providence; Treasurer, J. F. Russell, Providence; Advocate, C. A. Tower, Providence; Managing Board, William Mosher, A. L. Andrews, J. F. Russell, of Providence, and S. H. Roberts, Pawtucket, and President *ex-officio*.

There has been good sport along the trout brooks in this vicinity this season and several excellent catches have been reported. Among these I mention, Dr. J. W. Bond and Arnold Pickering, of this city, visited Greene, and that a streak of rare luck attended them is in evidence through the fact that they bagged thirty beautiful trout, the largest of which weighed 1lb. and 3oz., besides 40lbs. of bull pout. F. Edgar Crumb, of Riverside, spent one day near Moosup, Conn., and upon his return showed about twenty trout, five of which weighed 8lbs. They were beauties.

Albert Bates, of Hope, found a fox burrow on Nelson Colvin's farm near that village on the 3d, and in it a fox family consisting of eight members. He managed to dig out the entire lot without losing any, and the eight brushes will net him $24 in bounties from the State. While he was corralling his foxes a party of hunters on a similar quest were 200yds. distant and were considerably chagrined when they learned that he had probably captured all the foxes in that section of the valley.

William and Alpheus Chase, while cleaning out an old well near the village of Douglas recently, unearthed and killed thirty black snakes and seven adders, the largest, a black snake, measuring 6ft. in length.

There was found on the Eugene F. Stillman farm, Westerly, the other day, a very old box turtle. On the top of the shell were the initials of Paul Maxson, with the date 1797. On the lower side of the shell were also these initials and dates: "A. S., 1808," and "J. F. S., 1855." These last initials stand for the names of Adam Stillman and J. F. Stillman, grandfather and father, respectively, of Eugene F. Stillman.

A resolution has been introduced into the General Assembly prohibiting fishing from traps in the waters of Narragansett Bay north of a line drawn from Seal Rock to Brenton's Reef and Beaver Tail.

George A. Lewis, of Wickford, on the 5th caught a basket of nine brook trout which measured from 9 to 13in. in length. W. H. M.

The Ruination of the James River.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 14.—The take of black bass in the upper James has been very much smaller this season than in several years past. The winter was very open, there being but little snow; the run of bass should have been early and large. I can only attribute the small run of this fish to the fact of the river being filled with all kinds and sizes of nets, traps and other devices—which have a tendency to drive the bass from the waters in which nets and traps are placed. The State of Virginia is doing absolutely nothing to protect the fishing interest in the smaller streams. F. M. D.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the fishing.

LITTLETON, Me., May 11.—Fish are commencing to bite quite freely and a number of very good strings are brought in daily. Reports from Masardis and Ashland are very encouraging and the season is sure to be a good one in that vicinity. Quite a number of deer have been seen in the clearings and are asserted to be quite tame, all of which goes to show that pot-hunters have been kept well in hand since the commencement of the close season.

MISS ISQUOI.

Trout and Pike in the Mississippi.

WABASHA, Minn., May 11.—The Father of Waters is not generally noted as being a trout stream, but occasionally trout are taken when fishing for other fish, as was done here a few days ago by a party while fishing for pike with a minnow. I have known of several being caught in the same way in years past. They are the genuine *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and always of good size. They have also been taken in Lake Pepin. Some very large catches are made every year of pike and bass in this part of the Mississippi and at the mouth of Lake Pepin, where wall-eyed pike are caught weighing from 10 to 15lbs. I hope friend Hough will happen up this way this season and catch and help eat one of the big pike, as he talked with me of doing last year. WAPAHASA.

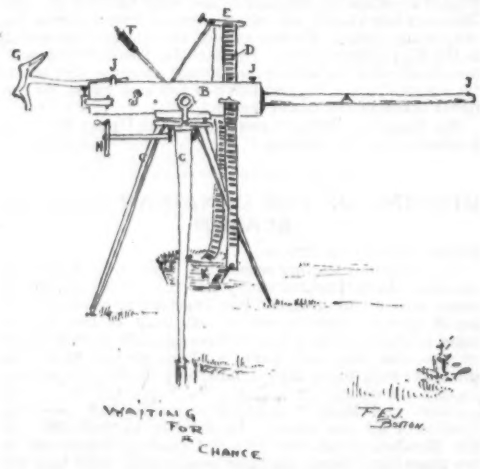
Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Problem Solved.

THERE seems to be a great diversity of opinion as to the proper caliber for large game. I have read from week to week in your glorious paper the ideas of some of your readers as to what is the proper caliber, and I have come to the conclusion that in case any one was really going to buy a rifle for large game and took the advice of every one of these different sportsmen, or even tried to average them, he would be in a pretty quandary. Here is one man says a .44-40 is just the thing, another recommends a .32 40, another a .40-82 and still another .50-110-500, and so we go on.

Now I inclose a little drawing of a patent, automatic, rapid-firing rifle. It can be had in any caliber you want, will use black or smokeless. Can be made to shoot single shot or 700 a minute when you feel extra bloodthirsty. Those who prefer still-hunting it is just what they want. All



you have to do is to get a couple of guides (?) to help you set the machine up in some unfrequented spot; take along enough provisions to last you for a month or so, and if any moose comes within half a mile he's yours.

To those who are still undecided as to the gun that they want, the best thing they can do is to send for this one. It only costs $1,500, but it is a sure killer. The workings can be easily understood from the cut.

You first of all get it set up on the tripod, C, in some lonely spot where moose abound. Take along with you about 20yds. of ammunition on a canvas strip, D. The barrel, A, is telescopic and slips into the breech, B. When you think you hear a moose—it may be a man, but don't you care—put the butt, G, to your shoulder; take aim in the direction from which you think the sound comes from through the sights, J J J; then pull the lever, F, for a second and let go of it. If in any case the moose don't jump out of the place you aimed at your ears must have deceived you. In this case, and you are pretty sure you did hear a moose, turn the wheel, H, and pull the lever, F, at the same time. This way the gun makes a complete circle firing at the rate of 100 per minute. If that moose, or whatever it happened to be, was within half a mile of you, all you have to do is to get up and look for its "carcus."

This gun can also be used successfully for cutting down trees. THE SLAUGHTERER.

BOSTON, May 13.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 930 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

TRAINING HOUSE DOGS.

BALTIMORE, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "To the making of books there is no end," and the converse of this would seem to be that the mass of ignorance is so great that it has no beginning, for if there was not ignorance there would be no need of books. The making of books is a healthy sign, for it indicates on the one hand the enlarging of the world's store of knowledge, while on the other it indicates a most commendable readiness on the part of the masses to profit by the researches and discoveries of others. This fact was strongly impressed on me in looking over the list of books, rare gems of sporting literature, and comparing their variety and comprehensiveness with the dearth of sporting literature which prevailed within the memory of man. Not long ago we trusted to foreign publishers and foreign writers for our information on sporting subjects of field and stream. A writer then of mediocre ability, but with a well-rounded pretension, was accepted as a marvel of brilliancy, a genius, and so strong is the force of fame so acquired and the willingness of the people to accept their opinions at second hand that trashy and superficial writers on sporting subjects in the early days, ones who living in the present day would be ignored, still live on, and are quoted and beslavered with praise by a few hero worshipers, partly because it is fashionable, partly because the writers, if they cannot write anything original themselves, can at least attract notice by writing of those who have fame, and will thereby be more in view sitting at the feet of greatness than if they stood on their own feet with the multitude.

But I started to write of books on the dog. Of the training of hunting dogs there is a most complete literature, and all the different branches of training are frequently and fully discussed, but a matter of general interest, the training of house dogs and pet dogs, is rarely touched upon. This was brought emphatically to my attention a few days ago on accidentally coming into possession of a copy of "House and Pet Dogs, their Selection, Care and Training," published by FOREST AND STREAM; and it suddenly occurred to me that, considering the millions of dogs in the country, it was indisputably strange that so little attention was paid to their education about the house and yard. No doubt were its instructions followed dogs would be better behaved, would be more useful, would have their intelligence better developed and be in every way more companionable and serviceable at an earlier age. The author palpably had a most profound insight into dog nature, and interspersed in his teachings are many interesting and kindly expressed dissertations on dog nature, habits, ways of action and thought, besides the mere methods of teaching certain acts. It is all founded on the dog's intelligence. For instance, he says: "I commenced by giving the dog food in a saucer, over which I laid the card on which was the word 'food,' placing also by the side an empty saucer covered by a plain card. Van soon learned to distinguish between the two, and the next stage was to teach him to bring the card; this he now does and hands it to me quite prettily, and then I give him a bone or a little food, or take him out, according to the card brought. He still brings sometimes a plain card, in which case I point out his error, and then he takes it back and changes it. This, however, does not often happen. Yesterday morning, for instance, Van brought me the card with 'food' on it nine times in succession, selecting it from other plain cards, though I changed the relative position each time. No one that sees him can doubt that he understands the act of bringing the card with 'food' on it as a request for something to eat, and that he distinguishes between it and a plain card. I also believe that he distinguishes, for instance, between the card with the word 'food' on it and the card with 'out' on it."

This proves conclusively that the dog has powers of discrimination, and can vary his action in an intelligent manner, and conceding this mind is established in our beliefs of what are the dog's attributes.

For myself, I try to teach my dog manners. He knows how to behave in and about the house. I do not permit him to be riotous. He has certain nooks and corners in the house which he has learnt to consider his own, for in them he is a part of the household, yet is not in anyone's way. He gives a dignified alarm at the approach of strangers, without any of the fierce menace of actual hostility so common to most dogs. He will shut a door to order, will loyally guard anything intrusted to his charge, and will, when ordered, seek any member of the family and by his actions and importunities indicate that such member is wanted. He was taught most of these things by teaching him as a sensible animal.

Knowing how easy it is to teach dogs, if the teacher is kind, considerate and patient, it came to my mind that here was a field worthy of more consideration, more exchange of thought and information, with a gain in results in having well-behaved, good-mannered dogs, and as between the well-behaved and the ill-behaved dog, there is quite as much difference as there is between the gentleman and the vulgarian.

EDUCATOR.

Field Trial Evolution.

WINNIPEG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was pleased to read the constitution of the Handlers' Club and your comments on same. Their action not to run dogs in any trials wherein a handler is a member of the club is most commendable and will do much to restore field trials in popular favor.

I have never swerved from the contention that the man who is receiving pay for his skill and ability in preparing a dog for a field trial should have no voice in the management of a field trial club.

In consequence of the stand I took I was charged with assuming a social superiority that was an insult to professional handlers. To one who is as democratic as was the son of Erin who contended "that one man was as good as another," and emphasized his remark by declaring "and a sight better," such charges are ridiculous. Let me say, however, that I have never advanced a theory in field trial matters that I have not tried to put in practice, and that I have no apology to offer to those who have misunderstood me.

I, however, desire permission to say that I number among my most esteemed friends men who train and manage dogs as a profession, and I think all handlers will admit, who have visited Manitoba, that my latch-key is always on the outside, and that, at my home and at all times and places, I have never created a suspicion of any social superiority, for by so doing I should be guilty of an impertinent presumption.

Another objection to the successful running of field trials is the expensive machinery some clubs think requisite. I charge that if field trial clubs cannot find honorary secretaries it is a proof that there is no element of sport in their composition, and if this element is not the strong component of field trials, the sooner they die the better.

But living as I do in a city that has more sport and sportsmen to the square inch than any place in the world, I know the latter contention can be overcome—at least here—and that clubs can live and give substantial prizes without exacting entry and starter's fees that would disturb the equanimity of a Barney Barnato.

I have also been charged with inconsistency because I took an active part in the management of a field trial club and was a participant in the competitions. I admit—in theory—there is some truth in the above charges. I shall probably never again lay myself open to its repetition. Yet a reminiscence of my actions prompts me to think that nothing I have said or done in connection with field trials has left one thought of regret at having done anything I would not do again. It is, however, pleasing to me to see that after the hard knocks I have submitted to, that my antagonists now recognize by their actions that my only object has been to increase the prestige and elevate field trials as a sport for sportsmen.

THOS. JOHNSON.

IS DEATH THE END?

SOME of your readers may recall an account of the sayings and doings of a dog named Bug, published a year and a half ago, an account which brought many personal letters, and perhaps encouraged the writing of charming tales of other dogs which have appeared since.

Bug is dead. Her short life is over and no visible reminder of it remains now but the little mound of fresh earth in the corner of the garden which has not yet had time to settle. I suppose most people would say that is the end of her. But is it?

It is not easy to make clear the feeling with which she was regarded by her friends. She was not much like dogs—did not associate with them; showed few characteristic traits of heredity; demeaned herself much like people. If a human soul had been prisoned at birth in a dog's body, it is hard to conceive him as acting much different from the way she did. She was a friend and companion for twelve years. We felt as certain and true a sense of bereavement when she died as if some human friend were gone. It will be a long time before we shall cease to miss her from her accustomed places. The special tones and phrases with which we were wont to address her are laid aside now, not to be used with the other dogs. They are left, to be sure, but they are not like her. It hardly seems worth while, having known her rare intelligence, to try to teach them. From prankish puppyhood to sedate old age her eyes beamed with an intelligence, a reasoning mind, not widely different from ours. She knew she was a dog and we were people—why the difference or in what it consisted she probably did not know much better than we do. She understood our relations, was reflective and contemplative by turns; had fits of humor and hours of depression; was glad and sorry; knew many things she ought to do and many to abstain from, and behaved accordingly. Other dogs may give us their incorruptible welcome of wagging tail and joyous looks, but we shall miss the look of conscious good-fellowship in her kind old eyes. She had a dignity and character, a well-marked identity of her own. She had most human virtues and few human vices. For twelve years she acted well her part; did it willingly and lovingly; gave much to the entertainment of her friends; did all that was asked of her, all she was meant to do. Now the question is, Is this all?

Was she a skillfully contrived automaton, designed to feel and do all these things, wound up to run twelve years and then stop forever? Or did she have a spark of what we humans hope and believe in our own case is eternal fire? I say "hope and believe in our own case." Do we really have anything but hope and belief in our own case? Do we really *know* anything at all about it? Is not all our argument and conviction of another life for ourselves only a recognition of the unreasonableness and therefore unlikelihood of this imperfect, futile and sorrowful existence being the end? Are we not thrust into this life as one might be thrust into a dark room and the door then closed behind him? And do we not go feeling our way around the walls and across the middle, bumping up against the facts this dark room of life contains, sorely bruised in our blind gropings, learning nothing about the essence of things, only a little about their relations to each other and to ourselves, until, at last, another door opens and we are thrust out—into the dark of death or the light of another life, as we hope. And if so, who are we that we should deny a like prospect to our lesser brethren who wear their own fur and feathers, whose harmless and beneficent lives are often full of hunger, thirst, cold, blows, and unrequited toil and suffering, for much of which we are ourselves guilty? Who shall make recompense to them for these things if death is for them the end of all? If another life is necessary to even up the injustice, to repay the suffering, to requite the toil, to retrieve the mistakes of this, why is it not so for them as well as for us? Else, where shall the starved, worn-out and beaten horses have justice? Where shall the hunted thing, gasping its wounded life away in the hidden brake, be recompensed? Where shall the agony of the myriad innocent lives yielded up in inch by inch torture on the bloody altars of "science" under the vivisector's devilish rites be made good to them? And if there is a place and time where these things shall be righted, how many of us would like to meet there the ghosts of the dumb, innocent creatures that fell into our hands here?

Since none of us really knows what is ahead, it would seem that we have a right each to his conjectures, his hopes and beliefs. If there is no other life for such a creature as my dog was, I see no sufficient reason to expect one for myself. And if for her, why then for all living, sensitive creatures. If there is no justice for the starved and beaten horse, for the piece of mangled meat that gasped its life out in the vivisector's torture trough, then there is not likely to be any for me, whose deserts are probably no greater and whose wrongs are certainly far less.

For myself, I cherish the belief, to which my hopes as well as my sense of what is right and just inevitably lead me, that there is another and fairer life for all the victims of this, and that we shall see again in some shape the creatures faithful to us and beloved by us here. If we shall see each other, shall we not also see again these pets whose gentle ways twine them into our affections? If the prospect of reuniting the threads of love and friendship broken by death is one of the chief reasons for and allurements toward a belief in a life to come, why should it not include four-footed friends as well? It is in no sacrilegious spirit nor one of mock sentiment when I say that not the least pleasant sight to my eyes upon the "further shore" would be my dog friend who has just gone, and if she is there, I feel quite sure she will be standing with her forepaws in the water's edge when it is my turn to cross.

E. K. WHITEHEAD.

THE IMPORTATION OF THE DOG.

MONTREAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Did you ever import a dog? In the vast and varied writings in FOREST AND STREAM on dogs, which have kept the people up with the times in dog news and dog matters in the years since there were such news and matters, I have failed to note any instructive writing as to the best way to import a dog and present him to the public.

As one who has had some experience himself and who has noted the ways of others in similar undertakings, I beg to give you the successful manner of conducting such affairs. It is more than it seems. It is an art of some depth. A man who imports a dog must know human nature. Buying a dog and carrying him safely over the ocean is but a part. It is the least part—that is, it is the least part if we consider a broad financial policy. The importer of a dog is purposeful. He is making the most of opportunity. He has in view always the profits of his purchase, which he makes as an investment. To reap the greatest profit, no lost time must intervene after the dog is landed.

As a policy, there are two courses open to the buyer. He can import the dog openly. He or the seller causes a great tooting of horns in the English papers. The dog's past is praised and his future exalted. He is sure to change the whole American kennel world to a beatific degree. The moment of his departure for our shores is heralded to the world. The most fashionable steamship, and that is mostly the fastest, is engaged for his journey. His landing is a signal for renewed activity. Again the story is told with added unction. The kennel world is kept on the *qui vive*. And this is all right. The buyer has spent large sums of money. His doings have been open to the view of the world. He wins for his enterprise all the fame and good will which it deserves.

The second method is one of dexterity, one of *finesse*. The dog may be a good one. He may be of great reputation, or he may be the progeny of ones of great reputation. He may be a dog of genuine worth or he may not. In either case, it is the scheme of the purposeful buyer to make the public believe that the dog is a wonder. Then the kennel editor is a part. How can he be made to do the puppet dance?

I say it with all respect to that honorable and hard-worked body of martyrs, the kennel writers, that my ideas of them to-day are different from what they were some years ago. My ideal then was a man with a shiny bald head, under whose poll rested a pocketful, a wealth, of assorted brains. Since then I am led to believe that their heads are plentifully provided with hair. But there is one overwhelming weakness which the kennel editor has; he is not conscious that it is a weakness. Once skillfully contrive to let the kennel editor know that there is something afoot in a doggy way that he doesn't know and the spell is woven. Pretend it is a deep, dark secret. Keep him in suspense awhile—not too long. You want the world to know that you have imported a dog. You therefore do it as a secret matter. You inform the kennel editor mysteriously that you are constrained to tell only him that you have a sensational nameless dog of a nameless breed, which is to arrive on a nameless steamer on a nameless date, and that he must not use this news—lay great stress on the news, and in his eagerness he will not perceive that he is being worked for advertising. He will ask a hundred questions, but you tell him no more; nevertheless, as a last great favor, consent that he may make an announcement of what he knows, and that you will tell him the particulars later, out of the great personal affection you bear him. In his next issue he will write this: "In a few days, through the enterprise of that popular and wise member of the fancy, who has done so much for the advancement of the dog in general and the market dog in particular, the fancy will be treated to a sensation. He is importing the finest and best dog of the season, a phenomenon in its way, and we will treat our readers to full and exclusive particulars in our next issue." Here the buyer, by making the editor work hard for his news, makes advertising easy. The buyer plays on the editor's weakness and advertising comes easy. It is dead easy. If he had come to the editor and said, "Here, my boy, old friend, I am going to import the dog Scrap End, and I want you to give him a good send off, so as to advertise him," the spell would have been broken and Scrap End might never have been heard of outside of the advertising columns.

But Scrap End arrives, and as a special favor the kennel editor is permitted to receive the dog on landing. The next week he writes, "We publish exclusively this week an exceedingly life-like picture of Scrap End, of whom we made mention last week. He shows some effects of his sea voyage, as we needs must expect, but our preconceived opinion of him did not do justice to him. The English papers said of him: 'Rarely has it been our privilege to see a dog so faultless. His coat could not be improved on by art. Form perfect. We are quite sure that his present owner would not sell him for any money to a resident of England, although he might be tempted to let him go to America under satisfactory conditions.' And," continues the editor, "this news is exclusively in our columns."

AMATEUR.

The pulse of the dog runs from 72 to 90 in his normal condition, while his temperature is from 101.5 to 102.6.

The chicken trials of the Continental Field Trials Club will be held on Sept. 7, not on the 9th, as erroneously published.

Dogs for the National Zoo.

To the Kennels of the United States:

WASHINGTON, D. C.—For some time the National Zoological Park has possessed in its collection a few of the various breeds of dogs, which have been kindly presented or loaned.

It is the intention of the officials, in order to provide object lessons in the Capital for the people of the United States, to bring this department of the animal collection up to as complete a condition as possible. Accordingly, an extensive and modern system of kennels is to be erected this forthcoming summer, so that every breed may be represented.

The appropriation voted by the House of Representatives for this institution cannot be devoted to the purchase of any animals; at the same time a clause prohibits selling of the same. Consequently the Park has to depend on gifts or loans of animals.

The officials of the Park have instructed me to extend to the leading kennel breeders of the United States an invitation to co-operate in this movement, which is distinctly national in character, without attachment of any personal interest whatever.

They desire that I request from you either the gift or loan of a representative of the breed in which you are interested. Acknowledgment of the same will in every case be made permanent by a printed placard over each kennel, stating in bold letters the name and address of the donor or lender. The advantages that will accrue to the said donor or lender cannot be over-estimated when regarded as an advertising medium, because the collection will take the form of a permanent exhibition to the many thousands of visitors from all parts of the country.

The officials will, of course, be gratified to receive a clear gift from you, but should you not see your way clear to this, will be very glad to receive a specimen as a permanent loan. In the case of a bitch, which would be preferred from an educational point of view, inasmuch as any young that might be bred would be interesting and instructive, the progeny would be considered the property of the lender and would be returned or disposed of according to his directions.

In case of sickness the best medical attendance will be promptly given. The kennels will be in charge of competent attendants, and full information of the characteristics and points of the breed will be printed and attached to each kennel. All charges incidental to the removal and transportation of the animals will be borne by the institution.

CECIL FRENCH, D. V. S.

714 TWELFTH STREET, N. W.

Advisory Committee Meeting.

AT the meeting of the Advisory Committee of the A. K. C., held in the American Kennel Club's rooms at 55 Liberty street, on May 14, there were present: Messrs. James Watson, H. F. Schellhass, F. S. Webster, A. C. Wilmerding and E. M. Oldham. It was ordered that the Bull Terrier Club of America be granted fifteen days within which to comply with the resolution of the committee at its meeting held April 11, 1896, in default of which said club and its officers holding office on Jan. 18, 1896, shall be thereby suspended. In the matter of the A. K. C. vs. E. H. Morris, *re* misconduct, it was ordered that Mr. Morris be suspended until Jan. 1, 1897. In the matter of the St. Louis Kennel Club vs. Fred P. Kirby, *re* misconduct in connection with dog shows, it was ordered that the matter be left in abeyance pending further investigation. It was also ordered that the award of first prize in the challenge class for Skye terriers, at the St. Louis show, to the bitch Bessie (35,411), be cancelled. The challenge class made for the black and tan terrier Glenwood was cancelled. The action of the secretary in removing the suspensions of W. S. Biglow and B. Alton Smith was confirmed. A penalty of $10 was imposed on the New England Kennel Club for accepting the entry of a puppy under 6 months of age. It was ordered that a committee of three be appointed to report resolutions on the death of Dr. N. Rowe and Mr. H. B. Cromwell, and submit same at the next meeting of the A. K. C. The following prefixes were granted; Beaver Brook to Mr. Tyler Morse, Hiawatha to Mr. R. McDonald, Mount Shasta to Mr. A. E. Culver, Oakside to Mr. H. H. Carlton, Sangamo to Messrs. F. M. Wade and F. Pillo. The secretary was granted five weeks' vacation.

Kindness to Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to say that the position your paper takes on the question of justice to the lower animals must commend it to all right-thinking people. Your paper is the best there is in the current literature of sportsmanship. It is your privilege to educate merely by the position you take. You have it in your power and apparently in your disposition to express for us, who regard the ethics of our relations to the lower animals, our sentiments in an authoritative way.

E. K. W.

American Spaniel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, the mail votes for a new list of judges were opened and the following gentlemen were declared duly elected official judges of the Spaniel Club: E. M. Oldham, James Mortimer, C. H. Mason, James Watson, A. C. Wilmerding, George Douglass, Andrew Laidlaw, J. F. Kirk, J. Otis Fellows, Dr. S. J. Bradbury.

ROWLAND P. KEASBEY, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We are informed by the R. I. S. F. A. that the gratifying success of their 1895 bench show has determined it to retain in 1896 the efficient plans then employed. They are fortunate in again securing the services of Mr. E. M. Oldham as superintendent, a guarantee that the show will be managed in a thoroughly practical manner. Spratts Patent will bench and feed, undoubtedly the best service of its kind in the country, and the show will be disinfected and deodorized by the same company as last year. To insure the widest public interest and inspection, no admission fee will be charged visitors to the bench show, and the very large amount offered in premiums ($2,200) should easily attract the best dog fanciers in the country. The show will, as heretofore, be held under American Kennel Club rules. The especial attention of exhibitors is invited to regulations governing the receiving of exhibits in the department. The judges for 1896 will be F. E. Perkins, Earl H. Potter and Walter W. Dexter.

Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, the secretary of the A. K. C., will take special action toward the enforcement of A. K. C. rules hereafter, and to that end has prepared a circular giving a digest of the important regulations directly governing bench shows and other pertinent information, the matter covered being under the head of dates, penalties, registrations and listings, challenge classes and prizes, rules to be published, additional rules, premium lists and catalogues to be filed, amount of prizes, winnings in catalogues, closing of entries, disqualified and suspended, ownership, no change in classes, transferring entries not allowed, weighing, veterinarians, puppies, vhc., reserve. In respect to no change in classes there is the following, which clubs would do well to read and heed:

"No change can be made in the classification not specially provided for in the rules, or of which public notice has not been given prior to the closing of the entries. It is permissible to make a rule that if there are more than a certain number of entries in a class not divided by sex, such a division shall be made. If any division or addition is made other than as above the additional class and the record will be cancelled by the American Kennel Club.

"No transfer of an entry is permissible either in classes where there is subdivision by weight or sex, or in case of an error in making the entry. The entry, as made, must govern in all cases, and any dog transferred will be disqualified by the American Kennel Club."

Capt. Keene, an officer of the English Kennel Club, and a popular exhibitor and judge in England, died on May 3.

The St. Hubert Schipperke Club (England), met on May 7 to discuss the important matter of docking. The propagation of the myth in respect to the schipperke being naturally tailless was condemned. The chairman explained that they had the choice of three courses 1. Continue to remove the whole tail, which gives the animal the appearance of being born tailless, and so may mislead judges and public. 2. Leave on the whole tail, docking nothing. 3. Dock in such a manner as to inflict no more pain than fox terriers experience by the operation. After discussion, during which the question was viewed from every quarter, the following resolution was unanimously carried: "That the St. Hubert Schipperke Club inform the Kennel Club that they are in favor of docking schipperkes in a humane manner, that is to say, leaving a visible stump." This resolution will be communicated to the secretary of the Kennel Club in due course.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

A Model Life Insurance Policy.

WITH the general proposition that life insurance is a wise precaution, and for many men an absolute duty, most of our readers would probably agree. When they came to saying what is the best kind of a policy to take, or the best company to insure in, there might be some discussion. We are not going to decide these latter questions, but propose to call attention to a policy form lately announced by the New York Life Insurance Company which seems to contain all the features of a model contract. There is only one condition imposed on the insured, and that is the payment of premiums. If he does this he is insured, and large liberty is allowed even in this respect. Days of grace, privilege of reinstatement, loans and cash surrender values, automatic non-forfeiture conditions, and the privilege of adjusting the value of the policy to one's circumstances, whatever they may be after a term of years, these are surely the marks of a model policy. The company sums up the virtues of this, its latest and most liberal contract, as follows:

1. No restrictions whatever as to residence, occupation, travel, habits of life or manner of death.

2. Claims paid immediately upon the receipt and approval of proofs of death.

3. The return of one-half or all premiums paid, if desired, in case of death during the accumulation period, in addition to the face of the policy.

4. The right of the insured to change the beneficiary while the policy is in force.

5. Policy incontestable after one year, if the premiums are duly paid.

6. Eight options in settlement at end of accumulation period.

7. Cash surrender values, or loans at 5 per cent. interest, after three years' premiums have been paid.

8. A month's grace in the payment of premiums, the policy remaining in force.

9. The privilege of reinstatement during the five months following the month of grace, if the insured is in good health.

10. Automatically non-forfeiting after being in force three years, the insurance being extended during a period shown in the policy if no request is made, or ordinary paid-up insurance granted on request within six months, and no abatement from the death claim in case of death during the term of extended insurance.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of May 2 appeared a criticism of American steam yachts and their builders which the *Marine Journal* pronounced untrue, at the same time boasting of the number and skill of American designers of this class of vessel. In answer to our direct challenge to name these American designers and the steam yachts designed by them, the *Marine Journal*, in its issue of May 16, speaks as follows:

One of the arguments of the FOREST AND STREAM against the Payne bill for the protection of American yacht builders is that we have no yacht builders who make a specialty of that business and especially of steam yachts. All the more reason, then, why we should encourage yacht building. If it is a good business for foreigners, it ought to be so for Americans, and therefore an industry that should be developed. But it never will be extensively developed so long as our builders have to work against the competition of the British yards, with the handicap of their established facilities and no encouragement from our Government. It is one of the essential features of the policy of protection to home industries that this kind of business should receive governmental acknowledgment and discrimination in its favor against foreigners. Indeed we are led to believe that the reason Americans, who own or charter foreign built yachts, have not opposed the Payne bill, is that they are so directly interested in American manufactures, from which they have made their wealth, that they cannot consistently take a stand in opposition to the protection of the yacht-building industry.

The above is in no sense an answer to our statements; if they were false, a much better and fairer course for our opponent would have been to reply to our challenge by printing such a list as we named, and its failure to do this, with the above evasion of the question, proves that we were right from the first. We must correct our opponent once more; our argument is not as it has stated above, but that the American builder, after ample encouragement from wealthy but ignorant owners, has shown a total lack of both skill and enterprise, and is entirely undeserving of the monopoly which the Payne bill, if passed, would create for him. We have never stated that there are no American builders who make a specialty of steam yachts, but there are, so far as we have been able to ascertain, none who are competent to turn out a yacht that will compare in appearance, utility and general excellence with those built abroad. We discussed last week the question of British competition as a necessary incentive to American progress in naval design, and need not repeat what we then said; we must take issue, however, with the *Marine Journal* on its statement that British competition is a bar to what should be a profitable business, the designing and building of a type of steam yacht specially fitted for American waters.

The development of steam yacht construction can never come through protection alone, coupled with ancient ideas and old-time methods, but must come from the earnest effort to excel the British steam yacht, just as American designers in another field have excelled the British sailing yacht. What has protection to do with the marvelous advance in sailing yachts from the old-time sloop of the builder to the modern Cup defender?

The true object of the Payne bill, as indeed of all similar measures now in force against merchant vessels, is not to stimulate improvement through open and healthful competition, but to maintain, through the possession of a monopoly, a fictitious advantage, which could otherwise be held only by the exercise of increased skill.

On one point we are in accord with the *Marine Journal*. Like it, we believe in Government encouragement to yachting and yacht builders; but the sort of encouragement we would advocate is, in the first place, that yachting be left severely alone by the national legislators, and that no measures such as the former Frye bill and the present Payne bill be passed; and, in the second place, that the existing duties on materials for yacht and shipbuilding be alike removed. What American merchant or mechanic is benefited by the heavy duty on African teak or American elm; two of the most essential materials of yacht building?

The American yards can boast to-day as complete a plant as any on the Clyde, as good a quality of steel at almost as low a price; the difference in labor, however great it nominally seems, is in reality largely offset by the vast difference in the conditions under which such work is done in this country. That the British yards are at a material advantage in the matter of the large amount of teak, mahogany and other costly woods, is very true; but who is to blame for it? What the American yard lacks, at least so far as steam yachts are concerned, is brains—not merely technical knowledge of the higher sort, but such common horse sense as would teach the builder that the sheer plan of a harbor tug cannot be used for a 600-ton steam yacht by the mere addition of a nondescript figurehead forward, a stern like a dishpan, and an unlimited amount of brass railing about the bulwarks and houses. In this same connection we may diverge a little and say that this same tugboat sheer plan is also incapable of enlargement to the dimensions of a 5,000-ton ocean greyhound, a fact not yet appreciated by some American builders.

We have laid considerable stress on appearance, as we know that most men who build steam yachts expect, and all are entitled to, a craft that is in every way pleasing to the nautical eye, something shipshape and graceful. In this respect the many steam yachts nominally or actually of American design are almost without exception notably lacking, the very best are old-fashioned and commonplace in appearance. What is worse, the adage "handsome is that handsome does" cannot bring saving grace to them, as in performance and too often in accommodation they are even worse than they look. There was a time when American shipyards were noted for the grace and beauty, the "eye sweetness," of the craft they turned out; when even the trading sloops, to say nothing of the grand old clippers, had their share of nautical symmetry and beauty. We look in vain to-day, whether in yachts or in merchant steamers, for any trace of either.

In our opposition to the Payne bill, as to previous similar measures, we are not arguing over protection as a national policy, whether political or economical; but we recognize in yachting as a national institution something so important in every way to our great maritime nation as to be entitled to, if necessary, exceptional privileges in the way of favorable legislation, or at least of no legislation at all, but merely to be allowed to work out unimpeded its own future. Whether selfishly or not, the yacht owner spends a very large amount of money, frequently for a very small return, in a way that is of material benefit to the nation in the encouragement of naval design, the maintenance of building yards, and the training and maintenance of a large fleet of skilled seamen. The more yachtsmen and the more and better yachts, the better for the nation at large. The idea that the building of some of these yachts in foreign yards is a detriment to the home industry is based solely on the narrowest and most illiberal theory of protection, and is absolutely contradicted by facts.

There was a time, about twelve years ago, when the tide of popular favor among American yachtsmen swung very strongly toward the British cutter. Under the existing law these yachts—which could be built for much less in England or Scotland than in America—could be imported free of duty, provided they sailed into an American port on their own bottoms. What has been the result of this experiment in free ships? There have been imported in a period of twelve years five modern racing yachts—Queen Mab, Jessica, Minerva, Clara and Uvira—all of small size; three very old schooners—Miranda, Hilde-

garde, Lady Evelyn—and two old yawls, Cythera and Nonpareille; we believe that this completes the list, though we may possibly have omitted one or two. Of these, Jessica, Hildegarde, Lady Evelyn, Cythera and Nonpareille have cut no special figure; they certainly have hurt no one, if they have done no good to their owners. Miranda, instead of making fresh orders for English yards, merely served to give a much-needed impetus to the then embryotic 90ft. schooner class, from which has since sprung the fine fleet of American yachts, Ariel, Lasca, Emerald, Sea Fox and a dozen more. Clara did still better service in putting some life into the moribund 58ft. sloop class for three or four seasons by beating all the home boats and furnishing a needed incentive to that improvement which has since been realized in the construction of Wasp and Gloriana. Queen Mab, the latest importation, has done a good service to American yachting in showing a remarkable combination of fine appearance, excellent accommodation and speed under a small sail plan, while making known here a system of construction previously unknown, the modern composite, and Uvira has helped materially in the same way.

The most striking example of the terrible wrongs and hardships inflicted on American mechanics by unlimited British competition is to be found in Minerva, the Fife 40-footer brought out to this country in 1888. This yacht was built at Fairlie, on the Clyde, the work of a Scotch designer and Scotch shipwrights. Compared with the American yachts of her class, she cost $5,000 as compared with varying sums from $6,500 to $10,000; she was by far the handsomest of the fleet, her construction was materially better in all respects, and in speed there was no ground for comparison; she swept all before her for her first season, and in her second found but one yacht, a new one specially built, that could make a fitting race with her.

What was the result? A rush of orders to the Clyde, while American shipwrights went to tramping on the highways? On the other hand, not a single order went to Mr. Fife, but the yards of Boston and New York were filled with work in the grand struggle to "beat the Minerva" with an American yacht. Though not owing its origin to her, the whole 40ft. class, the finest and most successful racing class ever known in America, a boon alike to American designers, builders and yachtsmen, centers about this one imported yacht. Her importation, which would not be possible under such a law as the proposed Payne bill, has been from first to last an unmixed good to American yachting. For causes which we leave the *Marine Journal* or some other advocate of prohibitive laws for ships to explain, the success of Minerva, in spite of the natural odds against American yards, such as wages, etc., brought little work to the foreign yard where she was built. Mr. Fife in the seven years that have elapsed has built just one yacht for the United States, the 20-rater Jessica, originally built for an American residing in England, and for British rules and races, but afterward sent out here.

The importation of British sailing yachts free of all duty began just at the time when American yachtsmen had discovered many of the defects of the home built craft and the utter incapacity of the professional yacht builder to improve on the ancient models. After the success of the first important cutters and their advocacy by the FOREST AND STREAM and many of the more enterprising yachtsmen, there was an immediate demand for British yachts and British designs. What was the result? Within three years of the awakening, the best of the New York and Boston yards were busier than they had ever been before, building now, not from their own models, but from the designs of Mr. Burgess and Mr. A. Cary Smith; the keels of such yachts as Puritan, Mayflower, Sachem, Priscilla, Iroquois and Yampa were laid; and there began an era of prosperity previously unknown to the American builder. If such results arise from the free importation of yachts, or if they can even exist by the side of such importation, what possible grounds can there be for the passage of the Payne bill on a basis of abstract theory, not only unsupported, but positively contradicted by the practical experience of fifteen years?

In one respect the case of the steam yacht is different, it is true, from that of the small sailing yachts we have instanced, the cost is materially greater, and just at the present time American legislators as well as shipbuilders can see nothing more than the sum of say $1,500,000 that is to go to the Clyde to pay for the steam yachts now building there for American owners. This is a great deal of money, but on the other hand the American builder who considers that he is robbed for the benefit of his foreign rival must take into account that while legislation may go a great way in saying what a man shall *not* do with his own, there is a limit, and it cannot say what he *shall* do. It is easy perhaps to prevent the building of yachts abroad, but it may be another matter to compel men to build at home a class of craft that they do not want, and that is what thus far the home builder is prepared to offer them. It is not impossible that, had the Payne bill been passed a year ago, Mr. Higgins, after a practical trial of the Columbia under charter, might have preferred to do his yachting by rail rather than to risk a duplicate of her; and that Messrs. Stuyvesant and Goelet might have determined to stick to sail rather than to venture into steam under such opportunities as would be open to them.

Apart from this, however, the question of the amount thus expended abroad, and in fact to a large extent of the difference in cost between the yards of the Delaware and the Clyde, are mere side issues. The main facts are that, as was the case about 1880 in sailing yachts, the average yachtsman does not know what he should and can have, or how to get it; he does not take the trouble to inform himself, but merely sends his captain to a shipbuilder to order a steam yacht. The builder, on his part, known little and cares less of the most recent advances in steam yacht designing and construction; he does not know how antiquated and out of date his pet models are; nor does he realise that the ordinary routine of building leaves him no time to improve them; and that he must call in the aid of a professional designer even if it does cost a little money. What is needed now in steam yachting is just such a shaking up of dry bones and dusty block models as the early cutters created in the sailing fleet between 1880 and 1884; and the way in which this must come is not through a cowardly protection, but through open competition; the placing of the newest of American steam yachts beside the newest of their British rivals. If they can stand the test, so much the better; if they fail then the effort must be to improve them and not to protect them.

Those who believe in the superiority of the American steam yacht may find it worth while to make a special journey to the classic shades of Gowanus, or what has been left of it by the garbage carts of Brooklyn, and inspect the very latest product of an American yard—the steam yacht Anita, launched late last season and in commission for but a short time. We have no doubt that she is really of American design; there is a freshness and originality about her that betrays the absence of the usual German or Scandinavian aid. She is a brand new yacht, the flagship of a prominent club, presumably costing a large sum of money. We shall not attempt any detailed description, as words fail us; but it is sad to think how many humble but useful articles might have been built out of the same amount of wood, iron and paint. One of the many novel features that strike the eye is the employment of posts modeled after the old four-poster bedsteads, and painted the same familiar dull red color, as supports for the boat chocks, running up from the rail, the effect being to give a welcome air of retirement and repose. Those who see this latest addition to the fleet of would-be "protected cruisers," even for the first time, are sure to know her, as there is nothing else like her afloat.

We publish with pleasure the following from the *Marine Journal* which is entirely correct so far as the opening clause goes:

We regret to announce that the bill to oblige American owners and charterers of foreign yachts to pay port charges on them has, after successfully passing the House, been hung up in the Senate through the same cause that killed the bill that would have raised the revenues of the country sufficient to meet its expenditures—a coterie of obstructionists with Senator Vest in the lead, who oppose anything bearing on the protection of American industries, who get their power through the misfortune of bad rules which prevail in the Senate and which enable a majority of one to kill any bill he may desire if he is long winded enough, even if the only cause is that of a personal grudge against a member favoring it. Senator Frye got the House bill favorably reported from the Committee on Commerce, of which he is the chairman, but gave notice that he would not call it up this session in consequence of the opposition as stated above, it being useless to take up the time of the Senate in discussion of the measure when it would be impossible to pass it. The bill is not dead, however, and renewed vigor at the next session of Congress will doubtless place it on the statute books, where it should have been years ago.

We sincerely hope that the Payne bill has gone to meet its unfortunate predecessor, the Frye bill; and that the legislators of the fifty-fifth Congress will find some other and less hurtful field for experimental legislation, and leave yachting to the care of those who know something about it, and to the healthful stimulus of fair and free competition.

Though the discussion of the bill has been entirely from the side of the large steam yacht, it must not be forgotten that its restrictions apply quite as severely to sailing yachts, and would prevent any more such experiments as the importation of Minerva and Clara, and would even go further in hindering, if not absolutely preventing, international racing. Nothing worse could happen to the American sailing fleet to-day than the cessation of all foreign competition, or even that due to the occasional visit of such a yacht as Queen Mab. So far as the prosperity of yacht racing and yacht building go, we can speak with a certain authority in the smaller classes, both as being interested ourselves, and for some at least of American builders who have profited by the present demand for the small raters. We should welcome gladly a provision that would admit free of duty the smaller British yachts and canoes; the introduction of such craft means a continuation of the interest in their races; under the conditions now existing, and little likely to be changed, it cannot mean a competition in either cost or quality that would put the American builder at any disadvantage.

The commonly accepted opinion of the Emperor of Germany is that he is at least original, if not deserving of a still higher encomium; but that this is a mistake is reasonably evident after the naming of his new Watson cutter, which was launched from the Henderson yard, at Patrick, Glasgow, on May 13. The name which he gave to Thistle when he purchased her a few years ago, commonplace and hackneyed as it is, has been transferred to the new yacht, and she will henceforth be known as Meteor II. The old boat, thus most inappropriately christened, has recently been named Comet, which is equally bad. His Majesty may be able to astonish Europe, but he evidently is not a success in naming yachts. The new yacht, which is at least deserving of a new and fitting name, will be raced in British waters by Lord Lonsdale, representing the Emperor, who is not likely to visit England this year. The stories about her as a possible challenger for the America's Cup are too absurd and indefinite as yet to be worthy of serious attention; she cannot challenge this year, and a thousand things may happen before next season.

YACHT DESIGNING.—VIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

Of the multitude of forces acting on a vessel, the buoyancy on the immersed portion of the hull, the force of gravity, the impact of the waves also on parts of the hull, and that of the wind on both sails and hull, the former is by far the most important. This importance, especially as relates to the stability of vessels, has been recognized for over a century and a half; and the two allied subjects, buoyancy and stability, have received the attention of many eminent scientists, both French and British. The general subject of stability, intricate and complicated as some of its parts are, is a most fascinating one for the student and investigator, and until a comparatively recent date the study of it has been confined almost entirely to this class, the practical builder or even naval constructor devoting little attention to it. Since the loss of the British war ship Captain in the Bay of Biscay some twenty years ago, followed by a number of similar disasters to war and merchant ships, such as the capsizing of the Eurydice, the steamship Austral and the steamship Daphne, the latter on launching, much has been done by British builders to put into practical application the experimental and theoretical work of such men as Bouguer, Dupin, Reech, Daymard and Dargnies. Through the work of these brilliant men, beginning before the middle of the last century, France justly claims the first place; but within the present generation the British builders and constructors, Messrs. Denny, Inglis, Barnes, White, Prof. Elgar and Sir Edward J. Reed, have made the study of stability a part of the everyday operations of the shipyard, achieving results of the greatest practical value. Important as it is, the subject has received no attention from American shipbuilders.

In no other science than naval architecture is there so great a difference between the conditions existing in actual practice and those necessarily assumed in theory as the basis for all investigation, as well as for the practical work of designing. This difference, due largely to the unstable nature of the great media, water and wind, which control all floating bodies, must be considered at all times by the designer; in fact his professional success will depend very largely upon the accuracy with which he estimates it. The actual elements of a vessel are so concealed and so difficult if not impossible to obtain, the designer must perforce accept some very inadequate substitute. So far as the mathematical part of the work is concerned, results may be obtained that are, in a general sense, absolutely accurate; but there still remains a wide gap between them and the conditions existing in the vessel in every-day service. No very great amount of skill is required to make a set of drawings of a vessel and to calculate with practical accuracy the displacement, position of C. B., C. E., C. L. R., metacenter and many other important elements; but it must always be borne in mind that these are the elements of the *model* or the *paper design* only, and not of the *vessel* built from them, however carefully and correctly the work may be done. The C. E. of the sail plan and the C. L. R. of the hull may be located on the drawing with very little labor and absolute accuracy, so far as all this goes; but the corresponding centers of the vessel herself are changing every moment under the influence of sea and wind, their positions, even for a certain force of wind and angle of heel, cannot be ascertained with even approximate accuracy, and if known would be of little value, being instantly replaced by others as short-lived. This particular case, of the adjustment of a sail plan, is typical of the indirect way in which the designer of necessity works; a certain balance of the C. B., C. L. R. and C. E. in the design of a known vessel gives some particular result, such as too much lee or weather helm, or possibly a perfect balance, in the vessel herself. The difference between the theory and practice in this case serves as a basis for deductions in the case of another vessel of similar type, or differing in a certain known degree. The method of the designer is indirect, and based on a very limited foundation of accurate methods, which stops with the mathematical calculations; but with experience and careful observation he is at last enabled to bridge very successfully the wide gap between theory and practice.

The working drawings of a vessel may be made with any desired degree of mechanical accuracy, dependent on the scale of the drawing and the time and labor employed; but there will still remain quite a margin of difference between them and the hull, spars and sails made by an enlargement from them. It is commonly assumed that with a sufficient number of accurate measurements, from a well-made drawing, the displacement can be calculated to within a very minute margin; but in the case of large vessels the possible errors in this one detail of the work may be both numerous and serious, due to errors in measuring the offsets, clerical errors in the lengthy calculations, the approximate character of many of the processes of computation, the actual errors that occur in getting out and setting up the many parts, the varying density of the water in which the vessel floats, and the difficulty of ascertaining the exact draft. However much they may be minimized by more perfect methods in the drafting room, the mould loft, on the bending floor and in the work on the stocks, as well as by the care and skill of the designer, these differences

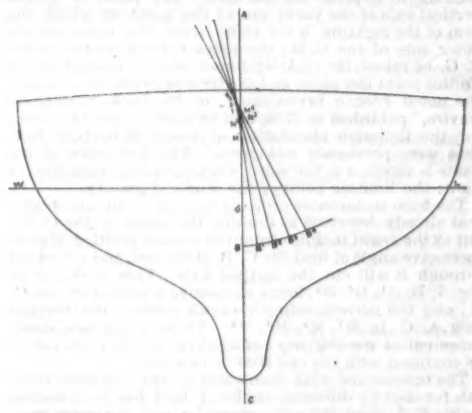


FIG 7.

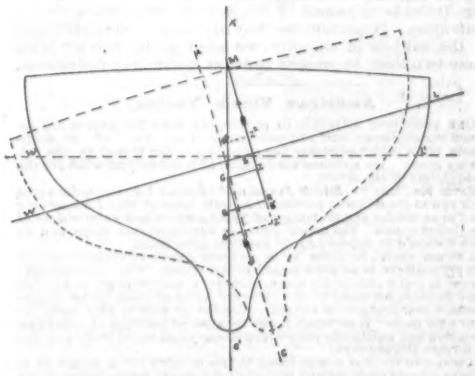


FIG 8.

A C—Vertical axis. W L—Normal load wateline, 15 degrees. B—Center of buoyancy, normal position. B1 B2—Center of buoyancy, inclined position. G—Center of gravity. M—Metacenter. M1, M2, etc.—Shifting metacenter. 1, 2, 3, 4—Pro-metacenters and metacent ic. G Z—Righting lever. S—Intersection of normal and inclined waterlines. W S W1—Emersed wedge. L S L1—Immersed wedge.

between the design and the vessel must always exist to such an extent as to demand the serious attention of the designer at all stages of his work; he must constantly bear in mind that the drawing, including the calculations, is one thing, and the vessel when afloat quite another.

This difference between assumed and existing conditions constitutes one of the serious difficulties encountered in the study of stability, resistance, rolling and similar objects. In that abstract study which is the source of all our knowledge of the laws of stability in a floating body, the basis is an impossible vessel, floating in perfectly still water, either motionless or heeled in one of two directions, longitudinal or transverse, the heeling force being constant and regular. When we contrast this dummy with the vessel herself, now heeling at a steady angle, the next moment with planksheer deep under water, pitching heavily into the hollow of a sea and then supported on its crest, her sails perhaps becalmed one moment and then filled out before a squall, we are led to wonder what useful relation can be discovered between two such dissimilar objects. Inadequate as it is, the study of the dummy vessel under impossible conditions is the only course open to the student, and he must make the best of it. We shall not attempt to go far into the study of stability; it is one deserving of lengthy and special treatment at the hands of an expert, as has been done by Sir Edward J. Reed in his valuable work, "The Stability of Ships," but it seems desirable here, in view of the frequent occurrence of certain technical terms in the public prints and the general ignorance as to their meaning, to define as clearly as possible these terms and to explain the general method of investigation.

The figures 7 and 8 represent the transverse section of a

yacht, the center of buoyancy, C. B., is denoted by B, and the center of gravity, C. G., by G. In Fig. 7 the yacht is up right and at rest, in a position of stable equilibrium; but in Fig. 8 she is represented as heeled, or inclined from the upright position by some force. Taking first the transverse heeling, as soon as the line A. C. departs from the vertical, the form of the displacement changes and is no longer symmetrical, a portion of the topsides being immersed on the right of the figure, while part of the under-water body is lifted out on the other side. In consequence of this change of form and the increase of bulk on the right side, the C. B.—that is, the center of gravity of the hollow formed in the water by the yacht—shifts also to the right, to a new position, B^1. In the upright position, the C. G. was directly over the C. B., one balancing the other, with no tendency to heel the yacht. In the inclined position, however, it will be apparent that a couple has been set up, the force of buoyancy acting vertically up through B^1 and the force of gravity acting downward through G; both tending to return the yacht to her original position. The arm on which these two forces act is obviously the short line G Z, at right angles to both; and the righting moment is proportional to the length of this arm. If the C. G. be lowered, as by the substitution of lead for iron ballast to a position G^1, it is evident that for the same angle or heel the arm G Z^1 will be lengthened and the righting power increased; and if, on the other hand, as by the substitution of stone or iron ballast, the C. G. be raised along the vertical line A C to a position G^2, the effect will be reversed and the arm shortened to G^2 Z^2, with a proportionate decrease of righting power.

If this process of raising the C. G. be continued, a point will finally be reached, as at M, where the C. G. will be directly over the C. B.; then, continuing the process a little further, the C. G. moves to the right and outside of the C. B. From this time on the action of the two forces is reversed, tending to capsize instead of to right the yacht; the buoyancy, still acting upward, tending to lift the keel, and the weight, still acting downward, now tending to depress the lee side. The point M on the vertical axis of the yacht marks the point at which the arm of the righting lever shifts from the inner to the outer side of the C. B; the point beyond which, if the C. G. be raised, the *righting* forces become *heeling* forces. To this point the name *metacenter* was given by Bouguer, the noted French investigator, in his book, "Traite du Navire," published in 1746; and to him is due the credit for the thorough elucidation of many important facts that were previously unknown. The derivation of the name is ascribed to the word *meta*, meaning measure, or limit; the limiting point of the center of gravity.

The term metacenter properly applies to but one point, that already described as limiting the range of the C. G., but as the vessel inclines from the normal position at each successive angle of heel the C. B. shifts out, and a vertical through it will cut the vertical axis. This is shown in Fig. 7, B, B^1, B^2, B^3, being successive positions of the C. B., and the corresponding verticals cutting the vertical axis A. C. in M^1. M^2, M^3, M^4. These points are sometimes called the *shifting metacenters*, but they are not to be confused with the one true metacenter.

The intersection with each other of any two such verticals for slightly different angles of heel has been named by Sir E. J. Reed the *pro-metacenter*, and the curve passing through a succession of such intersections (1, 2, 3, 4, Fig. 7) has been named by Bouguer the *metacentric* (*metacentrique*). Important as they are in any complete study of the subject of stability, we need go no further with these two than to present them as instructive definitions.

American Steam Yachts.

ONE prominent advocate of prohibitory laws for yachts has declined our challenge and virtually admitted the truth of our statements, but a boider advocate has stepped into the breach in the following letter. We welcome his defense, as it shows just what are the weak points of the other:

BATH, Me., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not quite agree with you in the editorial published in your issue of May 2 concerning the Payne bill for the protection of yacht owners and shipbuilders of the United States. The article certainly advocates free ships and as such it should be opposed by all patriotic Americans.

A steam yacht, in order to be granted American registry, should comply with the same rules as any other vessel. Why do Americans persist in going abroad for steam yachts? It may be to get something quite English, for many of our moneyed citizens seem to be Anglomaniacs, and probably the slight reduction in cost is also quite an item with them. It certainly is not because of inability of American designers and builders to construct a steam yacht equal to the product of foreign shipbuilders.

It seems to me that it is an insult to this country for a citizen of it to have a yacht designed and built abroad instead of patronizing home industries and spending his money in the land in which he earned it. The four large steam yachts now being constructed abroad for American yachtsmen will result in about one and a half millions of dollars going to British shipbuilders. This money should be kept in our own country and go to our own builders, or the revenues of the Government should at least be increased by the tariff and tonnage duties on these vessels if built abroad, for the class of men who have such yachts built are just those who could amply afford to pay it.

You say that the American steam yacht is a fraud of the worst kind and that with British yachts excluded such craft as Columbia and Thespia may sail about our home waters undisturbed on their claim of superiority to anything afloat, and those who continue to patronise steam yachts will have to be content with what the builders choose to give them. The representative American steam yacht is not a fraud, but it is to be regretted that so many large yachts that have been built in this country have proved such miserable failures. What is the reason of these failures? Simply because various firms have taken contracts to build steam yachts without having had any experience in this class of work, and without having any competent man employed to design them. Steam yacht designing is certainly a specialty and it requires considerable study and experience in order to make a man competent to successfully design this class of vessels.

There are a large number of excellent designers and builders of small steam pleasure craft in this country—indeed, the American steam yacht, up to about 100ft. waterline length, is unequaled in the world for looks and efficiency. Now as regards larger craft, no steam yacht ever constructed has a grander record than that of the American designed and built yacht Eleanor. In a sixteen month cruise around the world she steamed about 43,000 miles without an accident, excepting the breaking of two of her propeller blades. She proved remarkably economical in propulsion, and the foreign press unanimously proclaimed her a triumph of American yacht architecture and the finest vessel of her class afloat. For gracefulness, seaworthiness, strength, ability, efficiency, she floats to-day unequaled in the world as a large ocean-going yacht. The designer of the Eleanor is Mr. Charles R. Hanscom, superintendent of the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., a man who has made a great study of this class of vessel, and who has more recently designed the Peregrine and Illawarra for Boston gentlemen.

The Peregrine is now commissioned, having lately had her speed trials, and in these she proved remarkably speedy with the power developed. Her trials at sea have proved her seaworthiness, and as regards workmanship and excellence of design she is undoubtedly superior to anything of her size ever seen in our waters. The Illawarra is now being fitted out, and will be commissioned in about a month.

These vessels are a credit to the country, and tend to prove that the American steam yacht is not a fraud. Far from it; the American yacht designed and built by competent men is as far ahead of foreign steam yachts as Vigilant and Defender were ahead of the Valkyries. I do not mean to say that Mr. C. R. Hanscom is the only capable steam yacht designer in this country, but I speak principally of the three yachts he has designed because I know myself just what they are. We have other competent designers in such men as A. Cary Smith, Herreshoff, Gardner, Seabury, etc. These men have all original ideas, and with steam yachts designed by any of them I feel sure this country could soon prove that the American steam yacht is not a fraud, but a grand success.

I do not think that it is necessary for a naval architect, in order to design steam yachts, to sever his connection with a shipbuilding concern, but I agree with you that it requires certain peculiar abilities which can only be attained by study and experience to make a successful designer of this type of vessel. The more acquainted a designer is with the details of construction, etc., the better designer he must necessarily prove, and I think it is a great fault to find so many designers ignoring this most important subject.

The failure of the Columbia, Thespia, etc., has undoubtedly influenced yachtsmen to look abroad for their yachts, but before looking abroad they should have looked around in our own country.

Foreign builders and designers themselves often make mistakes, and without disparaging the ability of Mr. G. L. Watson to design yachts, it is queer that it has never occurred to certain gentlemen that he has never designed a yacht capable of capturing the America's Cup.

What we need is a law to make moneyed men look at home and seek to patronize home industry. We do not want them to look at a few steam yacht failures and then pass verdict on all American built and designed steam yachts accordingly, but let them look at our yachts designed by competent naval architects, and I feel sure that they will see in them a standard higher than that obtained by any foreign builders. W. A. F.

Our correspondent's letter covers quite a number of points, all of them interesting; we shall take them up, as nearly as possible, in the order of their importance. The first question is, what yachts may justly be called representative American craft? We have taken as such those built on the Delaware, and in particular those of the firm which can show the largest tonnage and greatest number built. The Delaware fleet includes Columbia, Peerless, Thespia, Atalanta, Nourmahal, Yosemite and a great many smaller craft. We are willing, however, to go further and include the Boston Wild Duck with her hideous sponsons patched on to her side. We recognize that the Bath-built yachts Eleanor, Peregrine, Illawarra and some others are superior to many of the Delaware-built craft. At the same time there is not one of these yachts which can compare in appearance with the Clyde-built craft such as Rona, May, Maria and Sapphire. In arrangement, workmanship and performance, Eleanor and her smaller sisters represent a decided and most encouraging advance over all the Delaware-built craft; but in appearance they are still ten, yes, twenty years behind. This is a matter which any man can decide for himself by a visit to Tebo's dock or the Erie Basin; let him compare Eleanor with the Watson yacht Sapphire, formerly Cleopatra, as they lie side by side; or Sagamore with Conqueror, Utowana or Intrepid. The spectacle at the America's Cup races last year was enough to open the eyes of the blindest advocates of American steam yachts; the British fleet represented by Valhalla, Sapphire, Conqueror, Hermione, Erl King, Zara, Ituna, Sultana, Corsair and Intrepid; the American by Columbia, Peerless, Nourmahal, Atalanta, Sagamore, Alicia, Electra, Wadena, Wild Duck and scores of smaller craft. In size, in coat and in numbers, the American fleet out-numbered the British; in fact many of the former belong to a far larger and pretentious class; but in appearance the odds were without exception on the other side. Excepting in appearance, and this we consider a prime requisite in a pleasure craft costing upward of $1,000,000, we readily admit our correspondent's claims for Eleanor's performance; but we would ask him, for information, being ignorant on this point, in what part of the United States her designer was born?

As we understand our correspondent, he freely admits that a great many American steam yachts are all that we claimed them to be; the only question between us is, which may justly claim to be representative: the many steam yachts, small and large, built throughout the country within the past fifteen years, or the few mentioned by him as built in one yard within three years.

Coming down to specific instances, we would be glad to have our correspondent name one large steam yacht designed by an American which cannot be surpassed by a British yacht of the same tonnage and class, as Vigilant and Defender surpassed the two Valkyries.

In our original criticism we gave due credit to the class of 100ft. or so for good performance and general excellence, appearance excepted; there are many very serviceable yachts of this class afloat and more, and better, are being built every year, but the majority are still crude and lubberly to the yachtsman's eye. Notably is this the case with the Bristol yachts; whatever good points they possess, they are painfully lacking in symmetry, proportion and a yacht-like finish.

The list of designers supplied by our correspondent is particularly to the point of our original contention; whether Mr. Hanscom is an American or an Englishman we are not aware; that he has turned out some excellent yachts we readily admit, but that his craft are in any sense up to the modern standard in appearance we certainly must deny. It may be contended that this is merely a matter of taste, but we believe that there are certain established standards of what is fitting and appropriate in a yacht, and that these are not reached in Sagamore or even Eleanor. The second designer mentioned, Mr. A. Cary Smith, after some twenty-five years of successful practice in sailing yachts, was called on last year for the first time to design a steam yacht, so that he cannot be included. Mr. Gardner, in the same way, last year turned out two steam yachts of moderate size, and so can hardly be either praised or blamed for his share in the representative American craft. The Herreshoff yachts we have already mentioned; they not only belong to a smaller class and a different type from those under discussion, but, like the Herreshoff sailing yachts, with a few such exceptions as Defender and Wasp, their claims for excellence rest solely on performance and not on appearance.

The Seabury yachts also belong to the smaller class, and it may be said that they are improving each year in appearance, as well as in more substantial qualities.

Our correspondent makes the point that a plea for free yachts carries with it, out of consistency, a plea for free ships. Accepting this statement for the sake of argument, we would say that there is nothing in the least consistent in the protection offered by the Payne bill; it is not protection to all Americans concerned in the production of steam yachts, but only to American builders. The American designer is in no way protected; owners may still, if they so elect, go abroad for the designs of their yachts, and builders may continue to seek the aid of foreign designers and draftsmen. Under the lax administration of the contract labor and other immigration laws, the builder may still avail himself of the foreign workman, as he has done from the very inception of metal shipbuilding in America. If protection for American industry is a good thing, then let us have fair and equal protection for all Americans, and not for one favored class, the employer.

In our opinion, the questions of free yachts and free ships are entirely distinct; the two classes of vessels are on totally different footings before the country. The ship is a means of profit from which the owner presumably derives a substantial return; and it may be fair and just that the owner should be taxed through her. The yacht brings in no revenue to her owner, but, on the contrary, is maintained at great expense, primarily for the pleasure of the owner, but in the case of a maritime nation ultimately for the benefit of the State in ways which we have frequently pointed out. The yachtsman asks nothing of the Government in the way of special bounties and subsidies, he pays his own way; and the very least recognition which a nation can make of the benefits accruing from its pleasure fleet is to exempt it from all unnecessary restrictive measures.

Sovereign.

THE steel steam yacht Sovereign, designed by J. Beavor Webb, and built by the John N. Robins Co., of the Erie Basin Dry Docks, for M. D. C. Borden, Esq., was successfully launched at noon on May 18. Sovereign is the fifth large steam yacht designed by Mr. Webb since he removed from London to New York, the others being Utowana, Sultana, Intrepid and Corsair. She is the largest of all, and, unlike the others, carries twin screws. Like all of the Webb craft she is a handsome and shapely vessel, and a yacht in appearance as well as name. The side view shows a bold, handsome sheer, the only defect being an excessive round of tafferail and archboard, making the latter the most conspicuous feature of the yacht. This defect will probably be remedied before the yacht is completed. The yacht is well arranged below and will be elegantly fitted. The workmanship of the hull, which was built under the superintendence of Capt. W. D. Dickey, manager of the yard, is excellent throughout. Mr. Webb has also designed for the yacht a very handsome outfit of boats, which have been built at the yard. All arrangements for the launch were so complete that the vessel went off promptly when the planks were cut just after noon. She will be finished as rapidly as possible.

Question in the Trial Races.

OUR attention has been called to the statement, in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 4, that Question was third in each of the trial races of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. last August, which is incorrect, as she was third in but two of the three races, being second in the second race. The official times of the first three boats in the trial races were:

	1st race.	2d race.	3d race.
Ethelwynn	3 16 15	4 06 06	5 58 12
Olita	3 18 09	4 12 48	6 08 43
Question	3 26 07	4 11 25	6 04 53

It will be seen from the figures that in the second race Question beat Olita by 1m. 23s., and was only 3m. 22s. astern of Ethelwynn. The error arose from the fact that in the official records of the races Olita was in each case named in second place, though by the figures she won only third place in the second race.

Huguenot Y. C. Open Race.

Saturday, May 16.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE racing about New York opened on May 16 with the open race of the Huguenot Y. C. for the 15-footers, 21-footers, cabin cats and open cats. The small class brought out six new boats: the Herreshoff Gnome, owned by F. M. Hoyt; Imp, designed and built by Thomas Clapham for J. M. Hamilton, of the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia; Two Step, a duplicate of Ethelwynn, the new boat recently exhibited at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, owned by Herbert Jennings; Guilia, one of the new Rigby boats, built at Canarsie, owned by H. G. Wey; two improved "Question" models designed and built by Huntington: Hope, owned by Adrian Iselin, Jr., and Willada, W. G. Newman. The only old boat was Olita, Com. Rouse, S. C. Y. C., sailed by L. B Huntington.

The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp	1 32 00	2 50 11	1 18 11
Olita	1 32 00	2 50 49	1 18 49
Hope	1 32 00	2 51 00	1 19 00
Two Step	1 32 00	2 51 12	1 19 12
Gnome	1 32 00	2 54 39	1 22 39
Willada	1 32 00	2 56 40	1 24 40
Guilia	1 32 00	Did not finish.	

Mr. Clapham, who sailed Imp, and Mr. Huntington, who sailed Hope, were disqualified, as not being amateurs.

The other classes were timed:

In the 20ft class Celia, Clement Gould, was timed at 1.11.00, elapsed, and Houri, E Burton Hart, at 1.12.40.

Weasel, T. E. Ferris, won in the cabin cat class, her time being 1.21 22. Nanioch won in the open cat class.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The May meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on May 12, with Vice-Com. Cruger in the chair. The trustees reported the election of Miss Susan De Forest Day as an associate member and Leonis B. Huntington, I. Dows, Henry Walters and Clinton H. Crane as active members. Announcement was made of the presentation to the club by Mrs. E. Mary Ludlow, mother of the late Robert Center, of the Cape May cup, originally won by Vindex, as a perpetual prize. For the present season Com. Rouse has given prizes to the amount of $500, and Vice-Com. Cruger and Rear-Com. Toed each to the amount of $250. A resolution of condolence on the death of Fleet Surgeon J. West Roosevelt was unanimously adopted. The special committee on town house reported a proposed plan for the purchase of a suitable site and the erection of an eight-story building, of which two floors would be devoted to the club, the remainder being arranged as bachelor apartments. The estimated cost of the scheme is placed at $165,000. The committee will go further in the consideration of the plan, which, if found practicable, will give the club a home in New York that will be fully adequate to its requirements and a fitting supplement to the fine house and summer station on Center Island. The house committee announced the formal opening of the club house on May 30 in connection with the races set for the 15ft. class. The race committee announced the following events for the season: May 30—First race of 15ft. class. June 20—Commencement of the trial races to select a boat to defend the international challenge cup for 15-footers, against the boat to be sent by Mr. Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, who has challenged for the trophy. June 27—Annual race of the club. July 15—Commencement of the international races. Aug. 29—Special race for schooners and the new class of 30-footers.

Serkara, schr., J. M. Fuller, sailed from Gloucester on May 3, at 5 P. M., bound for Rockland, Me., after fitting out at the former port. A few hours later she went ashore on the Londoners, off Thatcher's Island, becoming a total loss. Her owner and crew saved themselves in the two boats.

The Brooklyn Y. C. has elected the following officers, to succeed those who resigned in a body a few weeks since: Com., Peter B. Steele, sloop Dorothy; Vice-Com., J. H. Constant, sloop Aliris; Rear-Com., George R. Whitehead, cat Pilot; Trustees, A. S. Richoffer, George P. Foote and W. B. Wardell. The annual open regatta will be sailed on Monday, June 15, over the club's course on the Lower Bay.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo E Keyes, 198 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Canoe Light.

NEW YORK, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doing a good deal of canoeing on such a busy waterway as the Hudson, and almost half of it after dark, a lantern has been a pretty necessary part of my outfit.

I hated to mar the mahogany decks by screwing a lantern attachment to them, and so, after much thought, tied a headlight driving lamp to the bow painter ring. The lamp gave a splendid light, but tie it never so snugly, it would wobble in a manner calculated to beat the band—and a German band at that. And when it came to untying it in a hurry—well, I simply hug myself to think that that performance is a thing of the past.

For I have hit upon a combination which, I believe, is good enough to tell of to the rest of the fraternity. It is simply a B. G. I. star lantern bracket made for the largest size bicycle head, and a bicycle lamp with red and green side lights.

When the canoe is used as a paddler, a miniature mast projecting 6in. above the deck carries the bracket. A strip of leather on this mast prevents its turning in the tube, and keeps the light dead ahead.

When sailing under lateen rig I fasten the bracket to the top of the main mast; while using a fore and aft rig, such as the Baily, with nothing forward of mast, bracket can be placed just over jaws of boom.

The boat house is a mile from home and I always ride over on a wheel, and the same lantern does for both wheel and canoe.

Some of your readers may have thought of this scheme already, but if it prevents but one man from using the language which I did last summer, I will feel that I have in part atoned for my offenses in that direction.

I find that by placing the light up high on mast my boat receives more respectful attention and more of its proper amount of way, especially from row boats, than it otherwise would. E. T. KEYSER.

Wanted, Cruising Company.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend and myself have each a canoe. We are quite fond of canoeing, and last summer took several small cruises on the southern part of Long Island. It is our desire to take a cruise of 1,700 miles next summer over the following route: We start from New York, up the Hudson to West Troy, by canal to Lake Champlain, down the lake to the Sorel River and into the St. Lawrence, up the St Lawrence to Kingston; from there by boat to Oswego, by Oswego River and canals into Cayuga Lake; from here by canal to Seneca, down it to Watkin's Glen, by canal into the Chemung at Elmira, down the Chemung into the Susquehanna to the Chesapeake, by canal, etc., to Delaware Bay, up the Delaware River and by the M. & E. Canal home.

This is an easy trip through a good country and no hindrances but this: there are only two who will participate in it. We would very much like to have two or three more young men between 17 and 21—our ages are 18 and 20—to join us; of course they must have a canoe each and some canoeing experience. A. C. K.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
Frank O. Dean	Taunton, Mass	Taunton.
Fenno J. Sinclair	Webster, Mass	Tatassit.
J. F. Bicknell	Worcester, Mass	Tatassit.
Jesse Smith	Worcester, Mass	Tatassit.
J. W. Bigelow	Worcester, Mass	Tatassit.
C. L. Chapin	Worcester, Mass	Tatassit.
T. C. Orndorf	Worcester, Mass	Tatassit.
Parry C. Wiggin	Boston, Mass	Lawrence.
Wm. H. McAlpine	Lawrence	Lawrence.
F. B. Wheeler	Lawrence	Lawrence.
Marcus Butler	Lawrence	Lawrence.
Edward Laurence, Jr	Wellsley Hills	——

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
W. M. Clark	Peoria, Ill	——
Wm. R. Downing	Peoria, Ill	——

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 22-24.—Missoula, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—Frankfort, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 28-30.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, on the club grounds, Lake Station, Adolph Gropper, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Branchville, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

May 30.—Ogden, Utah.—First annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club; $300 in cash and prizes added. Open to the world. No handicap.

May 30.—Maplewood, N. J.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Maplewood Gun Club.

May 30.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Tournament of the Wheeling Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Penn, Sec'y.

June 2-6.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—Natchez, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club; $3,000 in merchandise prizes in State and open events; $1,100 of cash added to purses Experts eligible to first and second moneys only. C. S. Burkhardt, President.

June 9-11.—Davenport, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Dayton, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed Taylor, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Urbana, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, for amateurs only. Targets. T. L. Bells, Manager.

June 10-11.—Fargo, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—Urbana, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—Cleveland, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—Wopsononock, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—Springfield, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—Goshen, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—Chicago, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—Burlington, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—Marion, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later

October (second week).—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y-Treas. of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, announces that the fourth monthly contest for the prizes of the league will take place on the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club, at Maplewood, N. J., on May 30, at 2 P. M.

The Libby Rod and Gun Club, of Libby, Mont., was organized on May 11 with 16 members and prospects for many more. The officers of the club are: President, W. A. Hillis; Vice-President, J. T. Hillis; Secretary and Treasurer, D. P. Boyle; Captain, H. L. Van Wyck.

The New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game has engaged the right men to run the affairs of its thirty-eighth annual tournament, which is to be held on June 8-13, at Buffalo, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. W. H. Cruttendenr "Crutty," will be in charge of the State events, while Jack Parke, will preside over the open events. The finance department will be ably taken care of by W. R. Hobart.

The Wheeling Gun Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., announces its tournament, to be held on Decoration Day, May 30. There will be 12 events, and the total cost for entering will be $13.50. All contestants will begin shooting at known traps and angles. Those winning or dividing first money in any event will shoot at known traps and unknown angles in subsequent events, but failing to get a place will go back to known traps and angles and so continue. J. A. Penn, Sec'y.

The Third Annual Blue Rock and Live-Bird Shooting Tournament of the Montana State Sportsman's Association will take place at Missoula, Montana, on May 22, 23 and 24, on the grounds and under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. In their announcement the managers say: "The fellow who always keeps his squad waiting will have to shoot bareheaded in the next event. Any fellow caught kicking will be taken out to Fort Missoula and forced to try conclusions in a kicking match with a well-tried Government mule. This shoot will be on the dead square, and every shooter will be treated right."

In New Jersey.

SINGAC GUN CLUB.

May 12.—Everything was in first-class order at Bunn's grounds to-day. A large tent was pitched on the grounds for the comfort of the shooters, and a carriage was waiting at the depot to meet all trains. The ball was started a-rolling with a 10-bird match between Morfey (31yds.) and Hopper (29yds.), in which the former had the pleasure of paying for the birds. Following this was a 5-bird match, for $5 a side, be tween Lee and Post, which the former won with two birds to spare.

The birds were a great lot, as can be seen by the number lost out of bounds. Hopper could not hold his gun to his shoulder, this being his first shoot since breaking his arm. Post was shooting a clay-bird load, which accounts for his goose eggs. The scores were as follows:

Match at 10 birds:

Hopper (29)..........2221201111—9 Morfey (31)..........1210021221—8

Match at 5 birds:

Lee (27)..........21212—5 Post (28)..........•1210—3

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Morfey (31)	112—3	21212—5	2221212121—10
Hopper (29)	•—0	21111—5	10222211••—7
Post (28)	•—0	.....	100001••00—2
Lee (26)	10—1	2110—3	0121101•12—7
Bunn (27)	22•—2	22210—4	....
Hopper (29)	111—3	.....	....
Post (28)	•—0	.....	....
Morgan (29)		.....	22221•1212—9

No. 4.

Morfey (31)	2211111021012112102122122—22
Hopper (30)	121222•22•10•2221•0100022—16
Morgan (30)	1212•01022••2121•2222112—19
Post (27)	0•0•210122001001•0100010•—9
Smith (28)	2•1122•22122111000222222—22

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Morfey (31)	1•112—4	110—2	10 11 00 10—4	0• 10—1
Morgan (29)	1122•—4	1120—3	.. ..	11 11—4
Smith (28)	11220—4	2120—3	.. ..	00 11—2
Post (28)	•0010—1	0—0	00 00 00 10—1	00 00—0
Bunn (27)	22222—5	0—0	.. ..	.. ..
Lee (26)	01111—4	1122—4	.. ..	11 10—3
Bunn (27)		2•—1	.. ..	
Hopper (28)		...	.. ..	10 01—2

Nos. 1, 2 and 6 were $2 miss-and out, re-entry on first round; No. 3, 10 birds, $5 entry, two moneys; No. 4, 25 birds, $10 entry, birds extra; No. 5, 5 birds, $3 entry; No. 7, match, 4 pairs; No. 8, 2 pairs, two low men to pay for birds.

Dutcher.

WALSRODE GUN CLUB, NEWARK.

May 13.—The Walsrode Gun Club held its monthly badge contest to-day. This event was at 25 empire targets, 50 cents optional, four moneys. A race was also shot between teams of 6 men, captained by Perment and Leutheiser, in which Perment's team won by the fat margin of 21 targets. Then a series of 10-target sweeps was shot, in which 16 men participated. The scores follow:

Monthly badge shoot, 25 empire targets.

Leutheiser	1111111111111111111111111—25
*C von Lengerke	1111111111111111111111111—25
*G L Piercy	1111111111110110111111111—23
*L R Piercy	1101111101111111111110111—22
Luedeke	1111111111011110110011011—20
Bitz	1010101101111110111011111—19
J C Young	1110110111101111111110010—19
Reinhardt	1110011111111101100101111—19
Schorck	1111011110101010111011110—18
Perment	1111111011100111011001101—18
*Thomas	0101000110111101101011111—17
Koeller	0111011101110011011001110—16
Waldman	0101011011110011010110110—16
Winters	0101000000110100001001000—7

* Not members.

Team race, 15 targets per man:

Perment's Team.		Leutheiser's Team.	
C v Lengerke	111111111011111—14	Leutheiser	011111111010111—12
Luedeke	111111111011111—14	G L Piercy	110101111111100—11
Perment	011110111111111—13	Thomas	110111100110100—9
Koeller	111110111011111—13	Winters	110000100111111—9
L R Piercy	111111101111011—13	Waldman	001010111100100—7
Bitz	110001110001011—8—75	Reinhardt	110000010110100—6—54

Sweeps, all at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Luedeke	9	6	5	7	10	5	8	8	7
Winters	8	7	6	8	8	8	4	8	5
Waldman	5	6	5	5	5	6	4	..	6
Leutheiser	5	7	7	10	8	8	8	8	5
G L Piercy	..	..	8	9	8	8	5	9	1
Hepsley	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schorck	..	..	..	7	5	7	6	6	2
Bitz	..	..	..	5	8	9	9	8	7
J C Young	..	..	..	7	7	8	..	7	..
E A Young	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	9	6
Perment	..	..	..	..	7	9	5	10	9
Hobart	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	9
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	8	7
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	9
Koeller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
L R Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

HARVARD DEFEATS PRINCETON.

May 15.—The Harvard Gun Club defeated the Princeton Gun Club at Princeton to-day in the fourth match of the intercollegiate series. This is the first time Harvard has won the match; Princeton has won it twice, and Yale once. Yale refused to send a team this year. The match was at 30 targets per man. The scores were as follows:

Harvard: Shaw 25, Dove 24, Hardy 22, Kinnicutt 21, Harris 20. Total 112.

Princeton: Canning 22, Paine 22, Chichester 20, Farr 18, Kendall 14. Total 96.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

May 16.—The Endeavor Gun Club held its semi-monthly shoot at Marion to-day. The day was fine and all made fair scores. All the shooting was at 10 targets, known traps, unknown angles. At the last meeting the club offered a cup, to be shot for the coming year. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
G Piercy	9	7	10	7	7	9	6	8	6	8	8	9
Dr Mulrania	5	7	7	6	7	5	7	7	6	6	5	..
L Piercy	7	..	9	8	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
A R Strader	4	9	9	8	8	8	8	9	8	9	8	9
McPeek	..	10	..	6	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
Eames	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mount	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sealey	..	..	..	6	6	5	..	..	6	7	..	..
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	8	8	10	9	10
Wakeman	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	7	5	8

J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Kansas Live-Bird Championship.

Weir City, Kan., May 9.—The third contest for the State championship trophy occurred here to-day between C. H. Calhoun and W. W. McIlhany, both of this place. Our readers will doubtless remember that McIlhany first won the trophy in the open contest which took place last October. He was in turn defeated by E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, and afterward Hoffman forfeited the trophy to Calhoun.

The match of to-day was eagerly looked forward to, as each of the contestants has a host of admirers here and in the immediate vicinity. The weather was fine, and the high wind that was blowing was decidedly favorable to the birds. Calhoun was the first to go to the score, and started in with a miss. McIlhany killed his bird and at once assumed the lead, which he gradually increased, and at the end of the race was four birds ahead. McIlhany used his first barrel with much better effect than Calhoun, who had to rely principally on his second to score.

Mr. G. W. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., acted as referee, while the following were also present from Joplin, Mo.: J. A. Cragin, Geo. Stevenson, Tim Molloy, A. Dixon and C. Dixon; Taylor Cox, Carl Junction, Mo.; B. C. Best, Columbus, Kan.

The conditions of the match are 50 live birds per man, A. S. A. rules, challenger to put up $50 against the trophy. Winner to take trophy and money. The scores tell the story:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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            1 3 1 5 5 3 1 3 2 2 3 3 1 5 2 5 5 1 2 5 4 5 1 3 4
            ↙ ↘ ↘ ↖ ← ↙ ↙ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↘ ← ↖ ← ↗ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↘ ↗ → ↘ ← ↙
McIlhany....2 1 1 2 1 2 • 1 1 1 1 2 2 • 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 0—22
            3 5 2 3 2 4 3 4 4 5 1 1 5 1 3 5 4 2 2 3 4 3 5 4 5
            ↗ ↗ ↖ ↖ ← ↰ ↰ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↑ → ↑ ↰ ↰ ↖ ↰ ↗ ↖ ↳ ↖ → ↗ →
            1 2 • 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 2 2 1 1—21—43

            4 2 2 2 2 3 3 3 5 4 3 5 3 2 5 1 4 1 2 5 2 4 4 3 5
            ↰ ← ↙ ↙ → ↙ ↰ ↘ ↖ → ← ↙ ↗ ← ← ↗ → → ↰ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↙ ↷
Calhoun.....0 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 1 2—19
            5 2 4 2 5 1 2 3 1 5 4 2 5 4 5 1 4 3 4 1 5 1 4 2 5
            → ← ↗ ↖ → → ↖ ↰ ↖ ↖ ← ↖ → ← ↖ ↙ ↗ → ↑ ↓ → ↙ ↖ ↰ ↖
            1 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 • 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 0—20—39
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Paul R. Litzke.

Oritani Field Club's Tournament.

The first annual tournament of the Oritani Field Club was held on its grounds at Hackensack on Friday and Saturday, May 15 and 16. Although the weather on both days was all that could be desired, the attendance was very small, only 12 shooters taking part on the first day, while 25 tried conclusions on Saturday. Despite this, 15 events were shot on the last day, instead of 10, as originally intended.

The shooting was at empire targets, known traps and unknown angles, a style with which the club members are unfamiliar, their shooting being solely at known traps and angles. Louis Schortemeier carried off the honors on the first day, while Morfey did the best work on Saturday, closely followed by Henry. The scores were as follows:

FIRST DAY, MAY 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*
Steel	7	5	8	10	..	3	..	..	..	..
Bell	9	12	14	13	7	..	10	15	9	10
Horton	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Santiago	..	9	8	13	..	..	..	1	..	..
Schortemeier	..	13	13	18	10	..	13	20	14	9
W Irving	..	11	..	15	..	..	..	15	..	7
Fosdick	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sherman	..	..	13	15	9	..	..	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	16	12	9
Dudley	..	..	..	..	8	4	12	18	9	..
Edwards	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Prest	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..

SECOND DAY, MAY 16.

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*
Birds:	10	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	25	15	15	15	10	15
Bell	9	7	11	11	15	9	12	17	17	21	..	10	13	10	13
Raymond	5	7	6	11	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Horton	2	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	12	12	15	10	11	13	..	20	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	13	11	17	9	12	18	24	23	15	13	11	8	..
Edwards	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Irving	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cuba (Bell)	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Warner	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Count	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	13	..	18	9	11	..	..	..
Wise	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	14	22	21	14	8	14	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	17	20	19	12	15	..	10	15
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beaty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	.	11	12	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	24	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	23	..	..	..	..	..
Hammond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	10	..	..	..	..
Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	23	14	14	13	9	14
Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	23	15	11	12	9	13
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	9	15
Lee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Warren Wins the Cup.

Warren, O., May 14.—At the shoot of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Gun League to-day the Warren team captured the cup, beating Youngstown, its nearest rival, by no less than 11 targets. The shooting was at 25 targets per man, Interstate rules. Scores:

Warren.

Ewalt	1111111101111001111110101—20
Nooneman	1111111011010011101000011—16
Rummell	1111111111111111111111010—23
Schoonover	1111111111111111111111011—24
Sheldon	1110111111101101010100111—19—102

Youngstown.

Andrews	0100011110101111111011011—17
Chapman	1110010101111111011001110—17
Wheatland	0010111100111111111011111 19
Whitesides	1111101111111111011101111—22
Fry	0111111001111100010110011—16—91

New Castle.

Barre	0101101110111001011110001—16
Hart	1011101011111111111101111—21
Shaner	0110011111101111110001011—17
Alexander	0111111001100010111010011—15
Cunningham	1001111111111111110101111—21—90

Meadville.

Ehrgott	1101111111111001111111111—22
Prenatt	1001110011111101101101100—16
Smith	1100111100010100110101011—14
Johnson	1101001111101101100101110—16
Frazier	1000101111000111111111110—17—85

Greenville.

Reid	0110000101010011010110111—13
Harrington	1110100000001111111001000—12
Keck	0111100000101110010101001—12
Naylor	1010101100100011110001011—13
Snow	0111111100111111111111011—21—71

The next contest will be at New Castle, June 11.

J. W. N. Reisinger, Sec'y.

Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

Dayton, O.—The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, again extends the hand of fraternity to the trap-shooters of Ohio and cordially welcomes them to the annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League on June 9, 10 and 11.

Owing to a general demand for later dates, the executive committee of the League, in connection with the Buckeye Gun Club, changed the time for our 1896 meeting to one which we have reason to believe will be more acceptable to the League members and more conducive to a large attendance. We are prepared and will make welcome all who may come. The Buckeye Club will add $300 to the purses, and their grounds will be equipped in a strictly up-to-date manner. The rules of the League are strictly favorable to the amateur shooter, hence a large attendance of this class is expected.

We have every assurance that the 1896 tournament will be the most successful of any held by the Ohio State League.

Edwin Taylor, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., May 14.—The shooting to-day was at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules. Scores:

Maury	1011011111111011101110101—19
Gramling	0111101111111110101110001—18
Whitlock	1110001111000111101110011—16
Love	0011111001010010111011101—16
Hilliard	0011101111101100011011010—15
Meinert	1010110110001110110001100—13
Thornton	1001111101010001101100010—13
Stephens	1001001010001001100110100—10
Austin	0110000000001000100110100—7
Setze	1100000000100001000000000—4
Bailey	0001000000000100000010000—3

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

The Hazard Powder Company's Tournament.

Special to Forest and Stream.

Cincinnati, O., May 19.—From present indications the Hazard Powder Company is going to have a very successful tournament. This is what is known as preliminary day, but there are at least from fifty to sixty shooters in the city. This number should be doubled at to-morrow's shoot. R. S. Waddell and his brother Fred have got everything in perfect trim, and the cashier's department will be handled in a manner that is bound to satisfy both shooters and newspaper men Paul North and Jack Parker are both in town, Jack, of course, assisting in running the Blue Rock traps. The weather is rather overcast, but there seems every likelihood of a warm and fine week. Summing up the condition of affairs in brief, the Hazard Powder Company's shoot promises extremely well.

Edward Banks.

Columbia Shooting Association.

New Dorp, S. I., May 15.—The Columbia Shooting Association's final shoot of the season was held here to-day. Dr. Emil K. Schraeder finished first with 7 straight kills. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, handicap rise, 3 moneys: Dr. E. K. Schraeder (29) 7, P. G. Chadwick (28) 6, H. A. Schleuter (27) 5, J. G. G. Meyers (25) 4, F. Leibken (26) 3, J. J. O'Brien (27) 2, T. L. Ormsbey (27) 5, C. L. Claverley (25) 4, J. G. Anderson (26) 3, G. E. Schneider (27) 3, J. E. Schaeffer (27) 4, P. G. Harger (26) 3.

Amateurs and Experts.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will kindly give space to a new kicker I should like to advance a few ideas, some perhaps new, others not so much so, touching the condition and the probable, as well as the possible, future of trap-shooting. There is not another sport in so demoralized a condition, and to find the reason, and then the remedy if one exists, should be the aim of every true lover of the sport. Trap-shooting will never be recognized as one of the legitimate sports until a properly authorized body takes matters in charge and formulates rules and regulations which shall control absolutely every public shoot given, accurately define the amateur and expert, and so brand the professional that there will be no mistaking him. It may be claimed that there is no difficulty now in determing who is the professional, which is not true; but even if it were, are there not many men now shooting who under the present construction of professionalism are not such, yet are equally as good shots as the best of the so-called professionals, and whose work at the traps is equally as deadly to the dollar of the genuine amateur. These professionals and experts are winning 90 cents out of every dollar shot for at the traps to-day, and whose money are they winning? Not a cent from men of their own class, for they are all winners and not losers. It is the money of the 60 to 80 per cent. man, the feeder, who from love of the sport and the delight of exercising the eye and nerve at the flying target contributes of his wealth to the greedy gun of the insatiable expert. Don't let us hear anything more of the stale and untruthful assertion that it is the gentlemanly paid expert who really makes a successful shoot. How many are there of them at the average big tournaments? About a dozen or fifteen, as a rule; in fact, at the three big shoots recently given at Atchison, Omaha and Joplin the list would not reach twenty, while the number of entries in some of the events at Atchison passed the 100 mark. Now these few men won about all of the purses and added money, and contributed by their entry fees about one-fifth of the purses and not a cent to the added money. Can it be sensibly claimed that with the large amount of added money, merchandise prizes, etc., the entry list would not have been so large if these sportsmen for profit had been excluded? Look at the Joplin shoot, with $1,000 or over added money; will any defender of the present system, or rather lack of system, presume to say that the entry list would not have been twice as long if there had been any possible show for the man who gets a livelihood from a legitimate business and is willing to forego profits in his pleasures? And right here I want to head off the fellow with the old and impudent advice to the low percentage man to "go out behind the barn and practice," for it is well known that in the great majority of cases practice, such as is within the possibilities of the average man, will not make him a 90 per cent. shooter any more than any amount of work will enable a 2:30 horse to go in 2:05. It is a fact that but few men with any amount of practice can ever reach 90 per cent. or upward; a considerably larger number can go 80 or a little over, and below these comes the great crowd of 65 to 80 per cent. men, every one of whom, under present conditions, must either make up his mind to be robbed if he shoots at all, or else stay out entirely and keep his money, but lose his sport. It is a bad system which enables a handful of men to deny to another body, a hundred times greater in numbers, the right of representation at the traps.

Relief has been sought in handicaps, and many ingenious and brain racking systems have been devised to delude the sucker into the belief that he was getting a run for his money, but none have sufficed for the very simple reason that no system of handicapping will ever equalize the low and the high percentage men and keep them both shooting. Your expert will not go against a game which comes anywhere near putting him on a level with other shooters, and any handicap which does the genuine amateur any good bars the expert entirely; for he, like any other good business man, will quickly desert a trade which doesn't pay, and the fact that he makes a business of a sport cuts no figure in the matter, for must he not live?

If there be any solution to this problem other than an entire separation of the expert and amateur it is yet to be discovered. The only way to keep the sheep from the goats is by a dividing fence, and no theoretical barrier will do it. But says some one, "You are going to penalize a man merely because he excels, and are putting a premium on mediocrity." I am not; let the strong contest with the strong, and keep them away from the weaklings lest the flock be destroyed. The fact that a few men possess superior skill gives them no right to monopolize the entire shooting field and force the low percentage man to either pay them a royalty for the right to shoot or not shoot at all. Big purses of added money have temporarily kept up the entry lists, but men are beginning to find out that in contesting under conditions where they are bound to lose the size of the purse makes no difference, and even big added money will not much longer prove effective bait. The days of large gatherings of trap-shooters are rapidly reaching a close, if the present style of conducting such meetings is continued, and the cause is not far to seek. The proposition is simple and the conclusion inevitable. There must be sharp classification based on known records of individual shooters, and men of widely differing percentages must be kept apart, or we shall see a sport, unexcelled as a means of recreation and pastime by gentlemen, destroyed by mercenaries, and brought into disrepute, from which recovery will be impossible.

A. J. HAWKER.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., May 5.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at their new grounds at the Duck Farm Hotel, Griesemersville. The attendance was large and the scores were a decided improvement over those of recent events. The work of Schindel Weiler, the 14 year-old son of Judge Weiler, and the youngest member of the club, was remarkable, as the scores indicate. The gold medal was won by Porter and Hoke secured the silver trophy. The live-bird events were very interesting. The scores follow:

No. 1, club shoot, gold medal, 25 targets:

Porter	1111111101111110111111111—23
Rehrig	1111111111111111110011111 - 23
Hoke	1111110101110111111101711—21
S Weiler	1011110111111011101111111—21
A Acker	0111101111001110111110110—18
Kramlich	0111011011101011111111001—18
Miller	1000110110011111101011010—15
Heil	0010011011011011011110010—14
Shantz	1111101100001010010011000—12
Grim	0100011000110100111001001—11
Mohr	0110010000101100110000101—10
Erdman	1000010010110000001000110— 8

No. 2, silver medal, 25 targets:

Hoke	1111111111001111001111100—19
Kramlich	1000111001011011111110101—16
Miller	0111101101010011001110010 -14
Greasemer	1010000110101101111000110—13
A Weiler	1000001000000100100010010— 6
H Acker	0000010000101000100010000— 5

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Rehrig	11111112122—11	....	....
A Acker	11222022111—10	....	....
Heil	12122012111—10	....	....
Kramlich	11210112111—10	....	....
Porter	11101221212—10	....	....
S Weiler	11220012111— 9	....	....
A Weiler	21112101020— 8	....	....
J Weiler	22111010110— 8	121000101—5	11221211112—10
Greasemer	00221010111— 7	210102210—6	....
Mohr	02022002020— 5	....	....
Gillette	....	....	10222222 2— 9

E. A. MERTZ, Sec'y.

Bradley vs. Hibbard.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., May 18.—An interesting 100-bird match was shot here to-day between Bradley, who stood at 30yds., and Hibbard, who shot from the 27yds. mark. Despite this handicap Bradley won, but he did not have an easy time by any means; for had he missed his last bird the score would have been a tie at 76. The race was close and exciting throughout. The scores follow:

Bradley (30)	2220021122100120111102111—19
	1212010112101111101120122—20
	1211121201100:1210201 2100—18
	1111110120220210222222201—20—77
Hibbard (27)	1212022001221011101110211—19
	0201010122200251110121101—17
	1222202112211212222212221—21
	2201201112121020111121010—19—76

Referee—Harry Enos.

Burnside Gun Club.

BURNSIDE, La.—On Saturday, May 9, the Burnside Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot, eight 10-target events being the programme for the afternoon. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Dr Miles	10	10	8	9	9	9	9	10	Dalferes	..	6	6	7	8	..	5	10
Breaux	9	..	..	8	5	..	7	7	Boote	..	..	7	8	9	8	8	9
Dr Bringier	..	8	6	6	6	8	..	..	Mire	..	..	..	4	7	9	6	8
Tucker	..	6	6	9	8	5	7	9	Stuart	..	..	..	8	8	..	9	10
Gentry	..	7	8	5	6	8	7	9	Brown	..	..	..	3	4	..	4	4

W. P. M., JR.

On Long Island.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 12.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park to-day. Nine members turned out to take part in the shooting. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, Class A.—Helgans 6, Botty 5, Short 5, Thompson 5. Class B.—Selover 7, Bramwell 7, Wye 7, Woolley 6. Class C.—Matthews 5.

Event No. 1, sweep, 3 live birds: Woolley 3, Short 3, Thompson 3, Matthews 3, Bramwell 2, Helgans 2.

No. 2, same: Bramwell 2, Botty 2, Helgans 2, Matthews 2, Thompson 2, Woolley 0

No. 3, same: Thompson 3, Botty 3, Woolley 3, Helgans 2, Bramwell 2, Wye 2, Selover 2, Matthews 2

No. 4, same: F. Thompson 3, Woolley 3, Botty 2, Selover 2, J. Thompson 2, Van Siclen 1, Bramwell 1.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 12.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club's final shoot of the season, held at North Beach to-day, was well attended. The club shoot was won by Geo. E. Samuels, who had to shoot off for this honor with V. Bolton, H. L. MacTammany and L. I. Richard, all of whom tied at 6 birds. After the club shoot some sweeps were shot. The scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 live birds: Samuels (28) 6, MacTammany (28) 6, Bolton (26) 6, Longman (27) 5, Harper (27) 5, Dillon (25) 4, Nelson (26) 4, Henderson (27) 4, Schwartz (26) 3, Briodey (28) 2.

No. 2, shoot off, miss-and-out: Samuels 4, MacTammany 3, Bolton 3

No. 3 miss-and-out: Samuels 4, Schwartz 4, MacTammany 3, Hennessey 3, Dillon 2, Longman 2, Henderson 1, Briodey 0, Nelson 0.

No. 4, same: Schwartz 5, Dillon 4, Bolton 4, Briodey 3, Longman 3, Harper 2, Henderson 1, MacTammany 1, Hennessey 0, Nelson 0.

No. 5, same: Schwartz 5, Bolton 5, Hennessey 4, Harper 4, MacTammany 3, Dillon 3, Henderson 2, Longman 3, Briodey 1, Nelson 0.

No. 6, same: Samuels 6, Nelson 4, Schwartz 4, Briodey 3, Nelson 4, MacTammany 3, Henderson 2, Bolton 2, Hennessey 2, Longman 2, Harper 1, Henderson 0

EXCELSIOR ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 14.—The final shoot of the season was held here to-day. The shooting was close and interesting throughout, three men—Richards, Heimberger and Horton—tying for first place in the club shoot, which was finally won by Richards. The sweeps were also closely contested, the money being well distributed. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, A. S. A. rules: Richards (28) 6, Heimberger (27) 6, Horton (27) 6, Chauncey (25) 5, Henderson (26) 4, B. G. Williams (27) 4, Deegan (27) 5, D. J. Kingsland (28) 5, S. R. Williams (27) 4, Archer (26) 3, D. G. Kingsland (26) 4, Seegull (28) 4, Wilson (27) 4, O'Dell (26) 3, Jackson (28) 1.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Richards 5, Horton 4, Heimberger 1.

No. 1 sweep, miss-and-out: Jackson 4, Williams 4, Archer 4, Richards 3, Kingsland 3, Heimberger 2, Seegull 2, O'Dell 1, Williams 1, Wilson 1, Horton 1, Deegan 0

No. 2, same: O'Dell 5, Jackson 4, Archer 4, Richards 3, Chauncey 3, Williams 3, Kingsland 3, Deegan 2, Heimberger 1, Horton 1, Henderson 1, Wilson 1, Seegull 0.

No. 3, 5 birds, $2 entry, three moneys: Richards 5, Seegull 4, Heimberger 4, Chauncey 3, O'Dell 3, Horton 2, Deegan 2, Henderson 1, Williams 1, Wilson 1, Jackson 1.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

May 14.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park to-day. H. Knebel, Sr., with 6 kills, won the club shoot and first money. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, handicap rise, badge and three moneys: Knebel (28) 6, Skidmore (25) 5, Sands (28) 5, Vagts (25) 5, Vroome (28) 5, Brown (28) 5, Flynn (28) 4, Potter (25) 4, Timke (25) 4, Voorhees (28) 3, Smith (25) 3, O'Hara (25) 3, Rankin (28) 2.

No. 1, sweep, handicap rise, three moneys: Skidmore 3, McClosky 3, Rankin 2, Vroome 2, O'Hara 2, Voorhees 2, Sands 1, McGuinness 1.

No. 2, same: Smith 3, Voorhees 3, McClosky 3, Sands 2, McGuinness 2, Skidmore 2.

DOWN TOWN GUN CLUB.

May 15.—The Down Town Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Ridgewood Park this afternoon. None of the ten men who took part in the shooting succeeded in making straight scores in the club competition. In the sweepstake which followed the four lowest guns paid for the birds. The scores follow:

Club shoot, 10 live birds: Goetz (28) 9, Joost (25) 9, Zahn (30) 9, Bohlmann (25) 8, Muhs (28) 8, Lang (25) 8, Fages (26) 8, Steencken (28) 6, Muller (25) 6, Schweitzer (28) 4.

Sweepstake, 3 live birds: Steencken 3, Goetz 3, Zahn 2, Bohlmann 2, Joost 2, Muhs 2, Lang 1.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 16.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot was held on Dyke's Meadow this afternoon. The shooting was varied and interesting. Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 at known traps, unknown angles; No. 8, battery shooting, flat on back until bird is seen. No. 2 was the club shoot, and No. 3 for the Hegeman prize. In the shoot-off between O'Brien and Jones in No. 3 Jones broke 9 and O'Brien 10, giving O'Brien the badge. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	Targets:	*10*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*
Class A.																	
J Gaughen	9	22	9	7	9	8	5	3	A Hegeman	..	18	9	8	9	5	4	4
D Deacon	..	20	12	8	8	7	7	2	D Bennett	7	17	12	9	5	7	..	..
Class B																	
G E Pool	7	17	11	8	4	..	..	3	Dr Shepard	7	14	6	..	..	..	..	..
Class C.																	
J E Jones	..	19	18	7	9	7	7	1	C Fleet	5	15	10	4	4	4	7	2
Dr O'Brien	8	15	18	7	4	..	10	2									

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 16.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place to-day at the Liberty avenue and Enfield street grounds. Thirteen events were shot in which ten men took part, Remsen doing the best work. All the events were at 10 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
F Thompson	6	5	9	..	6	8	9	7	8	8	5	6	7
Remsen	10	9	8	..	9	9	..	..	8	..	9	9	9
Skidmore	8	6	6	..	7	6	6	6	8	5	..	..	..
McAdam	6	6	5	8	..	..	8	7	..	6	8	8	6
Wright	7	7	5	..	6	5	5	6	..	4	5	4	6
Coe	5	4	9	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bishop	..	8	..	6	4	6	..	5	5	6	7	7	7
Osterhout	..	..	..	7	..	..	6	4	5	6	6	..	..
Dr Littlefield	..	..	..	9	5	9	..	..	6	5	7	9	7
Van Lise	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

New York State Shoot.

THE advance programme of the New York State shoot, to be held at Buffalo, June 8 to 13, 1896, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club, shows a purse of $1,100 added cash and $3,000 merchandise prizes.

New York State events, open only to residents of New York State: $450 cash and over $3,000 worth of other prizes added, as follows:

Tuesday, June 9.—No. 1, 25 singles, entrance $3, $75 added; No. 2, same conditions.

Wednesday, June 10.—No. 3, 25 singles, entrance $5, grand merchandise; No. 4, 25 singles, entrance $3, $75 added.

Thursday, June 11.—No. 5, 25 singles, entrance $3, $75 added; No. 6, same conditions.

For ten best averages in above six events, $50 cash and merchandise prizes.

Friday, June 12.—Team shoot, four men to team, 25 birds each, entrance $12. First prize, Parker gun; second, cut glass punch bowl; $25 cash added; also other prizes. Lefevre medal shoot, miss-and-out, merchandise, entrance $1; birds included in all above entrance moneys.

Shooters cannot fail to get back more than the entrance in all above events, as the added money and merchandise amounts to several times cost of birds.

Saturday, June 13.—The Dean Richmond trophy event at live birds.

Sweepstake events, open to the world, $650 cash and an equal value in prizes added to open events.

Daily programme of sweepstake events, entrance $2.50 each, birds included in all entrance money: No 1, 20 singles, $15 added; No. 2, 20 singles, $15 added; No. 3, 20 singles; No. 4, 20 singles, $15 added; No. 5, 20 singles; No. 6, 50 singles (see below); No. 7, 20 singles, $15 added.

Tuesday, June 9—Event 6 will be the Gold Dust powder event. Cash and 1,000 loaded Gold Dust shells added (divided). Entrance for above $2, including birds and shells. Optional sweep, $3 extra.

Wednesday, June 10—Event 6 will be the E. C. Powder event. Handsome cup and $50 cash added. Entrance $3.

Thursday, June 11—Event 6 will be the *Times* event, $125 added, entrance $3.

Friday, June 12—Event 6 will be the Buffalo Audubon Club event. Handicap, open to all. First prize, a new $35 upright piano; second prize, fine Concord road wagon. There will also be added to this event several other prizes. Entrance, $5 straight. Optional sweep, $5 extra.

There will be added $160 cash for general average prizes for those competing in all sweepstakes during the four days, divided as follows: $35, $30, $25, $20, $15, $10, $10, $10, $5.

Mr. Wm. Cruttenden will have charge of State events. Mr. John Parker will have charge of open events. Some arrangements will be made to place the amateur where he will have an equal chance with the expert.

Boston Gun Club's Prize Shoot.

BOSTON, Mass., May 13.—The Boston Gun Club's weekly afternoon prize shoot took place to-day at Wellington, and the usual coterie of enthusiasts alighted from the 2 o'clock train, followed an hour later by the duplicate squad. The wind might have been a little less persistent; otherwise the weather was splendid, and chairs were conveniently planted on the platform directly in the path of the sun's warm rays.

Somebody has asked how we extract so much pure fun and enjoyment from these meetings, where no money whatever is placed on the sweeps, and the thoughtful and regular Wednesday attendant answers from the fact that the fair and just handicap system of distance, used without question or dissension at every live-bird shoot, is in the first place responsible for much of the pleasant and true blue rivalry, and from the fact that all hurry and bustle to use up a large amount of powder, a ton of shot, so many shells, so many thousand targets, etc., is interdicted and against the rules. The events progress leisurely and allow moments for the timely joke or "jolly," the prime hunting story or the well-developed fishing yarn. The only scheduled shooting is the prize match run in two or three events, as the case may be, the balance of programme arranged to suit those present, and a glance at our varied card each week is the best evidence that practice and not straight scores is the object in view. The 10 cents or 25 cents per capita on each event is never requested, much less desired. Birds are settled for at the end of shooting, and the handling of the mighty dollar is almost forgotten. Scores:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*
Targets:	10	10	10	7	10	6	6	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon	9	9	7	0	4	2	3	7	10	4	7	7	8	7	..
Brown	8	8	6	1	4	2	2	4	6	2	6	5	8	6	6
Sheffield	6	7	4	7	3	4	6	7	11	8	3	7	9	7	7
Miskay	7	10	8	6	8	2	2	6	11	6	6	5	7	8	..
Pond	7	6	6	6	4	4	2	8	12	5	8	6	9	..	..
Horace	..	..	..	..	4	2	..	..	10	7	3	5	5	..	..
Sears	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	4	8	6	7	7	8
Kinnicutt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	7	8	..	..	..
Bancroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	3	6	..	..	..
Nickols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	5	7	7	6	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	7	..	..
Sewall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	8	7	6	5	..
Greener	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	3	9	..

Nos. 1, 2, 8, 9, 12, 14 and 15, known angles; No. 13, same, use of both barrels; Nos. 3 and 10, unknown angles; No. 5, five unknown traps and angles; No. 4, miss-and-out; Nos. 6 and 7, pairs; No. 11, reverse angles.

Third contest in merchandise series, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Sheffield (15yds)	110010111110111—11	1111101011—8—19
Nickols (16)	111111101110110—12	0110101111—7—19
Williams (15)	011111111110000—10	1111101111—9—19
Miskay (18)	110111001110111—11	1100101110—6—17
Pond (15)	110101111101111—12	0011010011—5—17
Sears (16)	101101111111111—13	1000000111—4—17
Horace (16)	001110110111011—10	0011101111—7—17
Bancroft (16)	011111111001111—12	1000111001—5—17
Sewall (15)	111100001000101— 7	1111111010—8—15
Kinnicutt (16)	001110111101011—10	0100101101—5—15
Gordon (16)	010101011110111—10	1010010100—4—14
Brown (15)	001100001011010— 6	1000100000—2— 8

D. KIRKWOOD, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 12.—Regular shoot to-day, 20 targets, unknown angles.

	No. 1.	No. 5.
Nelson	01101111101011010111—14	11111100111111100110—14
Terry	11011111111011101111—17	10101101011101010011—12
Dornin	11011110111111110111—17	10110111111111111111—18
Scott	01101011110110110111—15	11110101110111101101—15
Moorman	11011110111111111111—18	11111111111011111110—18
Cleland	11111111000100111001—13	01110101000101111100—10

	No. 2.	No. 6.
Nelson	11101111010100111111—15	11111111110'1111111—19
Terry	01011101110011010001—11	10010011101110100111—12
Dornin	11110111111101110111—17	11111111111100010111—16
Scott	11111111111111101111—19	11111000011111111101—15
Moorman	11110011111111111110—17	11111000011111111111—17
Cleland	01101111000000110111—11	....

	No. 3.	No. 7.
Nelson	11111111110101111111—18	11100110110011100011—12
Terry	11111111111111111001—18	10000010010000000100— 4
Dornin	10100011110111111111—15	11111111111111010101—17
Scott	10110011111110011111—15	00111001110100012111—12
Moorman	11111111101111101011—17	11100110111110011100—13
Cleland	10001001110110010010— 9	....

	No. 4	
Nelson	11010010101111111111—15	....
Terry	00011111110111101111—15	....
Dornin	11111111111111111111—19	....
Scott	11011111110111011010—15	....
Moorman	11101010111111111101—16	....
Cleland	00100011111101011011—11	....

Darton Defeats Chisholm.

PORTLAND, Me., May 16.—Inclosed find scores of a match shot here to-day between W. B. Darton and H. A. Chisholm, for the championship of Portland and a small stake. The match was at 100 targets; first 25, expert rules; second 25, known traps, unknown angles; third 25, known traps, reverse angles; fourth 25, Keystone rules.

There was a fair attendance of members of the club and friends. Bluerock targets were used and the new electric pulls, which worked finely. Cliff Randall was referee, D. Randall trap-puller, and Mr. Waldron scorer. Walter Rich coached Chisholm and Herbert acted for Darton. The low scores are due to Chisholm's developing a bad case of rattles, while Darton had but recently recovered from a severe illness. There is quite an interest in trap-shooting here at present, and the new club house and electric pulls are highly praised. Scores:

W B Darton	1111001111010111100111011—18
	0011111111111111010100000—16
	1101101111111111111011111—22
	1111111000111111011111111—21—77
H A Chisholm	0111110111011111110111101—20
	1010100110000001110110000—10
	0101111111101101111110101—19
	1101101110111001110011111—18—67

THE DRUMMER.

Omaha Gun Club's Weekly Shoot.

OMAHA, Neb., May 11.—Inclosed herewith find scores of the Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot, held May 9. Scores:

Marsh	1110110111111111111111001—21
Dickey	0111101111111110111111001—20
Salisbury	1110111111001110111111110—20
Blake	1001111000111111111111011—19
McFarlane	1111111011011101100111110—19
Whitmer	1011111111110011010111110—19
Carmichael	1110110110110011111010110—17
Kenyon	1101110101111001001111011—17
Montmoreney	0011110011111100100111110—16
Peters	1111011011001111000111010—16
Johannes	1101101100111011100001110—15
Bryant	1110100000110101111111000—14
Reynolds	0011010101011110100000001—10
Coleman	1101100101000101000000000— 8

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., May 11.—The medal shoot of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club resulted in the following scores being made. The medals were won by Searles and Graham, the gold by the former and the silver by the latter. The shooting was at 20 targets, unknown angles. Scores:

Class A.			
C A Searles	11101110111111111111—18	Thompson	11011011101111011111—16
W Brayton	11111011011101011111—16	W Cave	01101111001111101001—13
J M Evans	11110111111110011101—16	T E Evans	00011011111110100111—13
J P Menard	11111110111101011101—16	F H Woody	10111000001101011111—13
R E Rogers	11111110110011111110—16		
Class B.			
W Graham	11100001011010011110—11	F Allinson	01101110110000110100 10

W. G.

The Memphis Third Annual.

A GREAT CLUB'S GREAT SHOOT.

IN writing a description of any large sport, the main difficulty one has to combat is the general sameness that attends all such gatherings. This difficulty in the present instance is luckily considerably lessened, since the Memphis Gun Club and its members know so well how to make things pleasant for its guests, and to impart a certain tinge of novelty to the otherwise monotonous bang bang of the rapid-fire system and the routine of an added money tournament.

We have attended many tournaments, large and small, but at none have we experienced a greater sense of being "at home" than we did while attending the third annual tournament of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club on May 11-16 Tom Divine and Irby Bennett are as well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM (and not trap-shooting readers only) that it is practically superfluous to say anything in addition to the mere statement that they were here, there and everywhere during the entire six days of the shoot. Wherever there was any noise, any large crowd or any hearty laughter, it was longer odds than dollars to doughnuts that either General Bennett or Major Divine was right on deck.

NOT THE ONLY ONES.

But Memphis does not possess merely these two. There are others. Messrs. W. F. Allen, Abe Frank, F. P. Poston, J. Duncan, J. C. Neely, Jr., and a host of others, all good fellows, all gentlemen and all members of the home club, who go to make a homogeneous whole that is hard to equal and that can scarcely be beaten. This was our first visit to Memphis, but we can now readily understand how and why the Western end of FOREST AND STREAM's editorial staff finds a sojourn within her limits so exceedingly pleasant.

As mentioned in our dispatch from Memphis, dated May 11, which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 16, the special car that left New York on Saturday afternoon, May 9, at 5 o'clock, arrived at Memphis at 7 A. M. on Monday morning, and the delegation on board that car received a warm welcome at the hands of the two Memphians first above mentioned. Two four-in-hands were in waiting and the 21 occupants of that car were driven in style to the various hotels of the city. This made a fitting close to as pleasant a thirty-nine hours' journey from New York city as one could possibly wish for.

THE BELGIUM'S STRINGED ORCHESTRA.

Leaving New York at 5 P. M., Eastern time, on Saturday, May 9, the special Pullman car "Belgium," save in the darkest hours of the two nights spent between New York and Memphis, was little else than a concert hall, with an appreciative audience. Leroy and the violin, Heikes and Trimble with their banjos, Gilbert's soprano, Dick Merrill's contralto, and any quantity of tenors and bassos formed an operatic troupe whose only weakness lay in its limited repertoire. U. M. C. Thomas is authority for the statement that no less than 365 verses of "There's Only One Girl" and 123 stanzas of "She May Have Seen Better Days" were sung during the trip. (We give U. M. C. as our authority with some trepidation, well knowing his usual custom of sleeping between every meal while on board a train.)

Once south of Mason and Dixon's line, the audiences at every station grew larger and more enthusiastic in their applause. "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," "Yankee Doodle," "Couchee-Couchee," etc., took well and made one realize readily the magic power of the muse. Soberly speaking, the stringed orchestra was immense, each one of the three artists being of an extremely high class.

Our route lay via the Shenandoah Valley, Norfolk & Western, from Roanoke to Bristol; thence by the Southern Railway to Chattanooga, and thence over the Memphis & Charleston R. R. to Memphis. Mr. J. E. Prindle, New York passenger agent of the Norfolk & Western R. R., Shenandoah Valley route, accompanied the car to Memphis, and aided by our chaperone, Tom Callender, made life on board the "Belgium" a thing of beauty. While speaking of this trip, special mention must be made (by request of several on board the car) of the really excellent dinner provided for the travelers at the Hotel Hamilton, the leading hotel in the city of Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

THE VISITORS' LIST.

The visitors came from all over. Twenty-one States had representatives present during the shoot. Below is a list by States:

Alabama: W. J. Vass, Mobile.

Arkansas: J. A. Woods (Jim), Earl, Paul R. Litzke, J. M. Pemberton, J. W. Dickinson and J. W. Irwin, all of Little Rock; J. T. Lloyd and W. A. Leach, Pine Bluff; G. W. Hughes and John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs.

Connecticut: U. M. C. Thomas, of Bridgeport, the U. M. C. Co.'s popular expert and representative.

Georgia: L J. Alston, Atlanta.

Illinois: C. W. Powers, Decatur; J. H. Robbins, Chicago; E. Hough, FOREST AND STREAM's Western representative.

Indiana: H. B. Hill, Aurora; C. W. Thomas, Logansport; J. A. Martin, Indianapolis.

Iowa: C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; E. D. Trotter, Kingsley.

Kansas: Lou Erhardt, Atchison; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth; C. W. Calhoun, Weir City.

Kentucky: Ralph Trimble, Covington; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove; P. Ward, Hickman; A. W. du Bray, Dayton.

Massachusetts: O. R. Dickey, Boston; B. Leroy Woodward, Campbello; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro.

Mississippi: C. W. Tway, Michigan City; Dave Porterfield, Vicksburg; H. L. Baker, Natchez; Alex. Smith, Greenville; L. D. Herrick, Scranton.

Missouri: Jas. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; T. J. Liles, Aurora.

Nebraska: F. S. Parmalee and G. W. Loomis, Omaha; C. D. Lindermann, Adams.

New Jersey: Ferd. Van Dyke, Dayton.

New York: E. D. Fulford, Utica; Sim Glover, Rochester; B. A. Bartlett, Lakewood; J. A. H. Dressel, New York city; C. C. Hebbard, New York city.

Ohio: J. A. Flick, Ravenna; J. P. Easton, Monroeville; Rolla Heikes, E. D. Rike, C. W. Raymond and W. Scott McDonald, Dayton; Shorty Bacon, Miamisburg; C. A. Young, Springfield; M. F. Lindsley, Cincinnati.

Pennsylvania: Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg; Will K. Park, Philadelphia.

South Carolina: Captain George Swan and G. Peterman, Charleston.

Tennessee: Andy Meaders and Tom Callender, Nashville; H. B. Lindsay and John Connor, Knoxville; J. B. Duncan, Lucy; L. W. Willis, Tiptonville.

Texas: Joe George, A. B. Critzer and J. M. McCormick, San Antonio; Wallace Miller and J. A. Jackson, Austin.

Wisconsin: R. R. Merrill, Milwaukee.

THE HOME CLUB

was well represented, among the members present and taking part being: T. A. Divine, W. F Allen, Irby Bennett, F. P. Poston, A. B. Duncan, J. C. Neely, Jr., W. Lewis, Dave Cockerell, S. Poston, Phillips, Abe Frank, H. Ballinger, Frank Schumann, W. G. and H. Thompson, Fred Schmidt, W. S. Yahnke, L. S. Robertson, H. L. Fassett, Tom O'Sullivan, J. C. White, H. B. Deming, D. S. Weaver, F. W. Taylor, P. B. Plummer, Jake Clausen, A. G. Brow, J. E. Heard, Fred Orgil, W. R. Sims and S. P. Walker.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

Among the lists above given, of course, many present represented firms of manufacturers or dealers in sporting goods. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company were particularly strong with Rolla Heikes, Jim Elliott, Ferd Van Dyke, Captain Bartlett and Irby Bennett; the U. M. C. Company was represented by J. A. H. Dressel and U. M. C. Thomas; Du Pont representatives were Ralph Trimble, Dave Porterfield and Fred Gilbert, the two former also representing the Hazard Powder Company. King's Smokeless was present in the shape of its inventor—the only Milt F. Lindsley; A. W. du Bray and P. R. Dickey represented Barker Bros.' guns; Charlie Hebbard was present in the interest of, and to look after the running of, the empire traps and targets of the Empire Target Company; E. D. Fulford came here to show what a capital combination Greener guns and U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition make; Tom Callender, of course, represented Laflin & Rand, but, to the regret of many of his friends, a cold contracted on the trip from New York caught his lungs and laid him up during the shoot.

THE MEMPHIS MYSTERY.

Monday, May 11, was the practice day of the tournament—at least nominally. As a matter of fact it turned out to be an all-day affair, with some 61 shooters on the grounds. Quite a nice little shoot, wasn't it?

There were four merchandise events on the programme, the entrance fees in these events being regulated by the number of entries. As told in our special of the above date, which appeared in our issue of May 16, Charlie Budd and Fred Gilbert did some very fine shooting, Gilbert breaking 132 out of 135, and Budd 112 out of 115 shot at. The "Memphis Mystery," event No. 5, was a special feature, and several guesses were hazarded as to what this event would be. Some of the guesses proved to be extremely accurate.

The conditions were 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.25 entrance, with the club's guarantee that each man who shot would receive a prize the value of his entrance fee. After the event closed Col. Frank S. Parmalee, of Omaha, Neb., by special request of the committee of management, distributed the prizes—a bottle of O. P. S. to each man, a brand of medicine well and favorably known in this section.

In addition to the above 5 events, two extras, 20 targets, $2 entrance, targets at 2 cents, were decided. Over 6,000 targets were thrown during the day.

THE NEW GROUNDS.

Since the tournament of last year the club has removed its belongings to new grounds, and is now located on the street car line to Raleigh, and about thirty minutes' ride from the city. Cars only run every half hour, so that it behooved every man to be on time or else enjoy a good wait, with only the muddy waters of the Mississippi to gaze on. The trip by electric car to and from the grounds is by no means an unpleasant feature while the weather is as warm as that which greeted us in Memphis.

The quarters of the club are not spacious, being merely temporary, still there was room enough for all, except during the heavy rainstorm on Wednesday afternoon. Three sets of empire traps were used, Charlie Hebbard coming all the way from New York city to take charge of them. A wire pull was used at the No. 1 set, electric pulls being used for Nos. 2 and 3. Of course empire targets were thrown during the shoot.

In the cashier's office were Cashier C. Bartlett Hills, who has acted in this capacity at every shoot the club has ever held, and his able assistant, J. L. Sellers. These important officials were located in a cage of galvanized wire netting on the western end of the porch that surrounds three sides of the club house. The shoot was managed by Elmer E. Shaner, so that nothing need be said about that portion of the work of the tournament.

After the above brief introduction, it will be in order to review each day's work in detail.

FIRST DAY, MAY 12.

After the preliminary practice of yesterday, with over sixty shooters on the grounds, everybody looked for an entry list of 100 at least in event No. 1. When that event finally closed the cashier's books showed that there were just 101 entries, a big list indeed.

The early morning hours were deliciously cool, owing to the heavy, but brief, downpour of the previous afternoon. But when the sun got away up in the heavens the heat was very severe, especially on those who came from the northern and northeastern portions of the United States. Even the breezes that swept loose pieces of paper into the air had nothing cool in them. We just sat still, perspired and generally enjoyed ourselves. There was no difficulty about the latter feat, thanks to the Memphis Gun Club and its members, all of whom saw to it that its guests did not lack in any particular. Of course, Tom Divine and Irby Bennett were the busiest men on the ground (not including Elmer Shaner), and how either of them managed to break over 80 per cent. is a mystery to us just at present. Irby broke 86 per cent. after shooting himself out of a place in No. 6.

The shooting was not hard, the targets only going between 40 and 45yds. so far as we could judge, but still there was something that spoiled straights just when they looked certainties. Not that there were not lots of straight scores, on the contrary there were any number of them; six out of the sixty shooters in event No. 5 scoring 25 straight.

CHAN POWERS'S GOOD WORK.

Chan Powers carried off the honors of the day, losing only 1 target out of his first 105, and only 5 out of 165 shot at. Charlie Budd kept up the good work by losing 8 out of the same number. Captain Bartlett and Frank Parmalee were tied for third place with 11 lost birds. Critzer, of San Antonio, and his 16-gauge gun, did wonders to-day, making a run of over 65 straight, Rolla Heikes being credited with the same run. Gilbert, who tied with Budd in yesterday's practice events, did not keep quite up to the same notch, but still he landed with a percentage of 92.1 for 165 shot at.

ENTRIES AVERAGED 71.

The total number of entries in to-day's event was 568, making an average for the 8 programme events of just 71 entries; 101 in No. 1 and 60 in No. 5 were high and low water mark respectively. Including an extra with 21 entries in it, just 12,080 targets were thrown during the day. In the extra, Wheeler and Gilbert made straight scores. Below is a table giving, in order of merit, the totals and percentages of the

SCORES OF MAY 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Powers	20	20	19	20	25	19	19	18	165	160	96.9
Budd	19	19	20	18	25	18	19	20	165	157	95.1
Bartlett	18	20	20	19	22	18	17	20	165	154	93.3
Parmalee	19	18	17	20	23	19	19	19	165	154	93.3
Dickey	19	20	18	18	21	19	20	18	165	153	92.7
Gilbert	17	19	18	19	24	16	20	19	165	152	92.1
Grimm	19	20	19	19	22	18	20	18	165	152	92.1
Elliott	17	19	18	16	25	18	20	18	165	151	91.5
Heikes	17	17	18	17	25	20	20	17	165	151	91.5
Wheeler	19	20	15	20	23	17	19	18	165	151	91.5
Lindermann	18	19	18	18	23	18	18	18	165	150	90.9
McDonald	16	18	18	16	24	19	19	20	165	150	90.9
Critzer	17	17	17	20	25	20	14	19	165	149	90.3
Easton	17	19	17	18	25	17	17	19	165	149	90.3
Hill	18	17	17	18	25	17	19	18	165	149	90.3
Raymond	17	18	18	19	24	20	15	18	165	149	90.3
Rike	16	20	18	18	22	16	20	19	165	149	90.3
Connor	18	18	17	17	24	19	17	18	165	148	89.7
Merrill	17	18	20	17	20	20	19	17	165	148	89.7
Trimble	19	18	16	18	22	18	17	20	165	148	89.7
Cockerill	18	..	..	17	23	19	18	16	125	111	88.8
Trotter	16	18	16	19	22	17	19	19	165	146	88.4
Fulford	18	17	18	17	23	18	19	15	165	145	87.8
Gay	17	19	19	17	24	16	16	16	165	144	87.2
Miller	19	20	17	16	21	15	17	19	165	144	87.2
Allen	15	18	17	18	24	17	17	17	165	143	86.6
Meaders	18	17	15	16	23	17	19	18	165	143	86.6
Sexton	14	20	18	16	22	19	16	18	166	143	86.6
Austin	17	17	..	18	..	..	..	..	60	52	86.6
Bennett	17	15	16	17	24	14	17	18	165	142	86
Glover	18	15	18	17	20	17	17	20	165	142	86
Leroy	16	18	14	19	23	18	18	16	165	142	86
Van Dyke	19	19	16	17	20	19	16	16	165	142	86
Jerry	14	15	17	18	24	18	19	16	165	141	85.4
Young	17	19	16	19	19	19	15	17	165	141	85.4
Peters	16	19	16	..	..	..	..	..	60	51	85
A Duncan	18	18	15	20	19	14	19	17	165	140	84.8
George	17	18	19	19	21	16	14	17	165	139	84.2
Vass	15	16	19	15	21	18	18	16	165	138	83.6
J Duncan	19	15	16	14	23	14	19	18	165	138	83.6
Martin	16	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	60	50	83.6
Shorty Bacon	19	16	17	18	22	19	16	15	165	137	83
Erhardt	15	17	16	15	21	17	17	19	165	137	83
Porterfield	20	18	17	16	20	13	17	16	165	137	83
Leach	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	40	33	82.5
Edwards	17	16	17	17	22	18	14	15	165	136	82.4
Loomis	17	17	18	18	21	14	16	18	165	136	82.4
Tway	19	19	17	16	18	20	17	17	165	136	82.4
Calhoun	12	16	16	18	23	19	19	17	165	135	81.8
Liles	16	19	16	15	21	16	16	16	165	135	81.8
A Smith	20	17	18	18	20	16	18	19	165	135	81.8
Swan	17	16	14	17	23	15	14	19	165	135	81.8
C W Thomas	18	19	17	16	19	16	14	16	165	135	81.8
Clausen	16	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	60	49	81.6
Taylor	17	..	..	15	..	..	..	17	60	49	81.6
Divine	17	16	17	19	17	15	16	17	165	134	81.2
Peterman	17	14	15	15	23	16	16	16	165	133	80.6
Frank	18	16	16	16	23	18	17	14	165	132	80
F Poston	15	17	16	18	19	15	16	16	165	132	80
Dickinson	15	18	16	15	..	..	..	16	100	80	80
Lindsley	18	15	16	18	..	18	..	..	100	80	80
Ward	15	14	16	15	..	..	18	..	100	79	79
White	18	18	16	16	18	18	15	16	165	130	78.7
Jackson	15	14	16	16	17	18	18	15	165	129	78.1
Neely	18	15	17	16	18	19	14	16	165	128	77.5
Plummer	16	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	40	31	77.5
Lindsay	17	16	16	18	23	15	15	12	165	126	76.3
U M C	14	16	12	13	23	15	16	16	165	124	75.1
Pemberton	16	15	16	13	..	..	..	15	100	75	75
Schmidt	15	16	15	14	..	..	..	..	80	60	75
H Thompson	16	14	..	15	..	14	..	..	80	59	73.7
Lloyd	15	11	..	16	..	..	..	16	80	58	72.5
Robertson	13	18	..	17	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
W Thompson	13	15	..	15	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Herrick	17	16	11	15	21	9	14	15	165	118	71.5
Willis	14	11	12	11	21	9	14	..	145	102	70.3
Jim	14	..	..	14	..	..	..	14	60	42	70
Irwin	11	12	16	16	..	..	..	15	100	70	70
Baker	13	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	40	26	65
Demming	13	13	14	10	..	..	..	..	80	50	62.5
Harris	10	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Earl	13	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	40	23	57.5
Sullivan	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	21	52.5

Out of the above 101 shooters 56 shot through the entire programme.

Following is a list of those who took part in only one event during the day: Yahnke 11, Fassett 12, Weaver 13, Brown 11, Heard 8, Orgill 10, Lewis 10, S. Poston 8, Malloy 13, McKinney 8, Philips 8, Robbins 17, Ballinger 15, Schuman 11, Deitz 5, Litzke 10, Simms 8, Armstrong 8. Deducting the above list of 18 shooters from the total of 101 on the grounds, we have a total of 83 shooters who took part in more than one event.

SECOND DAY, MAY 13.

Rain and wind played quite a part in to-day's programme. During the night and early morning rain fell in the city in torrents, but strangely enough the storms missed the club's grounds, following the Mississippi and leaving everything around the club house and traps as dusty as ever. A strong wind, however, blew all day and cut the scores down quite materially, only nine men breaking better than 90 per cent., as against seventeen men yesterday.

About 3:30 P. M. a dense black cloud gathered over Memphis and came up very fast, driven by a strong wind. This time it did not miss the shooting park, but for an hour or so came down in solid sheets, satisfactorily (to farmers at least) moistening the soil that had not felt a drop of rain for some three weeks. Just prior to the downpour, and while the last squad of event No. 7 and the first two squads of No. 8 were shooting their strings, the wind was blowing a gale. It didn't do a thing to the targets, the empires dipping, scooting and towering in a most interesting fashion.

Charlie Budd led to-day with a percentage of 93.9; Glover, Leroy and Rike being next to him and only one target behind his total. Grimm was fifth with 91.5, his 20 straight in No. 8 netting him over $50.

The scores show that seventy shooters took part in to-day's events. The entries average just 59¼. There were 64 in No. 1, 54 in No. 2, 60 in No. 3, 58 in No. 4, 59 in No. 5, 64 in No. 6, 59 in No. 7 and 56 in No. 8. The total number of targets thrown to-day was 9,775.

The table below tells the rest of the story, the shooters again being placed in order of merit.

SCORES OF MAY 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Budd	20	18	20	18	23	20	20	16	165	155	93.9
Glover	20	19	18	19	24	17	18	19	165	154	93.3
Leroy	19	18	19	20	24	18	19	17	165	154	93.3
Rike	19	18	20	18	23	19	19	18	165	154	93.3
Grimm	17	18	18	19	23	18	18	20	165	151	91.5
Elliott	20	19	19	20	20	16	18	18	165	150	90.9
George	19	19	17	20	22	19	18	16	165	150	90.9
Parmalee	20	18	19	20	21	18	16	17	165	149	90.3
Wheeler	18	15	20	19	22	17	19	19	165	149	90.3
Bartlett	18	18	18	19	21	18	18	18	165	148	89.7
Gilbert	18	17	18	17	23	18	18	19	165	148	89.7
Heikes	19	17	19	17	23	19	20	15	165	148	89.7
Loomis	18	18	17	19	23	16	19	17	165	147	89.1
Easton	17	15	18	19	23	18	19	17	165	146	88.4
Powers	18	18	18	18	22	17	19	16	165	146	88.4
Connor	18	18	19	16	20	19	17	18	165	145	87.8
Dickey	17	19	16	17	23	18	19	16	165	145	87.8
Fulford	19	17	20	16	19	17	19	18	165	145	87.8
Calhoun	14	17	19	19	23	15	18	19	165	144	87.2
Gay	18	19	16	19	22	18	15	17	165	144	87.2
Hill	19	18	16	20	23	12	18	17	165	143	86.6
Young	17	17	19	16	22	18	15	19	165	143	86.6
Critzer	18	17	18	15	20	20	19	15	165	142	86
Meaders	18	17	19	19	22	16	16	15	165	142	86
Sexton	17	18	18	17	22	19	19	17	165	142	86
Van Dyke	18	19	18	14	21	17	16	19	165	142	86
Miller	18	18	18	15	20	20	19	18	165	141	85.4
Raymond	19	17	18	19	21	18	18	18	165	141	85.4
Trimble	16	16	19	19	21	16	17	17	165	141	85.4
White	17	18	17	17	23	18	15	16	165	141	85.4
Shorty Bacon	17	16	19	18	20	15	18	17	165	140	84.8
Trotter	16	18	17	18	22	17	16	16	165	140	84.8
Swan	16	16	17	17	19	16	18	19	165	138	83.6
A Duncan	16	17	[illegible]	17	17	18	15	19	165	137	83
Lindermann	16	16	15	19	23	14	16	18	165	137	83
Vass	17	16	18	16	23	18	18	16	165	137	83
Erhardt	17	17	18	17	19	16	16	16	165	136	82.4
McDonald	16	14	18	17	22	16	18	14	165	135	81.8
Sumpter	18	16	20	18	21	16	10	16	165	135	81.8
J Duncan	17	16	16	16	22	17	15	15	165	134	81.2
Jackson	17	16	14	19	14	18	19	17	165	134	81.2
Porterfield	18	19	15	14	24	15	15	16	165	134	81.2
Allen	15	17	17	18	21	17	15	18	165	133	80.6
Divine	19	15	18	17	18	17	16	18	165	133	80.6
Frank	16	16	13	17	22	18	17	12	165	131	79.3
Hughes	18	14	14	16	20	17	15	16	165	130	78.7
Lindsay	16	18	16	18	22	18	15	17	165	130	78.7
U M C	16	..	18	..	..	..	13	..	60	47	78.3
Poston	15	..	18	18	17	17	16	12	145	113	77.9
Tway	17	19	16	17	20	10	14	..	145	113	77.9
Jerry	16	16	17	16	15	14	16	18	165	128	77.5
McCormick	19	14	15	18	20	15	16	10	165	127	76.9
C W Thomas	16	19	16	15	21	16	..	..	125	95	76
A Smith	18	14	17	16	w	18	11	15	145	109	75.1
Lindsley	14	..	16	16	..	14	..	..	80	60	75
Cockerill	18	..	..	..	18	..	..	12	65	48	73.8
Bennett	14	13	13	17	21	15	13	15	165	121	73.3
Herrick	..	..	..	..	17	..	16	..	45	33	73.3
Schmidt	14	..	16	..	..	14	..	..	60	44	73.3
Peterman	17	..	12	15	20	8	..	15	125	87	69.6
Baker	13	..	..	15	14	13	15	..	105	70	66.6
Ward	13	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	40	26	65
Willis	10	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	40	26	65
F Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	11	60	37	61.6
Robertson	13	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	40	23	57.5
Birdsong	..	..	13	13	10	14	11	6	125	67	53.6
Leach	10	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	60	32	53.3

The following shot in only one event: Popham, 12 out of 25 in No. 5; Lloyd, 13 out of 20 in No. 6; Edwards, 15 out of 20 in No. 7.

THIRD DAY, MAY 14.

This was just about a perfect day: clear sky, cool air and a gentle breeze, with no dust to fill one's eyes, nose or ears. Naturally some rattling good work was done by the shooters, 11 out of the 43 that shot through to-day's programme making better than 90 per cent. Dickey struck a hot gait and, but for losing 3 targets in the last event, would have come close to touching Chan Powers's great record of the first day. As it was he led the procession with a percentage of 94.5, Heikes being close after him with one break less to his credit. Rolla commenced the day with two straights, ending it with another of the same kind. Bartlett and Budd were tied for third and fourth places, Elliott, Parmalee and Powers being bunched together only a single break behind.

The scores show that 64 shooters took part in the 8 programme events. The entries averaged a fraction over 51, a good showing for the third day of a shoot. In addition to shooting out the programme (which was finished at 3:30 P. M.), three extras were shot, one at 20 targets, $2 entrance, and two at 5 pairs, $1.50 entrance. In extra No. 1, 20 targets, 17 entries, Leroy, Van Dyke and Wheeler broke straight, Bartlett and Gilbert making 19 each. The first event at pairs, extra No. 2, was won by John Connor with 9, Glover and Milt Lindsley dividing second with 8 each. Extra No. 3, same as last event, was won by Wheeler with 9, McCormick, Tway, Porterfield and Smith dividing second on 7 each.

Including the extra events shot as above, our scores show that 9,060 targets were thrown to-day, only 715 less than yesterday. Below, in order of merit, is a table of the

SCORES OF MAY 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Dickey	18	20	19	20	23	19	20	17	165	156	94.5
Heikes	20	20	18	19	24	18	16	20	165	155	93.9
Bartlett	18	17	19	18	23	18	20	20	165	153	92.7
Budd	18	19	18	19	24	18	17	20	165	153	92.7
Elliott	18	19	19	20	23	15	18	20	165	152	92.1
Parmalee	17	17	18	18	24	19	20	19	165	152	92.1
Powers	18	19	18	19	24	17	18	19	165	152	92.1
Leroy	19	18	19	19	23	18	19	16	165	151	91.5
Raymond	19	18	18	19	24	14	20	19	165	151	91.5
Wheeler	16	18	19	19	23	18	19	18	165	150	90.9
Connor	18	18	19	17	23	17	18	19	165	149	90.3
Fulford	19	20	18	15	21	19	19	16	165	147	89.1
Gilbert	19	19	18	16	23	17	20	15	165	147	89.1
Glover	18	19	17	20	24	15	18	16	165	147	89.1
Merrill	15	19	19	18	24	16	19	17	165	147	89.1
Trimble	19	18	17	18	20	17	19	19	165	147	89.1
Hill	20	18	15	19	21	16	18	19	165	146	88.4
Rike	19	17	16	19	21	16	19	19	165	146	88.4
Shorty Bacon	18	19	17	18	23	18	17	16	165	146	88.4
Trotter	19	17	17	18	23	16	18	18	165	146	88.4
Van Dyke	19	16	18	17	21	16	20	19	165	146	88.4
Lindermann	19	15	18	18	22	17	19	17	165	145	87.8
Miller	18	17	17	17	21	18	19	18	165	145	87.8
George	17	17	17	20	21	17	19	16	165	144	87.2
Grimm	16	16	15	17	23	20	19	18	165	144	87.2
Allen	..	..	16	17	..	19	18	17	100	87	87
Critzer	18	17	19	20	22	13	19	16	165	143	86.6
Porterfield	15	18	19	16	23	20	18	19	165	143	86.6
Sexton	19	16	18	19	22	19	16	19	165	143	86.6
A Duncan	18	..	17	17	..	16	16	20	120	104	86.6
Young	18	17	18	19	20	18	16	16	165	142	86
Martin	15	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	60	51	85
Loomis	20	18	14	15	24	16	17	16	165	140	84.
Jackson	18	17	14	17	22	17	16	18	165	139	84.
Tway	18	17	13	19	23	17	14	w	145	120	84.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets;	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
White	18	16	19	18	18	12	18	19	165	138	83.6
Peterman	..	..	..	16	23	16	16	..	85	71	83.5
Calhoun	18	15	18	17	24	17	16	17	165	137	83
McDonald	18	16	17	19	16	14	18	19	165	137	83
U M C	14	19	14	16	20	17	19	18	165	137	83
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	40	33	82.5
Frank	14	19	16	16	20	14	20	17	165	136	82.4
Flick	14	19	14	19	19	17	17	17	165	136	82.4
Swan	..	..	16	16	..	15	19	16	100	82	82
McCormick	17	16	16	14	23	19	17	14	165	135	81.8
Meaders	18	17	13	18	18	17	18	16	165	135	81.8
Easton	16	11	15	19	18	18	19	14	165	130	78.7
Herrick	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	15	60	47	78.3
A Smith	13	19	17	11	20	14	16	17	165	127	76.9
Sumpter	18	16	11	15	21	14	14	16	165	123	75.7
Bennett	..	..	..	..	17	16	15	..	65	49	75.3
Vass	..	..	..	..	21	16	15	12	85	64	75.3
Deming	..	..	14	16	..	..	..	..	40	30	75
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	40	30	75
Erhardt	14	15	14	14	22	18	11	15	165	123	74.5
Divine	17	15	10	17	21	13	..	..	125	93	74.4
Lindsay	..	..	15	..	..	..	14	..	40	29	71.5
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	40	29	71.5
Lloyd	13	17	15	12	..	..	..	..	80	57	71.2
Washington	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	16	40	24	60

In addition to the 60 shooters in the above list four others shot in one event only, as follows: Du Bray, in No. 3, with 9 out of 20; Leach, in No. 4, with 15 out of 20; Alston, in No. 6, with 15 out of 20, and Robertson in No. 8, with 16 out of 20.

FOURTH DAY, MAY 15.

Another glorious day for trap-shooting, an exact counterpart of yesterday. If this is the sort of weather they have all the year round in Memphis the Bluff City must be specially favored. Anyway, the weather we've experienced this week has been all that we could ask, with the possible exception of the storm of Wednesday afternoon.

DROPPED FOR PLACE.

The single unpleasant feature of this shoot occurred to-day. Easton shot in about the last squad in event No. 1 and deliberately dropped his last target to get into the 18 hole, as there were a large number of 19s ahead of him. The case was reported to Manager Shaner, who, willing as usual to give a person the benefit of the doubt, asked Easton if it was so, and if it was, why he did it. That Easton saw no harm in his action is evidenced by the fact that he replied that he had done it, as there were "so many 19s." Carrying out the instructions of the Memphis Gun Club, plainly and positively stated in its programme, Easton was told to put up his gun, draw his entrance money at the cashier's office and take no further part in the tournament of the club.

A GOOD ENTRY LIST.

To-day's scores show that there were fifty-six shooters on the grounds, fifty-four shooting in more than one event, while Easton shot in No. 1 and W. Harris shot in No. 3, the latter scoring 14 out of 20. Out of the above-mentioned fifty-four shooters forty-four shot the programme through, the entries for this day averaging 48.3, an excellent showing for the fourth (really the fifth) day of the tournament. This made the average entry for the thirty-two programme events reach the high mark of 57.3, a figure that the Memphis Gun Club may well feel satisfied with.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

The last day of a target tournament always brings together the cream of those who have shot on the previous days. Those who have shot in bad luck or who were outclassed have dropped their money and disappeared, while business often calls many a shooter away before a tournament closes. It is, however, a fact that the company on all "last days" is always warm. To-day's entry list was no exception. Of the forty four who shot through the eight programme events, twenty-two (or exactly 50 per cent.) broke 90 per cent. or better. Jim Elliott went into a trance and broke 162 out of 165 in capital style, making the high run for the tournament—76; Frank Parmalee was right after him with one less, running 104 out of his last 105. Bartlett and Leroy were also well in it with 160 breaks each. A glance at the other figures shows that there were several below the above who made averages that would have seemed much better were it not for the four top-notchers we have just mentioned.

Such figures as the above show plainly that the shooting could not have been very hard; and it really appeared to us from what we saw of the last two events that the targets were not going as far or as fast as they did on the three days prior to this one. Still, no matter how easy or how slow the targets were thrown, the scores are really remarkable, and speak volumes for the breaking capabilities of the empire target. Then, again, the company must be considered; it was, barring one or two notable absentees, composed of the very best of the trapshooting talent of the United States. Below is a table of the

SCORES OF MAY 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Elliott	19	20	20	20	24	19	20	20	165	162	98.1
Parmalee	19	19	19	20	24	20	20	20	165	161	97.5
Bartlett	19	19	19	20	25	19	19	20	165	160	96.9
Leroy	20	19	20	20	24	19	18	20	165	160	96.9
Gilbert	19	19	20	17	24	20	19	19	165	157	95.1
Budd	20	18	19	17	25	19	19	19	165	156	94.5
George	20	19	19	18	25	17	20	18	165	156	94.5
Heikes	19	20	19	18	24	19	18	19	165	156	94.5
Dickey	20	20	17	19	24	18	18	19	165	155	93.9
Calhoun	18	20	19	19	22	19	18	19	165	154	93.3
Wheeler	19	20	16	19	25	19	18	18	165	154	93.3
Glover	16	18	20	18	25	19	20	17	165	153	92.7
Jackson	16	18	20	18	24	19	19	19	165	153	92.7
Meaders	18	17	17	19	24	18	20	19	165	152	92.1
Powers	18	19	17	19	22	18	19	20	165	152	92.1
Connor	20	20	16	20	23	18	17	18	165	152	92.1
Rike	17	20	20	17	22	19	18	18	165	151	91.5
Van Dyke	18	18	19	19	22	17	19	19	165	151	91.5
Grimm	18	18	20	19	22	19	16	18	165	150	90.9
Linderman	17	19	17	18	22	19	19	18	165	149	90.3
Sexton	18	17	19	19	23	17	18	18	165	149	90.3
Trimble	19	18	18	17	24	19	17	17	165	149	90.3
Shorty Bacon	19	20	18	18	21	17	15	19	165	148	89.7
Hill	18	17	18	20	22	18	16	18	165	147	89.1
McDonald	17	15	18	18	23	19	18	19	165	147	89.1
Porterfield	14	17	18	19	24	19	17	19	165	147	89.1
Raymond	17	18	19	20	23	15	19	16	165	147	89.1
Young	20	18	16	17	23	20	18	15	165	147	89.1
Fulford	19	16	18	16	23	17	19	18	165	146	88.4
Sumpter	17	16	19	18	20	18	18	18	165	144	87.2
Allen	18	18	17	15	23	15	19	18	165	143	86.6
Miller	19	18	17	18	21	18	15	17	165	143	86.6
Critzer	17	17	14	16	24	17	17	20	165	142	86
J Duncan	16	17	18	18	22	18	18	15	165	142	86
Loomis	19	14	20	19	24	18	13	14	165	141	85.4
Bennett	19	18	16	16	21	18	17	17	165	137	83
Poston	16	17	17	17	21	16	14	18	165	136	82.4
Vass	16	18	18	16	23	..	..	..	105	86	81.9
Du Bray	..	..	16	16	..	16	17	..	80	65	81.2
A Duncan	15	13	17	17	20	16	17	17	165	132	80
Page	17	16	18	14	20	17	12	18	165	132	80
Tway	17	14	18	18	17	16	17	15	165	132	80
Merrill	11	17	14	19	23	14	16	17	165	131	79.4
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	40	31	77.7
Frank	17	19	13	17	17	15	16	14	165	128	77.5
McCormick	17	12	17	16	21	15	13	17	165	128	77.5
Cox	..	..	19	..	..	12	15	..	60	46	76.6
Lindsley	..	10	15	18	..	17	17	12	120	89	74.1
U M C	10	15	18	16	20	15	15	13	165	122	73.9
Schmidt	13	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Martin	..	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	40	28	70
Robertson	13	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	40	23	57.5
Critzer	10	12	11	7	..	..	..	..	80	40	50
Saunders	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	40	18	45

GRAND TOTALS AND GENERAL AVERAGES.

Thirty-three men shot through the entire list of programme events, thirty-two in all, calling for 660 targets, unknown angles. Of the above-mentioned thirty-three shooters, Charlie Budd led the van with the fine average of 94 per cent. for the 660 shot at. Next to him, but five targets in the rear, came Frank Parmalee with 616 breaks and an average of 93.3. B. A. Bartlett and Jim Elliott tied with 615 breaks and a percentage of 93.1. The following list gives the standing of the men in order of merit:

	Broke.	Per ct.		Broke.	Per ct.
C W Budd	621	94	Ralph Trimble	585	88.6
F S Parmalee	616	93.3	E D Fulford	583	88.3
B A Bartlett	615	93.1	C Linderman	581	88
J A R Elliott	615	93.1	F Van Dyke	581	88
R O Heikes	610	92.4	J W Sexton	577	87.4
C Powers	610	92.4	A B Critzer	576	87.2
O R Dickey	609	92.2	W Miller	573	86.8
B Leroy	607	91.9	C A Young	573	86.8
Fred Gilbert	604	91.5	A Meaders	573	86.8
H G Wheeler	604	91.5	Shorty Bacon	571	86.5
E D Rike	600	90.9	C H Calhoun	570	86.3
C M Grimm	597	90.4	S McDonald	569	86.2
S Glover	596	90.3	G W Loomis	564	85.4
J Connor	594	90	D Porterfield	561	85
J M George	589	89.2	J A Jackson	555	84
C W Raymond	588	89	Abe Frank	527	79.8
H B Hill	585	88.6			

In the case of Rike, we understand that there is a discrepancy of one target between our figures and his actual score. The error, if such there be, occurs in the scores for the third day; our figures show that Rike lost 19 targets, whereas we believe that he lost only 18 according to his figures, which are corroborated by the cashier's book—excellent additional testimony. This would give him a percentage of 89.1 for that day as against 88.4, and a general average for the programme events of just 91 per cent for 660 shot at.

GUNS AND LOADS OF THE CRACKS.

FOREST AND STREAM's space is limited; there are only so many pages each week, and if the trap department does not keep within decent limits, the yachting and the kennel editors are both privileged to raise a kick. Under these conditions, therefore, we have thought it best to give only the guns and loads of the cracks who shot the programme through from start to finish, condensing as far as possible all mention of such matters. The table that follows explains itself:

	Gun.	*Shell.*	*Powder.*
C W Budd	Parker	Rapid	E. C.
F S Parmalee	Parker	Rapid and Smokeless	E. C.
B A Bartlett	Winchester	Leader	Du Pont.
J A R Elliott	Winchester	Leader	E. C.
R O Heikes	Winchester	Leader	E. C.
C Powers	Smith	Smokeless	E. C.
P R Dickey	Parker	Rapid	E. C.
B Leroy	Smith	Rapid	E. C.
Fred Gilbert	Smith	Smokeless	Du Pont.
H G Wheeler	Parker	Peters	King's Smokeless.
E D Rike	Smith	Leader	E. C.
C M Grimm	Smith	Smokeless	Schultze.
S Glover	Parker	Smokeless	Schultze.
J Connor	Daly	Smokeless	E. C.
J M George	Winchester	Leader	E. C.
C W Raymond	Winchester	Leader	Du Pont.
H B Hill	Parker	Leader	Hazard.
R Trimble	Winchester	Leader	Hazard.
E D Fulford	Greener and Francotte.	Trap	Schultze.
C Linderman	Winchester	Nitro	E. C.
F Van Dyke	Winchester	Leader	Du Pont.
J W Sexton	Lefever	Smokeless	E. C.
A B Critzer	Kessler	Eley	Schultze.
W Miller	——	——	——
C A Young	Baker	Smokeless	E. C.
A Meaders	Smith and Winchester.	Leader	E. C.
Shorty Bacon	Westley Richards	Smokeless	King's Smokeless.
C H Calhoun	Greener	Smokeless	Du Pont.
S McDonald	Lefever	Leader	E. C.
G W Loomis	Parker	Rapid	E. C.
D Porterfield	Parker	Smokeless	Hazard.
J A Jackson	Colt	Leader	E. C.
Abe Frank	Winchester	Leader	E. C.

A summary of the guns, shells and powders used by 107 shooters during the week, including of course those contained in the above table, gives the following:

GUNS.

Parker 30, Winchester 25, L. C. Smith 25, Lefever 5, Greener 5, Scott 3, Harrington & R. 2, Daly 2, and one each of the following makes: Francotte, Remington, Westley Richards, Colt, Baker and a 16-gauge Kessler.

POWDERS.

E. C. 38, Du Pont 29, Hard Grain Schultze 12, King's Smokeless 8, Hazard Blue Ribbon 7, Walsrode 1, American Wood 1, E. C. and Hazard 1.

SHELLS.

U. M. C. Company: Smokeless 48, Nitro 4, Trap 1, Walsrode Special 1; W. R. A. Company: Leader 33, Blue Rival 3, Metal-lined 1; U. S. C. Company: Rapid 5, Peters's reinforced 3, Eley 1, Rapid and Smokeless 1, Rapid and Peters 1.

FIFTH DAY, MAY 16.

This was live-bird day, an innovation so far as previous tournaments are concerned, live-bird shooting having only been legalized by the Tennessee Legislature within the past twelve months. Everythin was favorable for the shoot, the strong wind that would have bothered target shooters being just what the club and its guests wanted. A first-class lot of summer birds had been secured by the club, and in the earlier part of the day they flew well and fast. Toward evening, with a heavy thunderstorm brewing, the wind dying away and the air growing sultry, the birds were naturally not fast.

The conditions of the one event on the programme were: 20 live birds per man, $20 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, handicap rise, the club guaranteeing $500 in the purse. The entries footing up to 32, the club was out nothing, there being $600 in the pot, 4 moneys. The handicap committee was composed of Elmer E. Shaner and Paul R. Litzke, and we must confess that, judging from the apparent total absence of kicks and the fact that 23 out of the 32 shooters got in for the money, this committee of two performed its difficult duties admirably.

Charlie Budd shot as well as he ever did in his life and that's saying a great deal. Heikes pumped his birds down with great regularity, but was somewhat lucky in drawing easy ones, at least while we were looking on. Wallace Miller, E D Rike and F. P. Poston, the latter a popular member of the Memphis Gun Club, all shot well, Poston and Rike exceptionally strong with their first barrels Poston is unquestionably a dangerous man at the mark he was given to-day. Fred Gilbert, from the 32yds. mark, drew hard birds, but killed them well, losing only one, and that one dead out of bounds Chan Powers was unfortunate enough to draw a hard bird for his last one, a driver from No. 2 trap that carried both loads of shot over the boundary. W. F. Allen, also a member of the home club, shot a 16-gauge Parker with 2½drs. of powder and succeeded in killing 23 out of his first 24; he then had to change to a 12-gauge gun for his last bird, as his 16-gauge shells were all gone; the change in all probability caused the loss of his 25th bird. Jim Elliott, Frank Parmalee and Charlie Grimm all three shot a capital race. Leroy shot probably the best up-hill race of anybody, losing his first 2 birds and then accounting for his next 23 without a loss. Abe Frank's 23 out of 25 fully deserved all the applause it elicited, this being the first time he ever saw a live bird leave the traps. We believe also that this was Mr. Allen's first essay at live-bird shooting. Ferd Van Dyke's dropping out on the 19th round is distinctly traceable to his being attacked and conquered by the Memphis water during the previous twenty-four hours. A. W. du Bray severely handicapped himself at the start by losing 3 out of his first 4 birds; he then ran 12 straight before retiring finally. Paul R. Litzke officiated as referee. The retrieving was divided between dogs and men, the dogs being really good ones at the business considering the heat and the dryness of the sandy soil on which they worked. Below are the scores:

C W Budd (31)	2221222222222222211222222—25
R O Heikes (30)	2212121222222222222222222—25
W Miller (27)	2112112211222122111111112—25
F P Poston (27)	1111111111211212111121211—25
E D Rike (28)	1112111111112111222221211—25
J A R Elliott (32)	2222222220221122222222222—24
F Gilbert (32)	222121120212112222222221—24
C M Grimm (30)	2211212222202121111122212—24
G W Loomis (28)	2411101121221212121222221—24
F S Parmalee (31)	1211120222222221222222222—24
C Powers (29)	12112221222111211222212•—24
W F Allen * (25)	2221122222222220222212220—23
A B Duncan (26)	12120•1121212112212111122—23
Abe Frank (26)	2012221222222220211222212—23
E D Fulford (31)	221211•1202211112111112222—23
B Leroy (28)	0021222112222222122112222—23
R R Merrill (29)	•1121112121122112•1211112—23
Alex Smith (26)	221••11222220222122222222—23
H G Wheeler (29)	0221 1111101221222212122—22
B A Bartlett (28)	2 2011 210 2223222121 22•—22
O R Dickey (31)	2•2212122221102121•22222—22
J A Jackson (26)	•0111121111021212222211222—22
M F Lindsley (26)	2210201212222220222212212—22
Birdsong (26)	22101121121212121202010
J C Neely, Jr (26)	1111•21211021101 2220
C W Vass (27)	1011111•10122122211•
F Van Dyke (29)	01111•1222120222220
A W du Bray (28)	00201111222222120
D S Weaver (26)	20210212222•2110
D Porterfield (28)	21110101110110
Page (26)	12101121000
J Sumpter, Jr (27)	20022020

* Was handicapped at 27yds., but went in 2yds., as he used a 16-gauge gun.

ITEMS FROM MEMPHIS.

The record squad of this shoot was No. 4 in event 7 on the third day, May 14. The squad was composed as follows: Leroy, Bartlett, Merrill, Van Dyke, Wheeler and Dickey, in order named. The event was at 20 targets and the squad scored as follows: Bartlett, Van Dyke and Dickey, 20 each; Leroy, Merrill and Wheeler, 19 each; grand total—117 out of 120. Considering that more than a strong breeze was blowing, the above is magnificent work. All the men in the squad, except Van Dyke and Bartlett, shot E. C. powder; Ferd and Bartlett shot Du Pont Smokeless.

Tom Callender's sickness was a cause for general regret. Tom, although feeling far from well, shot in a few events on the preliminary day, with the result that he was confined to bed for the major part of the tournament. His absence was felt by all.

Memphis possesses a small park in the heart of the city. Small as the park is, it is thickly populated. Squirrels, too numerous to count, were here and there, clambering up one's legs in search of peanuts; parti-colored or multi-colored rabbits crop the grass under the trees; peacocks raise their voices in self-adulatory exercises; while a dyspeptic duck and a couple of coots try to enjoy themselves in the waters of the fountain that occupies the post of honor in this Memphian oasis.

Abe Frank's straight in No. 7 on the third day brought forth rounds of applause and any quantity of handshakings. There may be a more popular man in the Memphis Gun Club, but if there is, what's his name?

Paul Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., who has represented FOREST AND STREAM very ably at more than one tournament in the South, hustled as usual in the interests of our paper. His assistance was most welcome.

The table at Gaston's Hotel attracted all the unattached shooters.

Memphis water often disagrees with strangers on first acquaintance. The city is supplied with water from seven artesian wells, the water itself being strongly impregnated with sulphate of iron. In the old days, when the Memphians drank the waters of the Mississippi, the death rate ranged in the vicinity of 27 per 1,000. The artesian water has reduced that rate to about 17 per 1,000. It is all right when you are used to it, but the getting acquainted with it is wearisome.

The Leroy-Bartlett-Merrill-Van Dyke-Wheeler-Dickey squad, on Thursday, broke 903 out of 990 shot at in the programme events, a squad average for the day of 91.2.

Jim Elliott's good looks and pleasing manners captured the representatives of the local papers, and gained him much newspaper renown.

Rolla Heikes is not in really good shooting trim, but at times he shows more than traces of his old-time skill, notably on the first day, when he ran more than 65 straight.

A. B. Critzer, of San Antonio, Texas, whose scores often appear in FOREST AND STREAM under the *nom de fusil* of 24-gauge, used his 16-gauge Kessler to perfection on May 12, when he ran 20, 25 and 20 without making a single poor break.

Charlie Budd was right at home at Memphis during the five days' target shooting (including the preliminary day); he broke 733 out of 775 shot at, an average of 94.5 per cent.

The Stanley-in-search-of-Livingstone helmet was in great request. They are just the things for Northern heads under a Southern summer sun. Elmer Shaner wears one now, and says that he has noticed several new hairs on his head since the beginning of the week, attributing their arrival to the free circulation of air between the hat and his summit.

The "Indian squad," composed of Parmalee, Loomis, Powers, Budd, Grimm and Gilbert, averaged over 91 per cent. for the entire four days' programme at targets, while on live birds the "Indians" made a great showing: Budd 25, Gilbert 24, Grimm 24, Powers 24, Parmalee 24, Loomis 24, a total of 145 out of 150 shot at, an average of 96.6 for the squad.

E. D. Fulford seems to be pursued by hard luck when it comes to live-bird shooting. If anybody gets in bad luck, E. D. seems to be in line right along.

Here's an interesting item: On the fourth day the Indian squad had just finished their scores in one of the events, the blackboard showing Grimm with 20 straight. Some one called attention to the fact that he thought it was wrong, whereupon Manager Shaner said to Grimm: "Charlie, how many did you lose?" With a straight score staring him in the face on the blackboard, Charlie answered: "Mr. Shaner, I lost two birds." His score went in as 18, and Elmer felt that some pleasures do occasionally fall to the lot of the tournament manager.

Live-bird shooting is far more popular with the good people of Memphis than target shooting While only a corporal's guard of spectators visited the grounds while target shooting was in progress on the first five days of the tournament, there was a large crowd, with more than a sprinkling of ladies, present on Saturday afternoon.

J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, and of Hartley & Graham New York city, spent the week in Memphis. Mr. Dressel's trip was not solely one of pleasure, the interests of the U. M. C company being well looked after by him and by Alderman Thomas during their stay in the Bluff City.

Joe George and all the San Antonio contingent say, "Don't forget the San Antonio's Midwinter."

The Memphis Gun Club members turned out in sufficient numbers to make the boys realize that they are right in it.

Ed. Rike can play pool as well as he can shoot. The Rike-Edwards combination made it quite interesting for the Heikes-Connor aggregation during the evenings after supper. Rike won't use the bridge if he can possibly help it; he gets on the table—when the proprietor isn't looking. The final championship games take place at Cincinnati during the Hazard Powder Co.'s tournament.

In event No. 2 on the second day there was no straight made. Van Dyke ran 19 straight, but missed his last target. The other members of his squad said it was an atrocious piece of dropping for place! That one target lost Van Dyke the nice little sum of $50. Dave Porterfield duplicated Van's performance by losing his 20th target in No. 3 on the third day.

The barring of Easton from the events on the last day of the shoot was perfectly right and proper, Easton dropping for place and not denying it. It should have a salutary effect upon others similarly inclined; but we still think, as always, that the present system of dividing purses is more to blame for such actions than the "droppers" themselves. As long as it is possible to make a little more money by losing a target or live bird than by scoring it, just so long will some men continue to do it. Adopt the Rose system and do away with all temptation.

EDWARD BANKS.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 16.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. W. W., Brooklyn.—My fox terrier, 7 months old, eats well and appears to be in good health. Her belly is almost totally devoid of hair, and she is continually scratching. She lies on her stomach, stretching out her hindlegs to full length and whining. Her stomach is red and scaly looking. Ans.—Treat for worms. Give a compound sulphur tablet twice a day. Rub the following all over the dog every other day: Sublimed sulphur 8oz., oil of tar and crude oil 1oz. of each, cottonseed oil 2 qts.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Horse Show at Wissahickon Heights.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE fifth annual open air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show will be held on St. Martin's Green, at Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30.

The announcement of an exhibition under the auspices of this organization, which is composed of leading citizens of Philadelphia, is an assurance of perfection in everything appertaining to an entertainment of this character, as all visitors to the exhibitions in former years will attest.

The prize list is liberal, and representatives of the best society of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington and other Eastern cities will enter their horses and equipages in the competition for the premiums.

The grounds, which are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station, are ample for all purposes of the show, and the accommodations for visitors are complete.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets from New York, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phoenixville and principal intermediate stations (as well as the Chestnut Hill Branch) to Wissahickon Heights Station, including coupon of admission.

Tickets will be sold May 25 to 30, good for return until June 1, inclusive.